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MAN'S PLACE IN THE COSMOS

" Nach ewigen, ehrnen,
Grossen Gesetzen
Müssen wir alle
Unseres Daseins
Kreise vollenden.

Nur allein der Mensch
Vermag das Unmögliche;
Er unterscheidet,
Wählet und richtet;
Er kann dem Augenblick
Dauer verleihen.

Er allein darf
Den Guten lohnen,
Den Bösen strafen,
Heilen und retten;
Alles Irrende, Schweifende
Nützlich verbinden."

—GOETHE, *" Das Göttliche."*

MAN'S PLACE IN THE COSMOS

AND

OTHER ESSAYS

BY

A. SETH PRINGLE-PATTISON, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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PREFACE.

THE title of this volume may seem disproportioned to its contents. A systematic discussion of "man's place in the cosmos" would obviously involve the whole range of science and of metaphysics. These essays make no pretence to be such a discussion. Nevertheless it is not unadvisedly that the title of the first paper has been extended to the volume as a whole, and thus used to indicate the general character of its contents. The papers of which it is composed were written within the last six years, and are, in the first instance, a criticism of some of the more significant contributions to philosophy which have appeared during that period. They cannot, therefore, be taken as a series, in which there is a systematic progress from the earlier essays to those which follow. But it will be found that they are all, at bottom, treatments of the same theme—man's relation to the forces of nature and to the absolute ground of things, or, in the words of the title, man's place in the cosmos. The books or pamphlets criticised were originally selected for

criticism because of their bearing upon this fundamental question, in which all vital interest in philosophy centres. And whatever the starting-point of the discussion may be, the main concern of every essay is to enforce the same view of the world and of man.

That view I have described in one of the papers as humanism, in opposition to naturalism; in another reference, it might be described as ethicism, in opposition to a too narrow intellectualism. Man as rational, and, in virtue of self-conscious reason, the free shaper of his own destiny, furnishes us, I contend, with our only indefeasible standard of value, and our clearest light as to the nature of the divine. He does what science, occupied only with the laws of events, and speculative metaphysics, when it surrenders itself to the exclusive guidance of the intellect, alike find unintelligible, and are fain to pronounce impossible—he *acts*. As Goethe puts it in a seeming paradox, *Man alone achieves the impossible*. But inexplicable, in a sense, as man's personal agency is—nay, the one perpetual miracle—it is nevertheless our surest datum and our only clue to the mystery of existence.

This position is maintained in several of the essays against the lower monism of the naturalistic systems. In the long essay entitled "A New Theory of the Absolute," it is defended against the Spinozism which permeates Mr Bradley's statement of metaphysical monism. This essay emphasises, on the one hand, the necessary limitations of human insight, and, on the other hand, the validity or practical truth of our human rendering

of the divine. Such a view of the cosmos must rest ultimately, I think, upon a conviction of the absolute value of the ethical life. For there is no such thing as a philosophy without assumptions. Every idealistic theory of the world has for its ultimate premiss a logically unsupported judgment of value—a judgment which affirms an end of intrinsic worth, and accepts thereby a standard of unconditional obligation.

On account of this unity of contention, the essays have been brought together, in the hope that they may serve a useful purpose. The paper on Professor Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics" appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' three of the others in the 'Contemporary Review,' and the short paper on "The Use of the Term 'Naturalism,'" in the 'Philosophical Review.' To the editors and proprietors of these Reviews I am indebted for their courtesy in sanctioning this republication. The essays are republished without substantial alteration, but I have availed myself of the opportunity of revision, and have also reinserted a few passages which had been omitted, in order to bring the treatment within the ordinary compass of review-articles. The second part of the essay on "The 'New' Psychology and Automatism," though written in 1892 as an integral part of the discussion, is now printed for the first time. It gives the question a wider range, and will be found, I hope, to make the treatment more complete. Mechanism in physiology, "presentationism" in psychology, materialism and sheer pantheism in philosophy, may be regarded as different aspects of the same preconception—the denial of the

presence of a real cause at any point in the sequence of events.

I desire, in conclusion, to express my thanks to my colleague, M. Charles Sarolea, for his kindness in reading the proofs and making many helpful suggestions.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, *February* 1897.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

A SECOND edition of these essays having been called for, I have taken the opportunity of including two papers, more recently written, whose subjects seemed germane to the main theme of the volume. For permission to reproduce these I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr John Murray, and the Editors of 'Blackwood's Magazine' and the 'Contemporary Review.' The other essays are reprinted from the first edition substantially without alteration, but account has been taken in the third of the new setting which Professor Münsterberg has given to his theory in his later works.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, *October* 1902.

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MAN'S PLACE IN THE COSMOS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON NATURE AND MAN.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S Romanes Lecture on "Evolution and Ethics" deservedly attracted a large amount of attention on its appearance. That attention was due not only to the importance of the subject handled and the reputation of the lecturer, but quite as much to the breadth and scope of the treatment, to the nobility of tone and the deep human feeling which characterised a singularly impressive utterance. Popular interest was also excited by the nature of the conclusion reached, which, in the mouth of the pioneer and prophet of evolution, had the air of being something like a palinode. Criticisms of the lecture appeared at the time by Mr Leslie Stephen in the 'Contemporary Review,' and by Mr Herbert Spencer in a letter to the 'Athenæum';[1] and many discussions appeared in theological quarters. But the subject as a whole was perhaps dismissed from public attention before its significance had been exhausted, or

[1] The Romanes Lecture was delivered on the 18th May 1893, and published shortly thereafter. Mr Spencer's letter appeared in the 'Athenæum' of August 5, and Mr Leslie Stephen's article in the 'Contemporary Review' of August 1893. The present paper was published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' December 1893.

indeed properly grasped. Professor Huxley's argument and the criticisms it called forth illuminate most instructively some deep-seated ambiguities of philosophical terminology, and at the same time bring into sharp relief the fundamental difference of standpoint which divides philosophical thinkers. The questions at issue, moreover, are not merely speculative; already they cast their shadow upon literature and life. The opportunity of elucidation is therefore in the best sense timely, and no apology seems needed for an attempt to recall attention to the points in dispute and to accentuate their significance.

The outstanding feature of Professor Huxley's argument is the sharp contrast drawn between nature and ethical man, and the sweeping indictment of "the cosmic process" at the bar of morality. The problem of suffering and the almost complete absence of any relation between suffering and moral desert is the theme from which he starts, and to which he continually returns. "The dread problem of evil," "the moral indifference of nature," "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things"—this is the aspect of the world which has burned itself deeply into the writer's soul, and which speaks in moving eloquence from his pages. The Buddhistic and the Stoic attempts to grapple with the problem are considered, and are found to end alike in absolute renunciation. "By the Tiber, as by the Ganges, ethical man admits that the cosmos is too strong for him; and, destroying every bond which ties him to it by ascetic discipline, he seeks salvation in absolute renunciation" (p. 29). Is the antagonism, then, final and hopeless, or can modern science and philosophy offer any better reconciliation of ethical man with the nature to which as an animal he belongs, and to whose vast unconscious forces he lies open on every side? As Professor Huxley puts the question himself in his

opening pages—Is there or is there not "a sanction for morality in the ways of the cosmos"? Man has built up "an artificial world within the cosmos": has human society its roots and its justification in the underlying nature of the cosmos, or is it in very truth an "artificial" world, which is at odds with that nature and must be in perpetual conflict with it? The Stoic rule which places virtue in "following nature" is easily shown to be a phrase of many meanings, and to demand qualification by reference, first, to the specific nature of man, and then to a higher nature or guiding faculty within the mind of man himself. But the modern ethics of evolution apparently claim to have bridged the gulf and to have made the ethical process continuous with the cosmic process of organic nature,—they claim, in short, to exhibit the ethical life as only a continuation, on another plane, of the struggle for existence. If this claim is well founded, and the two worlds are really continuous, then the maxim, "Follow nature," will have been proved to be, after all, the sum and substance of virtue.

It is against this naturalisation of ethics that Professor Huxley protests in the strongest terms. He readily allows that the ethical evolutionists may be right in their natural history of the moral sentiments. But "as the immoral sentiments have no less been evolved, there is, so far, as much natural sanction for the one as the other. . . . Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man may have come about; but, in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil, than we had before" (p. 31). That is to say, the origin of a belief and the validity of a belief, or the origin of a tendency and the ethical quality of that tendency, are logically two distinct questions. But the evolutionist is apt to make the answer to the first do

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duty as an answer to the second also, because he has in reality no standard of appreciation to apply to any phenomenon except that of mere existence. "Whatever is, is right," or at all events, "Whatever is predominant, is right," is the only motto of the consistent evolutionist. This is embodied in the phrase "survival of the fittest," which is used—illegitimately, as we shall see—to effect the transition from the merely natural to the ethical world.

In opposition to such theories, Professor Huxley contends that the analogies of the struggle for existence throw no light on the ethical nature of man.

> Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature (p. 27). Self-assertion, the unscrupulous seizing upon all that can be grasped, the tenacious holding of all that can be kept, . . . constitute the essence of the struggle for existence. . . . For his successful progress as far as the savage state, man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and the tiger (p. 6).

So far is this struggle from explaining morality that

> the practice of what is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion, it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help, his fellows. . . . It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. . . . Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage.

In short, "social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of

another which may be called the ethical process." This leads up to the characteristic call to arms with which the address concludes: "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it" (pp. 33, 34).

Such is the logical framework of the lecture. It is obvious that the important points of the treatment are: (1) The emphasis laid upon the division between man and nature, which a reviewer in the 'Athenæum'[1] called "an approximation to the Pauline dogma of nature and grace"; and (2) the mood of militant heroism, not untouched, however, by stoical resignation, which naturally results from contemplation of the unequal struggle between the microcosm and the macrocosm.

Before proceeding to consider the consistency of Professor Huxley's argument and the ultimate tenability of his position, I wish to say, in regard to the first point, how timely, it seems to me, is his insistence on the gulf between man and non-human nature; how sound is the stand he takes upon the ethical nature of man as that which is alone of significance and worth in the "transitory adjustment of contending forces," which otherwise constitutes the cosmos. Whether the breach is to be taken as absolute or not, it is at least apparent that if man with his virtues and vices be included *simpliciter* and without more ado in a merely natural order of facts, we inevitably tend to lose sight of that nature within nature which makes man what he is. The tendency so to include man has become a settled habit in much of our current literature. I need not speak of the documents of so-called Naturalism, with their never-ending analysis of *la bête humaine*—analysis from which one would be slow to gather that any such

[1] July 22, 1893.

qualities as justice, purity, or disinterested affection had ever disturbed the brutish annals of force and lust. But in other quarters, even where the picture is not so dark, the fashion still is to treat man *as a natural product*, —not as the responsible shaper of his destiny, but, void of spiritual struggles and ideal hopes, as the unresisting channel of the impulses which sway him hither and thither, and issue now in one course of action, now in another. This literature is inartistic, even on its own terms, for, blinded by its materialistic fatalism, it does not even give us things as they are. The higher literature never forgets that man, as Pascal put it, is nobler than the universe; and freedom (in some sense of that ambiguous term) may be held to be a postulate of true art no less than of morality. But besides being bad art, literature of this sort has a subtly corrosive influence upon the ethical temper. For the power of will, as Lamennais said, is that in us which is most quickly used up: "Ce qui s'use le plus vite en nous, c'est la volonté." Hence the insidious force of the suggestion that we do not will at all, but are merely the instruments of our desires. For this is to justify, or at least to excuse, every passion on the ground of its "natural" origin. This temper of mind is found invading even more serious writers, and it is traceable ultimately to the same confusion between the laws of human conduct and the workings of nature in the irresponsible creatures of the field. M. Renan, it will be remembered, delicately excuses himself in his 'Souvenirs'—rallies himself, as we may say—on his continued practice of chastity:—

> I continued to live in Paris as I had lived in the seminary. Later, I saw very well the vanity of that virtue as of all the rest. I recognised in particular that nature cares not at all whether man is chaste or not. I cannot rid myself [he says elsewhere in the same volume] of the idea that after all it is

perhaps the libertine who is right, and who practises the true philosophy of life.

Many will remember, too, how Matthew Arnold took up this parable when he discoursed in America on the cult of the great goddess Lubricity, to which, as he said, contemporary France seemed more and more to be devoting herself. After much delicate banter and much direct plain-speaking, Mr Arnold turns upon M. Renan and cuts to the root of the fallacy in a single sentence. "Instead of saying that nature cares nothing about chastity, let us say that human nature, *our* nature, cares about it a great deal." And when we meet the same fallacy invading our own literature, the same answer will suffice. I think it may be worth pointing out a notable instance in a novel widely read and highly praised within the last few years. Mr Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is unquestionably a powerful work, but it suffers, in my opinion, both artistically and ethically, from this tendency to assimilate the moral and the natural. To smack of the soil is in many senses a term of praise; but even rustic men and women are not altogether products of the soil, and Mr Hardy is in danger of so regarding them. What I wish, however, to point out here is the pernicious fallacy which underlies a statement like the following. Tess, after she has fallen from her innocence, is wont to wander alone in the woods, a prey to her own reflections, "terrified without reason," says the author, by "a cloud of moral hobgoblins."

> It was they [he continues] that were out of harmony with the actual world, not she. Walking among the sleeping birds in the hedges, watching the skipping rabbits on a moonlit warren, or standing under a pheasant-laden bough, she looked upon herself as a figure of guilt intruding into the haunts of innocence. But all the while she was making a distinction

where there was no difference. Feeling herself in antagonism, she was quite in accord. She had been made to break an accepted social law, but no law known to the environment in which she fancied herself such an anomaly.

The implication of such a passage is that the "accepted social law" is a mere convention, and that the deeper truth, "the actual world," is to be found in the hedgerows and the warrens. To satisfy an animal prompting without scruple or hesitation, and without the qualms of a fantastical remorse, is only to fufil the law of nature, and to put one's self in harmony with one's surroundings. The shallowness of such revolt against "accepted social laws" is too apparent to need further exposure. A convention truly, in one sense, the moral law in question is; but upon this convention the fabric of human society and all the sanctities of the family rest. He must be strangely blinded by a word who deems this sanction insufficient, or who would pit in such a case a "natural" impulse against a "social" law.

In view of pervasive misconceptions and fallacies like these, it is eminently salutary, I repeat, to have our attention so impressively recalled by Professor Huxley to the idea of human life as an *imperium in imperio*—a realm which, though it rises out of nature, and remains exposed to the shock of natural forces, requires for its laws no foreign sanction, but bases them solely on the perfection of human nature itself. For, even though Professor Huxley's way of stating the opposition should prove ultimately untenable, the breach between ethical man and pre-human nature constitutes without exception the most important fact which the universe has to show; and for a true understanding of the world it is far more vital to grasp the significance of this breach than to be misled by a cheap desire for unity and system into minimising, or even denying, the fact.

It is time, however, to examine Professor Huxley's position and arguments more closely. His critics have not been slow to remark upon the ambiguity lurking in the phrase "cosmic process," which occurs so often throughout the lecture, in antithesis to the ethical process —to the moral and social life of man. And they point with one accord to Note 19 as containing, in effect, a retractation of his own doctrine by Professor Huxley himself. "Of course, strictly speaking," we read in the note, "social life and the ethical process, in virtue of which it advances towards perfection, are part and parcel of the general process of evolution." As Mr Spencer pointedly asks, "If the ethical man is not a product of the cosmic process, what is he a product of?" Or as Shakespeare expressed it in the often-quoted lines—

> "Nature is made better by no means
> But nature makes that means: so, o'er that art,
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes."

If the cosmic process be understood in the full latitude of the phrase, this is, indeed, so obvious, and the critic's victory so easy, that it is hard to believe Professor Huxley's position rests altogether on a foundation so weak. The term "nature," and still more an expression like "the cosmic process," may be taken in an all-inclusive sense as equivalent to the universe as a whole or the nature of things; and if so, it is obvious that human nature with its ethical characteristics is embraced within the larger whole. The unity of the cosmos—in some sense—is not so much a conclusion to be proved as an inevitable assumption. Professor Huxley apparently denies this unity in the text of his lecture, and is naturally obliged to reassert it in his note. This constitutes the weakness of his position. The part must

be somehow included in the process of the whole; there is no extra-cosmic source from which a revolt against the principles of the cosmos could draw inspiration or support.

Now the strength of the evolutionary theory of ethics lies in its frank recognition of the unity of the cosmos; and in this it is, so far, at one with the philosophical doctrine of Idealism to which it is otherwise so much opposed —the doctrine which finds the ultimate reality of the universe in mind or spirit, and its End in the perfecting of spiritual life. But each of these theories exhibits the unity of the world in its own way. The way taken by the ethical evolutionists is to naturalise morality, to assimilate ethical experience to nature, in the lower or narrower sense in which it is used to denote all that happens in the known world *except* the responsible activities of human beings. And it is against this removing of landmarks that Professor Huxley, rightly, as it seems to me, protests. For though Mr Spencer and Mr Leslie Stephen may be technically in the right, inasmuch as human nature is unquestionably part of the nature of things, it is the inherent tendency of their theories to substitute for this wider nature the laws and processes of that narrower, non-human world, to which the term nature is on the whole restricted by current usage.

This tendency is inherent in every system which takes as its sole principle of explanation the carrying back of facts or events to their antecedent conditions. And, as it happens, this is explicitly formulated by Mr Stephen, in his article in the 'Contemporary Review,' as the only permissible meaning of explanation: "To 'explain' a fact is to assign its causes—that is, give the preceding set of facts out of which it arose." But surely, I may be asked, you do not intend to challenge a principle which underlies all scientific procedure, and which may

even claim to be self-evident? I certainly do not propose to deny the formal correctness of the principle, but I maintain most strongly that the current application of it covers a subtle and very serious fallacy, for *the true nature of the cause only becomes apparent in the effect.* Now, if we explain a fact by giving "the preceding set of facts out of which it arose," we practically resolve the fact into these antecedents—that is to say, we identify it with them. When we are dealing with some limited sphere of phenomena, within which the facts are all of one order—say, the laws of moving bodies as treated in mechanics—there may be no practical disadvantage from this limited interpretation of causation. But when we pass from one order of facts to another—say, from the inorganic to the organic, or, still more, from animal life to the self-conscious life of man—the inadequacy of such explanation stares us in the face. For "the preceding set of facts," which we treat as the cause or sufficient explanation of the phenomenon in question, is *ex hypothesi* different from the phenomenon it is said to explain; and the difference is, that it consists of simpler elements. To explain, according to this view, is to reduce to simpler conditions. But if the elements are really simpler, there is the fact of their combination into a more complex product to be explained, and the fact of their combination in such a way as to produce precisely the result in question. And if we choose to take the antecedent conditions, as they appear in themselves, apart from the all-important circumstance of the production of this effect, we have, no doubt, a "preceding set of facts," but we certainly have not, in any true sense, the *cause* of the phenomenon. We have eliminated the very characteristic we set out to explain—namely, the difference of the new phenomenon from the antecedents out of which it appears to have been evolved. Hence it is that, in the sense indicated, all

explanation of the higher by the lower is philosophically a hysteron proteron. The antecedents assigned are not the causes of the consequents; for by antecedents the naturalistic theories mean the *antecedents in abstraction from their consequents* — the antecedents taken as they appear in themselves, or as we might suppose them to be if no such consequents had ever issued from them. So conceived, however, the antecedents (matter and energy, for example) have no real existence—they are mere *entia rationis,* abstract aspects of the one concrete fact which we call the universe. The true nature of the antecedents is only learned by reference to the consequents which follow; or, as I put it before, the true nature of the cause only becomes apparent in the effect. All ultimate or philosophical explanation must look to the end. Hence the futility of all attempts to explain human life in terms of the merely animal, to explain life in terms of the inorganic, and ultimately to find a sufficient formula for the cosmic process in terms of the redistribution of matter and motion. If we are in earnest with the doctrine that the universe is one, we have to read back the nature of the latest consequent into the remotest antecedent. Only then is the one, in any true sense, the cause of the other.

Applying this to the present question, we may say that, just as within the limits of the organic world there may be exhibited an intelligible evolution of living forms, so within the moral world we may certainly have an evolution of the moral sentiments and of the institutions which subserve ethical conduct. But as, in the one case, we must start with the fact of life—that is to say, with the characteristic ways of behaving which are found in living matter and which are not found in dead matter—so, in the other case, we must carry with us from the outset the characteristics or postulates of moral experience —namely, self-consciousness, with the sense of respon-

sibility, and the capacity for sympathy which is based on the ability to represent to one's self the life and feelings of another. Such an evolution within the moral sphere does not justify us in presenting morality as an "evolution" from non-moral conditions—that is, in resolving morality into non-moral elements. And this Mr Leslie Stephen seems to admit in an important passage of the article already referred to. "Morality proper," he says, "begins when sympathy begins; when we really desire the happiness of others, or, as Kant says, when we treat other men as an end, and not simply as a means. Undoubtedly this involves a new principle no less than the essential principle of all true morality." I cannot but regard this as an important admission, but at the same time I am bound to say that, till I met this unexpected sentence of Mr Stephen's, I had supposed that the admission of "a new principle" was precisely what the evolutionists were, of all things, most anxious to avoid.

It seems to me, therefore, that though Professor Huxley may have put himself technically in the wrong by speaking of "the cosmical process," his contention is far from being so inept as a verbal criticism would make it appear. It is really directed against the submergence of ethical man in the processes of non-ethical and non-human nature; and if any justification is to be sought for the use of the phrase, we may find it in the tendency inherent in the evolutionary method of explanation—the tendency already explained to substantiate antecedents in abstraction from their consequents, and thus practically to identify the cosmos with its lowest aspects. If the evolutionists do not make this identification in their own minds, they are at least singularly successful in producing that impression upon their readers.

On another important point connected with, and indeed involved in, the foregoing, Professor Huxley, by an unguarded statement, laid himself open to a pretty obvious and apparently conclusive rejoinder. "The cosmic process," he says in one place, "has no sort of relation to moral ends." But "the moral indifference of nature," even in the restricted sense of the term, cannot be maintained so absolutely. Nature undoubtedly puts a premium upon certain virtues, and punishes certain modes of excess and defect by decrease of vitality and positive pain. As Mr Stephen says, "that chastity, temperance, truthfulness, and energy are on the whole advantages both to the individual and the race does not, I fancy, require elaborate proof, nor need I argue at length that the races in which they are common will therefore have inevitable advantages in the struggle for existence." But if so, then it would seem that cosmic nature is not, as it was represented, "the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature"; to a certain extent it may even be regarded as a "school of virtue." The sphere, however, in which this holds true is a comparatively limited one, being substantially restricted to temperance, in the Greek sense of the word—that is to say, moderation in the indulgence of the animal appetites, to which may, no doubt, be added, with Mr Stephen, energy. But nature, as distinct from that human nature which organises itself into societies and adds its own sanctions to the moral ideal which it is continually widening and deepening—non-human nature seems to have no sanctions even for such fundamental virtues as truthfulness, justice, and beneficence, still less for the finer shades and higher nobilities of character in which human nature flowers. And even in regard to the list of virtues cited, it might be argued

that cosmic nature sanctions and furthers them only when we deliberately restrict our survey to the present stage of the evolutionary process — the stage during which man has grown to be what he is on this planet. Within this limited period nature, through the struggle for existence, may be said to have favoured the evolution of the morally best. But it is no intrinsic quality of the struggle to produce this result. Here, it appears to me, we strike upon the deeper truth which prompted Professor Huxley's somewhat unguarded statement, and we are under an important obligation to him for the exposure of what he appropriately calls "the fallacy of the fittest."

> Fittest [he writes] has a connotation of "best"; and about best there hangs a moral flavour. In cosmic nature, however, what is "fittest" depends upon the conditions. Long since, I ventured to point out that if our hemisphere were to cool again, the survival of the fittest might bring about, in the vegetable kingdom, a population of more and more stunted and humbler and humbler organisms, until the "fittest" that survived might be nothing but lichens, diatoms, and such microscopic organisms as those which give red snow its colour; while, if it became hotter, the pleasant valleys of the Thames and Isis might be uninhabitable by any animated beings save those that flourish in a tropical jungle. They, as the fittest, the best adapted to the changed conditions, would survive (p. 32).

Mr Spencer has been forward to emphasise his agreement with this position, and has recalled attention to an essay of his own, twenty years old, in which he makes the same distinction:—

> The law is not the survival of the "better" or the "stronger," if we give to these words anything like their ordinary meanings. It is the survival of those which are constitutionally fittest to thrive under the conditions in

which they are placed; and very often that which, humanly speaking, is inferiority, causes the survival. Superiority, whether in size, strength, activity, or sagacity, is, other things equal, at the cost of diminished fertility; and where the life led by a species does not demand these higher attributes, the species profits by decrease of them, and accompanying increase of fertility. This is the reason why there occur so many cases of retrograde metamorphosis. . . . When it is remembered that these cases outnumber all others, it will be seen that the expression "survivorship of the better" is wholly inappropriate.[1]

Out of the mouth of two such witnesses this point may be taken as established. But if so, I entirely fail to see where, on naturalistic principles, we get our standard of higher and lower, of better and worse. If changed conditions of life were to lead to the dehumanising of the race, to the dropping one by one of the ethical qualities which we are accustomed to commend, whence the justification for pronouncing this process a "retrograde metamorphosis"? There can be no other sense of better or worse on the theory than more or less successful adaptation to the conditions of the environment, and what survives is best just because it survives. The latest stage of the process must necessarily, therefore, be better than all that went before, from the mere fact that it has maintained itself. Mere existence is the only test we have to apply, and at every stage it would seem that we are bound to say, Whatever is, is right. But this is tantamount to saying that when the theory of evolution is taken in its widest scope, it is not really legitimate to say that nature abets or sanctions morality; since the result of further evolution—or, to speak more properly, of further cosmical changes — might be to dethrone our present ethical

[1] Essays, vol. i. p. 379, "Mr Martineau on Evolution."

conduct from its temporary position as the fittest, and to leave no scope for what we now regard as virtue. The type of conduct which would then succeed, and which would so far have the sanction of nature on its side, we should be constrained, it seems to me, to pronounce superior to the conduct which, from our present point of view, seems to us better, because the latter, if adopted, would in the altered circumstances set us at variance with our surroundings, and so fail. Failure or success in the struggle for existence must, on the theory, be the sole moral standard. Good is what survives; evil is what once was fittest, but is so no longer. Thus, our present good may become—nay, is inevitably becoming—evil, and that not, as might be contended, in the sense of merging in a higher good. We have no guarantee that the movement of change, miscalled evolution, must continue in the line of past progress: it may gradually, and as it were imperceptibly, assume another direction—a direction which our present moral ideas would condemn as retrograde. Yet, none the less, the mere fact of change would be sufficient to convert our present good into evil.

Such, I must insist, is the only logical position of a naturalistic ethics. But an important outcome of the recent discussion has been to show that the most prominent upholders of the theory do not hold it in its logical form. Mr Spencer, as we have seen, has strongly insisted that survival of the fittest does not mean survival of the better, or even of the stronger; and Mr Stephen tells us that the struggle for existence, instead of being the explanation of morality, "belongs to an underlying order of facts to which moral epithets cannot properly be applied. It denotes a condition of which the moralist has to take account, and to which morality has to be adapted, but which, just because it is a 'cosmic

process,' cannot be altered, however much we may alter the conduct which it dictates." Surely this comes very near to admitting Professor Huxley's contention, that our moral standard is not derived from the struggle for existence, but rather implies its reversal, substituting for selfishness sympathy for others, and, in Mr Stephen's own words, "the sense of duty which each man owes to society at large." Mr Spencer speaks of an "ethical check" upon the struggle for existence: it is our duty, he says, "to mitigate the evils" which it entails in the social state. "The use of morality," says Mr Stephen, "is to humanise the struggle, to minimise the sufferings of those who lose the game, and to offer the prizes to the qualities which are advantageous to all, rather than to those which serve to intensify the bitterness of the conflict." But this is neither more nor less than to say that, as soon as man becomes social and moral, he has to act counter to the leading characteristics of the struggle for existence. He becomes animated by other ideals, or, to speak more strictly, he then first becomes capable of an ideal, of a sense of duty, instead of obeying without question the routine of animal impulse.

But if this is so, I still ask the evolutionist who has no other basis than the struggle for existence, how he accounts for the intrusion of these moral ideas and standards which presume to interfere with the cosmic process, and sit in judgment upon its results? This question cannot be answered so long as we regard morality merely as an incidental result, a by-product, as it were, of the cosmical system. It is impossible on such a hypothesis to understand the magisterial assertion by itself of the part against the whole, its demands upon the universe, its unwavering condemnation of the universe, if these demands are not met by the nature of things. All this would be an incongruous, and even a ludicrous, spectacle if we had here

to do with a natural phenomenon like any other. The moral and spiritual life remains, in short, unintelligible, unless on the supposition that it is in reality the key to the world's meaning, the fact in the light of which all other phenomena must be read. We must be in earnest, I have already said, with the unity of the world, but we must not forget that, if regarded merely as a system of forces, the world possesses no such unity. It acquires it only when regarded in the light of an End of absolute worth or value which is realised or attained in it. Such an End-in-itself, as Kant called it, we find only in the self-conscious life of man, in the world of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness which he builds up for himself, and of which he constitutes himself a citizen. If it were possible to consider the system of physical nature apart from the intelligent activities and emotions of rational beings, those worlds on worlds,

> "Rolling ever
> From creation to decay,"

would possess in themselves no spark of the value, the intrinsic worth, which we unhesitatingly assert to belong, at least in possibility, to the meanest human life. The endless redistribution of matter and motion in stupendous cycles of evolution and dissolution would be a world without any justification to offer for its existence—a world which might just as well not have been.[1] But if we are honest with ourselves, I do not think we can embrace

[1] Without encumbering the main argument by inopportune discussion, one may perhaps ask in a note in what sense even existence could be attributed to a system of unconscious forces—a material world *per se*. We cannot perform the abstraction required of us in conceiving such a system. Nature refuses to be divorced from the thoughts and feelings of her children and her lords, and we need not be subjective idealists to hold the literal truth of the poet's words that "in our life alone does Nature live."

the conclusion that the cosmos is a mere brute fact of this description. The demand for an End-in-itself—that is, for a fact of such a nature that its existence justifies itself—is as much a rational necessity as the necessity which impels us to refund any phenomenon into its antecedent conditions. And further, unless we sophisticate ourselves, we cannot doubt that we possess within ourselves—in our moral experience most conspicuously—an instance and a standard of what we mean by such intrinsic value. As Carlyle has put it in one of his finest passages,—

> What, then, is man! What, then, is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more.

This conviction of the infinite significance and value of the ethical life is the only view-point from which, in Professor Huxley's words, we can "make existence intelligible and bring the order of things into harmony with the moral sense of man." And it is impossible to do the one of these things without the other. To understand the world is not merely to unravel the sequence of an intricate set of facts. So long as we cannot "bring the order of things into harmony with the moral sense of man," we cannot truly be said to have made existence intelligible: the world still remains for us, in Hume's words, "a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery."

What, then, is Professor Huxley's final attitude? The lecture breathes throughout the loftiest temper of ethical idealism. It is the writer's keen sense of the superiority of ethical man to non-ethical nature that prompts him

to pit Pascal's "thinking reed" in unequal struggle against the cosmic forces that envelop him; and the noble words at the close stir the spirit by their impressive insistence on the imperishable worth of human effort inspired by duty. Yet this unflinching conviction does not lead Professor Huxley to what seems the legitimate conclusion from it—namely, that here only, in the life of ethical endeavour, is the end and secret of the universe to be found. It serves but to accentuate the stern pathos of his view of human fate. His ultimate attitude is, theoretically, one of Agnosticism; personally and practically, one of Stoical heroism. Substantially the same attitude, it appears to me, is exemplified in the Religion of Humanity—the same despair, I mean, of harmonising human ideals with the course of the universe. The Religion of Humanity rightly finds in man alone any qualities which call for adoration or worship; but it inconsistently supposes man to develop these qualities in a fundamentally non-ethical cosmos, and so fails to furnish a solution that can be accounted either metaphysically satisfying or ethically supporting. But we must bear in mind, I repeat, the principle of the unity of the world. The attitude of the Agnostic and the Positivist is due to the separation which they unconsciously insist on keeping up between nature and man. The temptation to do so is intelligible, for we have found that nature, taken in philosophical language as a thing in itself—nature conceived as an independent system of causes—cannot explain the ethical life of man, and we rightly refuse to blur and distort the characteristic features of moral experience by submerging it in the merely natural. We easily, therefore, continue to think of the system of natural causes as a world going its own way, existing quite independently of the ethical beings who draw their breath within it. Man with his ideal standards and his infinite aspirations appears con-

sequently upon the scene as an alien without rights in a world that knows him not. His life is an unexplained intrusion in a world organised on other principles, and no way adapted as a habitation for so disturbing and pretentious a guest. And the consequence is that he dashes his spirit against the steep crags of necessity, finds his ideals thwarted, his aspirations mocked, his tenderest affections turned to instruments of agony, and is driven, if not into passionate revolt or nerveless despair, then at best into stoical resolve. Some such mood as this appears also in much of Matthew Arnold's poetry, and is to my mind the explanation of its insistent note of sadness.

> "No, we are strangers here, the world is from of old, . . .
> To tunes we did not call, our being must keep chime."

It is powerfully expressed in the famous monologue or chant in "Empedocles on Etna," with its deliberate renunciation of what the poet deems man's "boundless hopes" and "intemperate prayers." It inspires the fine lines to Fausta on "Resignation," and reappears more incidentally in all his verse. But calm, as he himself reminds us, is not life's crown, though calm is well; and the poet's "calm lucidity of soul" covers in this case the baffled retreat of the thinker. We have, in truth, no right to suppose an independent non-spiritual world on which human experience is incongruously superinduced. If we are really in earnest, at once with the unity of the world and with the necessity of an intrinsically worthy end by reference to which existence may be explained, we must take our courage in both hands and carry our convictions to their legitimate conclusion. We must conclude that the end which we recognise as alone worthy of attainment is also the end of existence as such—the open secret of the universe. No man writes more pessi-

mistically than Kant of man's relation to the course of nature, so long as man is regarded merely as a sentient creature, susceptible to pleasure and pain. But man, as the subject of duty, and the heir of immortal hopes, is restored by Kant to that central position in the universe from which, as a merely physical being, Copernicus had degraded him.

To a certain extent this conclusion must remain a conviction rather than a demonstration, for we cannot emerge altogether from the obscurities of our middle state, and there is much that may rightly disquiet and perplex our minds. But if it is in the needs of the moral life that we find our deepest principle of explanation, then it may be argued with some reason that this belongs to the nature of the case, for a scientific demonstration would not serve the purposes of that life. The truly good man must choose goodness on its own account; he must be ready to serve God for naught, without being invaded by M. Renan's doubts. As it has been finely put, he must possess "that rude old Norse nobility of soul, which saw virtue and vice alike go unrewarded, and was yet not shaken in its faith."[1] This old Norse nobility speaks to us again, in accents of the nineteenth century, in Professor Huxley's lecture. But because such is the temper of true virtue, it by no means follows that such virtue will not be rewarded with "the wages of going on, and not to die."

[1] R. L. Stevenson, Preface to 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books.'

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SCIENCES.[1]

YOU will not find it wonderful if my feelings are deeply stirred in appearing before you to-day for the first time in my new capacity. There is no honour or privilege which I could possibly esteem higher than to teach philosophy in my own *alma mater*, and in the capital of my native land—to teach, moreover, in the Chair which, through the lustre of its occupants for half a century, is, in the mind of the country (I think I may say it without offence) in some respects the most famous of Scottish philosophical Chairs. All this is deeply gratifying. But it also lays a heavy responsibility upon him

[1] An Inaugural Lecture on assuming the duties of the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, October 26, 1891.

The Lecture is printed exactly as it was delivered, and the nature of the occasion will perhaps be held to excuse the personal references with which it opens. The general survey of the philosophical field which it undertakes, and the philosophical point of view indicated in the concluding pages, seem to give it a useful place in the present volume. But to prevent misconception, it may be well to append here the Prefatory Note which accompanied it on its original appearance: "The title of this Lecture may seem to promise too much. The Lecture does not profess to deal with the circle of the philosophical sciences, but only with the subjects traditionally associated with a Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Scotland. Moreover, as the occasion demanded, it is addressed not so much to the expert as to the large general public interested in philosophy."

who succeeds to such great traditions. He who did not feel diffident at stepping into the place of these eminent men would be unworthy of the trust committed to him. I am deeply sensible of my own deficiencies, but I hope, if it is granted me, to live and learn.

It is also a very gratifying experience to join as a colleague those who were the guides of one's youth. All are not here; but of the seven Professors of the Arts curriculum in my time only two have been removed by death. One, the genial and universally beloved Kelland, passed away in the ripeness of his years. The other leaves an untimely gap, which speaks of recent loss and a common sorrow. One whose welcome to-day would have sounded with peculiar pleasantness in my ears, the generous and high-souled Sellar, has gone from us too soon; and to those who knew him, his loss seems not less but greater as the days go by.

All the more is it matter of heartfelt satisfaction to me that no such painful gap exists in connection with my own Chair—that I succeed my honoured and beloved teacher while he is yet among us in full health and in the unimpaired vigour of his powers. Long may he live to counsel us wisely and inspire us by his example, and to embody in literary form the ripe results of a life's reflection. In these circumstances, and in his presence, it is not for me to pronounce any eulogy upon his thirty-five years of strenuous and fruitful work in this university, or to attempt to sum up his happily unfinished achievement. But I will at least record a little of what I personally owe to him. He taught me to think; and in the things of the mind that is the greatest gift for which one man can be indebted to another. Seventeen years ago I entered the Junior Logic class of this university, with a mind opening perhaps to literature, but still substantially with a schoolboy's views of existence; and

there, in the admirably stimulating lectures to which I listened, a new world seemed to open before me. What the student most needs at such a period is to be intellectually awakened. The crust of custom has to be broken, and the sense of wonder and mystery stirred within him. He should not be crammed with ready-made solutions of difficulties he has never been made to feel. Rather should he be sent "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." He has to be induced to ask himself the world-old questions, and to ponder the possible answers. Above all, the listener should be made to feel that the questions of which the Professor speaks are not merely information which he communicates—that they are to him the most real things in the world, the recurring subjects of his deepest meditation. All this his students found realised in Professor Fraser's teaching. His sympathetic exposition enabled us to catch the spirit of the most diverse systems, while his searching criticism prevented us from resting in any of those facile solutions which owe their simplicity to the convenient elimination of intractable elements. The sense of mystery and complexity in things, which he brought so vividly home to us, inspired a wise distrust of extreme positions and of systems all too perfect for our mortal vision. This union of dialectical subtlety with a never-failing reverence for all that makes man man, and elevates him above himself, lives in the memory of many a pupil as no unworthy realisation of the ideal spirit of philosophy. I shall count myself happy if, with his mantle, some portion of his spirit shall be found to have descended upon his successor. I hope that, in the days to come, the dingy but famous classroom will be distinguished as of old by searching intellectual criticism and impartial debate, not divorced from that spirit of reverence and humility which alone can lead us into truth.

That reminds me that you will expect to hear from a new Professor some indication of the view he takes of his subject, and of the present outlook in connection with it. Anything that can be said on an occasion like the present must necessarily be of a very general character, but even so it may have a certain interest and usefulness.

The discipline of the Chair, then, seems to me to be of a threefold character—logical, psychological, and metaphysical or philosophical in the strict sense. That is to say, we study, in the first place, the nature of the reasoning process, or, to be more accurate, the nature of proof or evidence — the conditions to which valid reasoning must conform. In the second place, we study, introspectively and otherwise, the phenomena of consciousness. We bring observation and experiment to bear upon those internal facts which are for each of us the only facts immediately present to us, the facts through which we know all other facts. We try to analyse and lay bare the inmost nature of those functions of knowing, feeling, and willing which lie "closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands or feet,"—which constitute, in fact, our very life, the expression of the self in time. In the third place, we study, under the title of philosophy proper, the twofold question of Knowing and Being. On the one hand, we investigate human knowledge as to its constitutive notions and its scope or validity; we discuss the question of the possibility of knowledge, as it is called, or the relation of knowledge to reality. This is what is termed Epistemology or Theory of Knowledge. On the other hand, so far as the discussion has not been already anticipated, we approach those questions as to the ultimate nature, the origin and destiny, of all that is, which have occupied the speculative intellect of mankind from the dawn of history, and will occupy it till its close. These may be embraced under the special title of Meta-

physics, both Epistemology and Metaphysics falling under the wider designation of Philosophy.

These three lines of training—the logical, the psychological, and the philosophical—are cognate, and the first two are in a measure introductory or propædeutic to the third. Both logic and psychology, at all events, if we go beneath the surface, lead us into the very heart of philosophical difficulties; and most treatments of either subject involve a tissue of metaphysical assumptions, of which the writer is, in all probability, either quite unconscious or only half aware. But though the subjects are thus cognate and continuous, and so fitly combined under one Chair, the discipline they afford has in each case a character of its own. Logic gives a training almost purely abstract or formal, comparable in some respects with the mental discipline of mathematics—a training in clearness of thinking, in accuracy of definition, in appreciation of what is meant by demonstration or proof. Psychology brings us face to face with a concrete subject-matter—the actual facts of mental life. It views these facts, partly in themselves, but largely in their connection with material conditions and accompaniments. So far as it approaches these facts by the ordinary methods of observation and experiment, classifying them and endeavouring to resolve complex phenomena into their simplest constituents or causes,—so far it affords a scientific discipline comparable to that gained, say, in the study of one of the natural sciences. And if it often lacks the exactness of the sciences of external nature, it has the advantage, as compared with them, of cultivating fresh powers of mind through the attitude of "reflection" or introspection which it is forced to take up. Self-observation or introspection is by no means so easy as the observation of a foreign object. We can more easily analyse a substance in a phial before us than we can

analyse the exact nature of what passes at any moment in our own mind. Hence Psychology, which incessantly calls for the exercise of this faculty, and sharpens and perfects it by constant use, was justly praised by Hamilton as one of the best gymnastics of the mind. Philosophy carries us into a more difficult region; for here we deal not with any particular department of fact, but with the ultimate principles of knowledge and the ultimate constitution or meaning of the cosmos as such, including the prior question whether we are justified in speaking of a cosmos or orderly unity at all. These are questions of supreme and intimate concern to us all, seeing that they embrace the question of man's place and destiny in relation to the system of things. He to whom they have no voice must be either less or more than man. And I fail to see how any one can lay claim to a liberal education who is ignorant of what has been thought by the great minds of the past upon these subjects, or who is unacquainted with the elements of the problems as they face us to-day. The rudiments of such a knowledge are necessary, were it for nothing else, to enable any one to take an intelligent part in the incessant discussion and conflict of opinion which is so marked a feature of the present time.

This threefold discipline may be justified, therefore, in a liberal curriculum, whether we look at it, from the formal side, as a discipline of mental powers otherwise untrained—as the cultivation of one whole side of human nature—or, on the concrete side, as a communication of knowledge of singular importance and interest. And its permanent value seems to me so high and unimpeachable, in both these respects, that it needs no defence at my hands. A defence is generally a confession of weakness. In offering such for philosophy, "we do it wrong, being so majestical."

I turn, therefore, by preference, to say a little about the present outlook in the three departments to which reference has been made, and the way in which it seems to me that a philosophical Professor should shape his work at the present time. Logic I will pass over lightly —almost with a word—because, of the three, its discussions are most technical in character. It appeals, therefore, least to a general audience. Moreover, if we penetrate beneath the surface and examine the foundations on which it rests, we are immediately involved in difficult questions of general philosophy; and it becomes impossible to maintain a rigid distinction between Logic and Epistemology and Metaphysics. For that reason the very conception or definition of the science has long been matter of keen debate, and at present the aspect of things is confessedly chaotic. The activity, however, in the higher theory of logic has of late been great both in this country and in Germany. I need only refer to the important treatises of Lotze, Sigwart, and Wundt in Germany, and of Bradley and Bosanquet in this country, not to speak of the more distinctively English work of Jevons, Venn, and others. The chaos, moreover, if at first bewildering, is not of the kind which should be disheartening to the serious student. It is of the kind which portends and accompanies growth, and bears in it the promise of future order. Evidently, however, such discussions do not lend themselves to exoteric exposition; they belong to the labours of an advanced class of metaphysics.

The other aspect of Logic is the elementary doctrine which has so long formed part of the curriculum of educated Europe—the ordinary formal logic, originally based upon Aristotle, to which has come to be added some discussion of the theory of scientific method and the conditions of inductive proof. It has been the fashion

of late with many philosophers to sneer at the logic of the schools; but this is only justifiable, as it seems to me, when extravagant claims are made on its behalf. No doubt the ordinary logic depends on many uncriticised assumptions; its analysis of the process of thought is often superficial; it cannot stand as a coherent philosophical doctrine. All this is granted. The whole discipline is essentially of an elementary and propædeutic character; it is a continuation, in a more abstract form, of the grammatical training received at school. But just this circumstance, that it continues and attaches itself to the studies of the school, gives it a peculiar claim to stand as the gateway of the philosophical sciences; whilst, on the other hand, the very defects and ambiguities which discussion reveals in many of its conceptions form an excellent stimulus to the opening mind, and introduce the student insensibly to important psychological and metaphysical problems. The formal mechanism may certainly, in great part, be relegated with advantage to text-book work and tutorial instruction. But even this is not to be despised; I have always found it an admirable test in picking out the really clear-headed members of a class. Here there are no cloudy phrases in which to take refuge; the issue is as clear and definite as in a mathematical proposition, and inaccuracy of mind is tracked remorselessly down. In view of these merits, which the study undoubtedly possesses, I cannot share the contempt frequently expressed for the logic of the schools. Its names and distinctions, moreover, have entered so largely into the thought, and even the familiar language, of the civilised races, that a certain acquaintance with its forms and processes may well be demanded in the interests of historical culture.

It is not so long since a somewhat similar contempt for Psychology was current in the leading idealistic

school of this country. The horror of the true-blue experientialist for what he calls "metaphysics" was amply repaid by the tone of condescension and indifference which the idealists adopted towards "empirical psychology." Misled by a name, they visited upon the head of an unoffending science the inadequacies of Empiricism as a philosophical theory. Because the chief cultivators of psychology in England had been of the Empiricist persuasion, and had frequently confounded the limits of psychology and metaphysics, the transcendentalists tabooed the science as beneath the notice of a philosopher. Hence a state of unnatural division and mutual distrust—a distrust rooted in both cases largely in ignorance. To-day the situation is greatly changed. Psychology has become more scientific, and has thereby become more conscious of her own aims, and, at the same time, of her necessary limitations. Ceasing to put herself forward as philosophy, she has entered upon a new period of development as science; and in doing so she has disarmed the jealousy, and is even fast conquering the indifference, of the transcendental philosopher. For whatever be the bearing of these psychological investigations upon philosophy—be their importance in that connection great, or be it small—it is at least certain that in the near future no philosopher will speak with authority, or will deserve so to speak, who does not show a competent acquaintance with the best work in psychology.

The marvellous activity displayed just at present in the department of psychology constitutes, indeed, to an expert perhaps the most notable feature in the state of the philosophical sciences. In Germany and France, in America, and now in England, there may almost be said to be a "boom" in that direction. In Britain the study of psychology is a native growth, and it had long flourished in the hands of the Associationists, such as Hartley, James

and John Mill, and Professor Bain. But before such a school was heard of by name, the works of Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume had brilliantly exemplified the national genius in that direction. As already indicated, however, the British thinkers of the past were far from keeping their psychology unadulterated. Betraying frequently an insular ignorance of the great metaphysical systems of ancient Greece and modern Europe, they gave us, in general, psychology and philosophy inextricably intermingled. The impulse towards a differentiation of provinces came from Germany, where the clearer formulation of aims and methods may be regarded as one beneficial result of the training which the German intellect has enjoyed at the hands of Kant and succeeding thinkers. But the influence of Germany upon psychological investigation has not been limited to this formal or methodic stimulus. There has been much good work done there in psychology since the time of Kant. The psychology of Herbart and his followers is in many respects the more elaborate counterpart of English Associationism; and artificial as his constructions often seem, it is acute and able work, which no modern student of the subject can afford to neglect. The names of Lotze and Wundt represent work at once brilliant and patient on independent lines, and bring before us also the close connection between psychology and physiology, which is the distinguishing mark of most recent investigation in this department. Some of Lotze's most characteristic work was contained in the book he called 'Medical Psychology'; and 'Physiological Psychology' is the name Wundt gives to his important treatise. Psychology, physiology, and physics meet in the great works of Helmholtz on 'Sensations of Tone' and 'Physiological Optics.' Another mark of recent investigation is the potent influence exerted on psychology, as on all other

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departments of knowledge, by the conception of evolution. Wherever life is met with, there the psychologist now finds material for illustrating and enlarging his science. The old meaning of ψυχή has been revived, and the beginnings of a comparative psychology have come into being. The observation of abnormal mental developments, such as insanity, hysteria, the hypnotic state, and similar phenomena, forms another field assiduously cultivated by modern observers, especially in France, where, no less than in Germany and America, there is a large amount of psychological activity among the younger men.

All these influences may be said to meet and come to fruition in the best English work of the last few years—such work, I mean, as Mr Ward's masterly treatise in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and Professor James's rich and stimulating volumes. Such work may not unreasonably be taken as marking the new departure that has been achieved in psychology — the critical maintenance of a purely psychological standpoint, the wider range of material, the more minute and experimental analysis.

For one of the most striking results of the *rapprochement* between psychology and physiology just referred to has been the attempt to introduce experiment into psychological science. Starting from the experiments of Weber and the more extended psycho-physical researches of Fechner, but taking a wider scope, there has sprung up a new line of inquiry, which, under the name of Experimental Psychology, sometimes aspires to the dignity of a separate discipline, and looks back with no little condescension upon the observational and descriptive science with which we are familiar. Wundt has been the leader of this movement, and Leipzig its great centre; but it is now widely spread in Germany, and has been enthusiastically taken up in America, where every well-equipped college aims at the establishment of a psycho-

logical or psycho-physical laboratory. England shows some disposition to follow in the wake. At least the University of Cambridge has voted a small sum for the same purpose, and the younger generation of Oxonians are found deserting the philosophy of Green to work in the laboratories of Freiburg, Leipzig, and Berlin.[1]

Let me say at once, to prevent misconception, that I think the experimental psychologists magnify their office overmuch. The field of experiment is necessarily limited; it is limited to those cases where we are able to manipulate the physical and physiological processes which condition mental facts. The facts of sensation, the phenomena of movement, and the time occupied by the simpler mental processes, constitute, therefore, practically the whole accessible area. Within these limits, moreover, the results are often so contradictory as to leave everything in doubt; where definite results are obtainable, their value is often not apparent. Finally, many of the results are of a purely physiological nature, and are only by courtesy included in psychological science. These are the serious deductions which I think require to be made by a dispassionate observer of all this eager work. But the appetite for facts is a healthy symptom, and the whole movement is one which every student of psychology must take note of. We need not look for light from this quarter upon the problems of philosophy and the deeper mysteries of being; but it is impossible that so much patient ingenuity should be devoted to analysing the substructure of our mental life without ultimately important effects upon our knowledge of the psychological mechanism.

A collateral effect of this scientific development of

[1] Some provision has been made for experimental work in London and other places since this was written, but the British universities still lag far behind Germany and America in this respect.

psychology has been an immense increase of detail-work. Already it is becoming more and more the practice for psychologists to publish elaborate monographs on special phenomena, or on comparatively small departments of the subject. The number of psychological journals has also largely increased. One result of this is obvious. As psychology becomes increasingly scientific in character, and as the literature of the subject becomes more and more voluminous, the severance between philosophy and psychology must necessarily become more pronounced; for it will become impossible for the same man to do original work in both departments. From the point of view of philosophy there might seem to be a certain advantage in this, as effectually preventing any further confusion between the two spheres and sets of problems. But this advantage is more apparent than real. For psychology, as the science of mental life, must always stand to philosophy in a more intimate relation than any of the other sciences can. If the divorce, then, be carried so far that the philosopher and psychologist are no longer on speaking terms, the old evils will recur; for a critical severance of provinces can be effected and maintained only by one who is familiar with both departments, even though his original work should lie only in one. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the psychologists of the future will all be trained in philosophy, and the philosophers in psychology. With this view, and in the present situation of affairs, I cannot help adding that it seems to me extremely desirable, in a great university like this, that there should be a third man connected with the philosophical department—a Lecturer or Assistant-Professor—specially charged with the teaching of psychology in its most recent developments. Such work would lie, of course, largely with Honours students; for psychological detail could not profitably replace to the Passman that in-

troduction to the problems of philosophy and the history of thought which the retention of the Chair in a liberal curriculum is meant to ensure.

To Philosophy, then, we come in the last place. It is by philosophy that this Chair and others like it in the Scottish universities must ultimately justify their existence; and it is to the inbred Scottish bent towards philosophy that the public interest felt in them is due. The outlook here is not discouraging. Within the present century, as is well known, Comte promulgated his law of the three stages, representing metaphysics as a disease of childhood, like measles, which the race was in the act of outgrowing. And since then, Comtian and other influences have undoubtedly produced in many quarters a positivistic or agnostic attitude of mind, which gives itself great airs of finality from time to time in our newspapers and reviews. But metaphysics shows no inclination to die, by way of obliging these prophets of her decease. It is sufficient answer to their vaticinations to point to the marked revival of interest in philosophical discussion within recent years. There was a period, perhaps, when philosophical interest languished; but there has seldom been a time when people were more anxious than they are at present to listen to any one who has anything to say. For indifferentism here, as Kant says, can be, in the nature of the case, no more than a temporary phase of feeling. "It is in reality vain to profess indifference in regard to such inquiries, the object of which cannot be indifferent to humanity."

Apart from indifference, there was a time when the vast strides made by science—more especially by the natural sciences in the third quarter of the nineteenth century—fascinated men's attention, and diverted it from the problems which lie beneath and behind all science. But the very progress of science has brought men face to

face once more with ultimate questions, and has revealed the impotence of science to deal with its own conditions and presuppositions. The needs of science itself call for a critical doctrine of knowledge as the basis of an ultimate theory of things. The idea entertained in some quarters that all difficulties would be solved by a scientific conception like that of evolution, has been found illusory, inasmuch as that conception itself requires a philosophical interpretation before it can throw any light at all upon the metaphysical question. History is not philosophy, and nothing is explained merely by being thrown back in time. Evolution notwithstanding, the old questions all reappear in a slightly altered form. They are brought to light again by the very success of science in dealing with her own problems.

Philosophy is first, then, at the present day, a doctrine of knowledge; and as such the critic of scientific categories, to purge us of bad metaphysics. For the sweeping away of bad metaphysics is not the least important part of the philosophical task, and there is no metaphysics so bad as the metaphysics of the physicist or biologist when, in the strength of his own right arm, he makes a raid into philosophical territory. This critical office of Philosophy must also be extended to the metaphysical systems of the past. And in this connection we have one of the richest parts of the training afforded by a philosophical Chair; for here the teacher must constitute himself the historian of thought, and, with a wise admixture of sympathy and criticism, introduce his hearers to the typical thinkers of the world—

> "The dead but sceptred sovrans who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

But this critical, and to a certain extent negative, work is not all. Philosophy must finally endeavour to be itself

critically constructive, or, if that is a contradiction in terms, it must endeavour to be constructive without forgetting its own critical strictures. The criticism of past philosophies, therefore, should not be purely negative. Truly light-giving and helpful criticism should seek to lead the learner, through the very consciousness of defects and inconsistencies in the systems examined, to a truer statement of the problem, and a more adequate solution. In this way, the systems of the past become so many stepping-stones on which we rise to fuller and clearer insight. And if, at the end, a completed system should still prove beyond our reach, the philosophical teacher will at least seek to indicate the general lines upon which an ultimately satisfactory theory must move.

I have only time here to mention one or two points on which I think that a true philosophy should lay stress, and on which it should lay special stress at the present time. The first is the necessity of a *teleological* view of the universe. Trendelenburg, the eminent German Aristotelian, devotes one of the most interesting of his essays to illustrating what he calls the fundamental difference or antithesis between philosophical systems,—the difference, namely, between the teleological and the mechanical point of view. Whether an exhaustive classification of systems is possible on this basis or not, I believe with him that the antithesis he signalises is fundamental for philosophy; and there is nothing of which I am more profoundly convinced than that philosophical truth lies, in this case, altogether with the teleological point of view. Any system which abandons this point of view lapses thereby from philosophy to science.

The word teleology acts upon some people like a red rag upon a bull, from its association with certain old-fashioned arguments which explained particular phenomena from their supposed adaptation to external ends,

more especially from their adaptation to the requirements and conveniences of man. This paltry mechanical teleology was never at any time convincing to strong and sincere thinkers, and after being riddled by modern science, it may be held as finally beaten off the field. Its unsatisfactory character arose in great part from its taking facts in isolation, and then endeavouring artificially to fit them together in the relation of means and end. The philosophical teleology of which I speak concerns itself only with the End of the whole evolution. It concentrates itself upon the proof that there *is* an End, that there is an organic unity or purpose binding the whole process into one and making it intelligible—in one word, that there *is* evolution and not merely aimless change. For it is only when contemplated in the light of a realised idea that any one speaks of a series of changes as steps in an evolution. A speculation which does not see that evolution spells purpose has not made clear to itself the difference between progress and aimless variation. Such speculation rests ultimately on a purely mechanical view of the universe.

Let us try, therefore, in a sentence or two, to illuminate by contrast these two opposite points of view. The mechanical view explains the universe as a collocation of mere facts—so many real existences which just happen to be there. They are not there to express any idea, meaning, or purpose: they have no further significance; they simply are. Every change in these facts is completely determined by its immediate antecedents, acting as a blind *vis a tergo*. A cause may thus be assigned for every change, but a reason can be given for none; for where there is no question of realising any idea or purpose, all change must be entirely motiveless. One collocation of facts is just as good as another. The mechanical explanation of things is thus a constant look-

ing backward; the teleological or philosophical explanation, a looking forward to the end or ultimate purpose which is being realised—to the *reason* of the whole development, which is also in the deepest sense its cause.

The mechanical explanation of any phenomenon is not false in itself. Nor need there be any quarrel between the causal and the teleological view of things, for they move upon different planes. The mechanically causal view only becomes false, when it professes to be a complete explanation of any phenomenon, and therefore, by implication, a philosophy of the universe. True, under certain limitations, as science, it is false when it puts itself forward as philosophy. Mechanical explanation is a *progressus in infinitum*, which can ultimately explain nothing. In the last resort, *causæ efficientes pendent a finalibus;* the complete explanation of anything is only reached when we are able to view it in the light of a purpose, of which it forms an integral part or element. Philosophy, therefore, stands or falls with the possibility of discovering a reasonable meaning or end in the universe. Every true philosophy is in this sense an attempted theodicy—the vindication of a divine purpose in things.

The antithesis of teleology and mechanism is, as you perceive, substantially the old opposition of Idealism and Materialism more strictly expressed. And it is equally obvious that while the mechanical view, through looking ever backward, finds an explanation of things in reducing them to their lowest terms, and presents us, for example, with matter and motion as philosophical ultimates, the teleological or idealistic view seeks the true explanation of the lower in the higher, of which it is the germ. For *if* the lower carries in it the promise and potency of the higher, then it must involve no less than a falsification of the facts to substantiate the lowest terms as

independent self-existent facts, out of relation to the ultimate term in which we read the meaning of the whole development. That, however, is precisely what is done by all materialistic and quasi-materialistic systems.

If philosophy, then, is the indication of an end, meaning, or purpose in the universe, what has philosophy to say, finally, as to the nature of the End? Here again, it seems to me that philosophy has to wage unsparing battle against certain tendencies of our time. As it defends the truth of teleology in spite of former abuses of the principle, so it has to champion the truth underlying the old view which made man the centre of the universe. In a material aspect, man is but an atom or a point in the system of things, and we smile when we read in Cicero of the heavenly ædile who nightly lights the candles of the sky for our mortal comfort and convenience. But the Copernican view of the universe is pressed too far when we are invited, on the strength of it, to efface ourselves before the immensities of external nature. Much current thought is *naturalistic* at heart—that is to say, it makes human nature only a part of nature in general, and seeks, therefore, to explain away the most fundamental characteristics of intelligence and moral life. As against this naturalistic tendency, philosophy must be unflinchingly *humanistic,* anthropocentric.

Not to man as a creature specially located upon this earth, but to man and all creatures like him who are sharers in the life of thought, and called thereby to be authors of their own perfection—to man as rational, all things are relative. To him the creation looks; for him all things are made. This is the imperishable grandeur of Hegel's system that he has given such sonorous utterance to this view, and expressed it with such magnificent confidence. I cannot always emulate

his confidence, nor can I adopt as perfectly satisfactory his universalistic mode of expression. The achievements of the world-spirit do not move me to unqualified admiration, and I cannot accept the abstraction of the race in place of the living children of men. Even if the enormous spiral of human history is destined to wind itself at last to a point which may be called achievement, what, I ask, of the multitudes that perished by the way? "These all died, not having received the promises." What if there *are* no promises *to them?* To me the old idea of the world as the training-ground of individual character seems to offer a much more human, and, I will add, a much more divine, solution than this pitiless procession of the car of progress. Happily, however, the one view does not necessarily exclude the other; we may rejoice in the progress of the race, and also believe in the future of the individual. Nature's profusion and nature's waste will doubtless be urged against us, when we plead for the rights of the individual life. But these are objections which every theodicy has to meet. I do not wish to minimise them: on the contrary, they appeal to me with painful force. But the possibility of any theodicy depends on our being able to show that nature and nature's ways of working are not the last word of creation. Nature is non-moral, indifferent, and pitiless; but man is pitiful, and human nature flowers in love and self-denial, in purity and stainless honour. If these have no root in the nature of things, then indeed

> "The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble."

But we do well, as Goethe teaches in one of his finest poems, to recognise in such attributes of human-kind

our nearest glimpse into the nature of the divine. The part is not greater than the whole; and we may rest assured that whatever of wisdom and goodness there is in us was not born out of nothing, but has its fount, somewhere and somehow, in a more perfect Goodness and Truth.

THE "NEW" PSYCHOLOGY AND AUTOMATISM.[1]

I.

ALL who take an intelligent interest in the movement of contemporary thought—whether it be philosophy more strictly so called, or the advance of science—are aware of the great activity which has been shown of late years in the department of psychology. Till within the last half century or thereabouts, psychology had been an appanage of the philosophers; and it cannot be said that they neglected this province of their dominion. In this country in particular—in England and Scotland—psychology has formed the bulk of our philosophic treatises; and Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, Dr Thomas Brown, and the Mills, Reid, Stewart, and Hamilton, must always remain among the classics of the science. But it may be admitted that their work often shows a crossing of interests and of points of view. Questions of logic and theory of knowledge were mixed up with the more properly psychological inquiry. And, at other times, the investigation was subordinate to the establishment of some metaphysical theory. The dis-

[1] An Address to the Edinburgh University Philosophical Society, November 9, 1892.

tinguishing note of most recent psychology has therefore been insistence on the separation of psychology from philosophy, and on the maintenance of a purely psychological standpoint. In psychology, it is argued, we have a realm of phenomena, a moving world of causes and effects, which it is our business to investigate in the ordinary scientific way, with all the resources of observation and experiment. Imitating the example of physics, we have to reduce this world of complex phenomena to its ultimate constituents and the laws of their interaction, and we have to do this without any *arrière pensée* as to the bearing of our results on the ultimate problems of philosophy.

No advice could be more excellent; disinterestedness is the very watchword of science. But it seems to me that a good many of those who talk most loudly of "the new psychology" are exposed to the usual danger of reaction. The rise of this "scientific" psychology, as it also calls itself, is connected with the great development of science, especially of the natural sciences, which has marked the nineteenth century. The growth of biology and physiology has naturally reacted powerfully upon the whole conception and method of psychological investigation. And it is worth observing that the general scientific movement referred to, coincided, especially in Germany, with a revulsion against the idealistic speculation which ushered in the century. Probably the two were partly connected as cause and effect, the hunger for hard facts and patient detail-work being a healthy protest of the human spirit against over-hasty and over-confident attempts at universal synthesis. Any way, the new psychology, as I have said, has its roots in this movement. And therefore its absorbing concern was and is to keep itself clear of metaphysics, and of every hypothesis which it imagines to savour of that region of

mysteries. To a large class of scientific and would-be scientific thinkers, metaphysics is what clericalism is to the French Liberal: it is the enemy, to be fought at all points. These two characteristics of this militant psychology — its renunciation of metaphysics and its affiliation to biology — are concisely put by Ribot, one of its standard-bearers: "The new psychology differs from the old in its spirit: it is not metaphysical. It differs in its aim: it only studies phenomena. It differs in its methods: it borrows them as far as possible from the biological sciences. Consequently the sphere of psychology specifies itself; it has for its subject nervous phenomena accompanied by consciousness."[1]

I am far from asserting that this distrust is without historical justification. Natural explanations—*i.e.*, regulated sequences and coexistences of phenomena—are what every science has to seek in its own sphere; and, accordingly, science justly regards as suspect the explanation of any phenomenon by the immediate causality of a metaphysical agent. The interjection of such a causality into the empirical connections which she seeks to unravel, she treats as a form of *ignava ratio*. "It makes the investigation of causes a very easy task," says Kant, "if we refer such and such phenomena immediately to the unsearchable will and counsel of the Supreme Wisdom, whereas we ought to investigate their causes in the general mechanism of matter. This is to consider the labour of reason as ended, when we have merely dispensed with its employment."[2] In the old psychology, this otiose method

[1] 'La Psychologie Allemande,' Introduction. Ribot's deliverance dates from 1879, but precisely the same position is formulated in the opening and closing sentences of one of the more recent manuals on the subject, Ziehen's 'Introduction to the Study of Physiological Psychology.' If the polemic against metaphysics is not always so marked, it is because the enemy is supposed to have been beaten off the field.

[2] Werke, iii. 468 (ed. Hartenstein).

of explanation, by means of the soul and its faculties, was no doubt often resorted to. Hence, in shaking the dust of metaphysics off their feet, the new psychologists accepted from Lange[1] as their badge the somewhat paradoxical motto "psychology without a soul." As Ribot puts it triumphantly: "The soul and its faculties, the great entity and the little entities, disappear; and we have to do only with internal events,—events which, like sensations and images, are translations (so to speak) of physical events, or which, like ideas, movements, volitions, and desires, translate themselves into physical events."

In this respect, however, the new psychology was not so original as it perhaps imagined. The attempt to dispense with a soul had been systematically made by Hume and the Associationists long before the second half of the nineteenth century. It was not simply the determination to discard the soul that stamped the new movement; the second and more characteristic feature was the affiliation of psychology to physiology and to general biological science—the study of the facts of consciousness consistently and exclusively in correlation with the organic facts of nerve and brain. This method of explanation was declined, as we know, by Locke and Hume; and it has been made matter of reproach against a modern associationist like Mill, that he held by the old psychological method and went on "exactly as he might have gone on if he had lived in the days of Aristotle, . . . at a time when a new method highly fertile in fact and of more fruitful promise was available."[2] The physiological method, in short, is the distinguishing mark, and "physiological psychology" is the term very generally given to the recent developments of "psychology as a natural

[1] Geschichte des Materialismus, vol. ii. p. 381.

[2] Maudsley, Physiology of Mind, p. 76.

science." It is to be noted also that in speaking of the conditions of mental states (and it is agreed that the discovery of conditions constitutes scientific explanation) writers of this way of thinking have exclusively physiological conditions in view. Professor James tells us, for example, that he has "treated our passing thoughts as integers, and regarded the mere laws of their coexistence with brain-states as the ultimate laws for our science;"[1] and Mr Shadworth Hodgson defines psychology as "that positive and special science which takes its stand upon the results of physiology and biology, and studies the phenomena of sentience and consciousness in connection with their proximate conditions in individual living organisms."[2]

Let me say at once that it is far from my intention to object to this intimate linking of the psychological and the biological. It may be taken as a postulate generally admitted, that our mental life is at every point physiologically conditioned; and the physiological method of study does indeed promise, as its votaries say, to be most fruitful in its application. It alone furnishes the basis for introducing experiment into mental science; and though it can only lay siege, as it were, to the outworks of the mental citadel, to the phenomena of sense-perception and movement and a few of the simpler aspects of the mental processes, yet the amount of patient detail-work accumulated in these departments, and the light thrown on other departments by the scientific study of abnormal mental states in their physiological relations, are already enriching the science in no ordinary degree, and transforming the very look of our psychological text-books. The philosopher would be singularly cross-grained who did not welcome this accumulation of material, and

[1] Principles of Psychology, Preface.

[2] Mind, vol. xi. p. 489 (October 1886).

who did not congratulate himself that all this detail-work was taken out of his hands by those who from their training and aptitudes can do it so much better. But he will reserve to himself, as philosopher, the ultimate verdict on the validity and sufficiency of the theory on which physiological psychology proceeds. For it is the most indefeasible function of philosophy to act as critic of the sciences. The philosopher has to examine the conceptions which each science accepts without criticism, and on which it proceeds in working out its results; he has to point out the limits or conditions within which the conception or theory holds true. In other words, he has to restrain the ardour of the specialist who would build upon his results a philosophic theory of the universe, by showing that the results which the investigation seems to establish are really involved in the conceptions or standpoint from which it started, and are therefore in no sense to be accepted as an independent proof of the theory. I propose to show that this is pre-eminently the case with the main thesis of the "new" psychology—at least in the hands of its most advanced representatives. In abjuring the soul and limiting itself to the concomitance of physical and psychical events, it is really dominated by a very definite theory which dictates the character of its results beforehand.

The result supposed to be proved, it had best be stated at once, is the complete parallelism of the bodily and the mental—the denial, therefore, of any real causality to consciousness, which remains the inert accompaniment of a succession of physical changes over which it has no control. In a word, the result is the doctrine of human automatism. The doctrine of conscious automatism has been ventilated a good deal since 1870, or even earlier, by Mr Shadworth Hodgson, Professor Huxley, Professor Clifford,

and others; but, though no doubt definitely embraced by a few, it is safe to say that by the most it has been rather talked about, and toyed with, than fully conceived, much less believed. The doctrine has, however, been recently expressed with great clearness and force by Dr Münsterberg, who is perhaps the ablest and most stirring of the younger generation of physiological psychologists, and one whose theories have attracted considerable attention both in England and on the Continent. He teaches in the most unequivocal fashion that consciousness is simply, as he calls it, a "Begleiterscheinung," a concomitant phenomenon, or inactive accompaniment of a series of mechanical changes.

Münsterberg's work, which has appeared in a succession of pamphlets since the year 1888, takes largely the form of a polemic against Wundt's doctrine of Apperception. Wundt's 'Physiologische Psychologie,' first published in 1874, still remains, in its later editions, the most authoritative work on the subject; and the psychological laboratory established by him in Leipzic in 1879, as the first of its kind, is still probably the chief centre of experimental work. But, although he may thus fairly be called the father of the whole movement, inasmuch as he has organised experimental psychology and induced the world to accept it as a new science, Wundt has never lent his countenance to the automatist conclusions which the young bloods are now drawing from their experimental labours. His doctrine of Apperception is far from clear, and its precise meaning has given rise to considerable controversy, but it seems to imply a function of subjective selection or central initiative analogous to what Dr Ward calls Attention; and this is apparently in harmony with the general philosophical position which the author has elaborated in his more recently published 'System of Philosophy.' But, be that as it may, it is at any rate certain

that Wundt has been attacked by the upholders of thorough-going mechanism as an inconsistent and retrograde thinker for attributing activity to the Subject. So much by way of explanation was necessary for the right understanding of Münsterberg's work. His first pamphlet in this controversy was 'Die Willenshandlung,' an analysis of the act of will, published early in 1888. This was followed by a series of 'Contributions to Experimental Psychology,' in which, after an elucidation of principles, he endeavoured, by a number of carefully devised experiments, to assimilate the apperceptive process to the type of reflex action and thus reduce the whole conscious action to a play of association. In 1891, he published an introduction to the study of psychology,[1] in the course of which we get a re-statement of his own position. The standpoint does not vary throughout the different expositions, and therefore, though illustrating freely from all, so far as they throw light upon my points, I will draw chiefly from the first and fullest statement—that contained in his very acute analysis of the act of will.

The 'Willenshandlung' is divided into three parts, the first treating of the voluntary act as "movement-process" (*Bewegungsvorgang*); the second treating of it as a phenomenon or appearance in consciousness (*Bewusstseinserscheinung*); and the third, which is intended to combine the results of the preceding parts, considering the act of will in its totality as "conscious movement" (*bewusste Bewegung*). Münsterberg makes a start from the well-known saying of Kant: "That my will moves my arm is no whit more intelligible to me than if some one were to tell me that it could hold back the moon in its orbit." He accepts the problem as thus indicated: How does my

[1] 'Ueber Aufgaben und Methoden der Psychologie,' 1891. Professor Münsterberg's more recent works are referred to below, p. 80.

will move my arm? The first part of his treatise deals with the voluntary act exclusively from the physiological side, and analyses it into a series of movements. We may say analyses it *necessarily* into a series of movements, for the succession of bodily movements, whether visible movements of the limbs or molecular movements of the nerves and brain, are all of the process that could by any possibility be *seen;* and reduction to processes which are intelligible in the sense of being pictorially presentable, is the postulate of explanation which he lays down.[1] There is not much that is peculiar to Münsterberg in this first section; the same has been vividly put by many writers,[2] and in a sense this purely physical explanation

[1] Zurückführung auf anschaulich verständliche Vorgänge, p. 10.

[2] Never better perhaps than by Lange, 'Geschichte des Materialismus,' ii. 370. The passage has been often quoted, but may do duty again:—"A merchant is sitting comfortably in his easy-chair, and would find it hard to say with what the greater part of his Ego is occupied—whether with smoking, sleeping, reading the newspaper, or digestion. Suddenly the servant enters with a telegram which runs—'Antwerp, Jonas and Company failed.' 'Tell James to put the horses to.' The servant flies. The master has sprung to his feet, completely sobered; some dozen paces through the room, down to his office, instructions given to the confidential clerk, letters dictated, telegrams despatched, then into the carriage. The horses pant; he visits the bank, the exchange, his business friends. Before an hour is over, he throws himself again into his easy-chair with the sigh, 'Thank heaven, I have secured myself against the worst: now let me consider further.' A splendid occasion for a picture of the soul. Terror, hope, feeling, calculation—ruin and victory compressed into one moment. And that all aroused by a single idea! What does not the human consciousness comprise!

"Softly, let us look at our man as an object in the material world. He springs up, why? His muscles contract in the appropriate way. Why so? They were moved by an impulse of nervous force which discharged the stored-up stock of elasticity. Whence this impulse? From the centre of the nervous system. How did it arise there? Through the . . . *soul.* The curtain falls,—the *salto mortale* is made from science to mythology." On the contrary, Lange proceeds, "We must trace back the physical series of causes through the brain to the first occasion of the whole sudden movement without taking any account whatever of

is true from the physiological side, though I think it is possible to show that, even from the physiological standpoint, it is not the whole truth. Meanwhile it is enough to note the purely mechanical point of view and the explicit reduction of all physiological facts to physico-chemical processes. Passing to the more characteristic

the so-called consciousness. Or let us take it in the opposite direction. What came into the man? The picture of certain strokes with blue pencil upon a white ground. Certain rays of light fell upon the retina, rays which in themselves do not develop more vital force in their vibrations than other light-rays. The vital force for the propagation of the impact is ready in the nerve, as that for muscular contraction in the muscles: it can be discharged by the infinitely weak impact of the light-wave only as the elastic forces of the powder-cask are set free by the glimmering spark. But how comes it, then, that just *these* lines produce in *this* man just this effect? Every answer which falls back here upon ideas and the like is as good as no answer at all. I wish to see *the channels, the paths of the vital force*, the extent, the mode of propagation, and the sources of *the physical and chemical processes* from which the nervous impulses proceed which call into activity, and that precisely in the manner required for springing to one's feet, first the *musculus psoas*, then the *rectus femoris*, the *vasti*, and all the co-operating company. I wish to see the far more important nervous streams which distribute themselves to the organs of speech, the muscles of breathing, producing command, word, and call, and which, by way of sound-waves and the auditory nerves of other individuals, renew tenfold the same performance. I will, in a word, make a present for the time being of the so-called psychical action to the pedants of the schools, and will have the physical action which I see explained *by physical causes*." In like manner, Münsterberg concludes that, "from the physiological standpoint there must correspond to every centrally initiated movement a complex of centripetal stimuli; and in these stimuli acting from without, taken together with the existing structure and condition of the nervous mechanism, must lie the absolutely sufficient causes for the necessary occurrence of the definite act of will." Innumerable past stimuli in the life of the individual and the race are stored up as potential energy in the nervous mechanism. Hence the sound-waves of a spoken word (on which, as in the case put by Lange, action follows), may represent "scarcely a millionth part of the joint-causes which bring about that particular movement in the hearer." But the mechanical determination by the joint-causes is as absolute here as in the case of the simplest reflex (pp. 17-20). It is, indeed, the avowed "postulate" of the whole investigation that the act of will shall be explained "als Mechanik der Atome" (p. 9).

psychological analysis, contained in the second part of the treatise, we find that Münsterberg is at some pains at the outset to define the problem he sets himself. It is purely a problem of empirical psychology, and does not raise the metaphysical question as to the ultimate ground of phenomena or as to how consciousness exists at all. In that connection, Münsterberg seems to indicate that he regards Will, conceived as Schopenhauer conceived it,[1] to be the most probable metaphysical hypothesis. His present investigation, however, has to do only with Will as a conscious fact; it seeks "only to establish the conscious phenomena which are peculiar to the act of will" (p. 56). "Wherein consists the content of our inner experience, empirically given to each of us, which we designate will" (p. 60). Or, again, "For our investigation, limited as it is to facts, the will is a phenomenon like other phenomena; and accordingly we have only to ask in what it consists, what regularly precedes it in consciousness, and what follows it" (p. 61). This strictly empirical character of the inquiry has one important consequence:—

> It is well known [he proceeds] that modern psychology designates as sensations the ultimate irreducible constituents into which the content of consciousness (*Bewusstseinsinhalt*) may be analysed; ascribing to sensations a quality, an intensity, and a tone of feeling which expresses their relations to consciousness. But, if sensation is the element of all psychical phenomena, and if, on the other hand, the will, so far as we are concerned with it, is only a phenomenon of consciousness (*Bewusstseinserscheinung*), it follows necessarily *that the will too is only a complex of sensations*.[2]

[1] This is the impression produced by the *Willenshandlung*, but see the note on p. 80 for Münsterberg's more fully elaborated metaphysical theory.

[2] Page 62. The italics are Münsterberg's own. It need hardly be pointed out that this astonishing invocation of "modern psychology" begs everything which is afterwards put forward as proved. Wundt criticises the assumption, 'Philosophische Studien,' vol. vi. p. 382 *et seq.* We shall return to it in discussing the theory as a whole.

Having thus marked out his goal beforehand, Münsterberg proceeds to the actual analysis of the facts. He analyses first what he calls the inward activity of will—*i.e.*, the voluntary guidance of the train of thoughts in the form of attention; and secondly, the outward activity of will in bringing about muscular contractions. Under the first head, then, the question is, "Wherein consists the inner activity in the direction of the current of our ideas? or, more precisely, what must be the nature of the feelings present in consciousness, if they are to produce in us the feeling of inward freedom, of active will?" This more precise way of putting the question, it will be observed, is not without significance for the nature of the answer which it is to elicit. Let us get to the details, however. Four cases of the inward directive activity of will are analysed by Münsterberg: (*a*) the case of voluntary recollection or trying to remember; (*b*) the exercise of choice between different ideas presented, the concentration of attention upon one of these and its retention in the field of consciousness to the exclusion of the others; (*c*) the case of logical thinking or reasoning, in which we pass along a definite and apparently self-directed path from premisses to conclusion; and (*d*) the case of simple attention to an idea or precept which presents itself in consciousness.

The analysis is most ingenious in the case of voluntary recollection and logical thinking. How is voluntary recollection distinguished from involuntary reminiscence? If a fact *a* has been connected in experience with *b*, and the appearance of *b* calls up in consciousness the idea of *a*, I do not attribute to myself any voluntary action in the matter; I take it as an instance of the ordinary play of association.

On the other hand, when I cannot remember *a*, when I seek it in my memory, recall to myself the place where I saw it, the

connection in which I heard it, and when at last *a* actually emerges in consciousness, then it was plainly my will (we say) which dragged to light the object of my search (p. 64).

How does the case stand, however, when more closely analysed?

If I try to remember *a*, if I seek it in my memory, *a* is of course not itself present in consciousness, but what I do perceive does unquestionably correspond in content with *a*. So long as I have not found *a*, I feel, it is true, only an *x*, but I feel this *x* in a series of relations, such that *x* can be only *a* and nothing else. I try to remember a word. In doing so, I see in memory the passage where I read the word, I remember the moment at which I heard it, I know exactly, too, the meaning of the word; but the word itself is not present to me. At last it rises in consciousness. Can it be denied that that word was already given in its full content (*vollinhaltlich gegeben*) in the series of ideational relations which I remembered? No doubt it was represented in consciousness by entirely different qualities; it was given in its relations to other things, whereas it is afterwards distinguished by its own characteristics. But the two states of consciousness coincided with one another as to their inner meaning (p. 67).

The only peculiarity, accordingly, which Münsterberg is prepared to admit in this process as contrasted with a case of involuntary association is that "the clear consciousness of the idea *a* was preceded by another state of consciousness which, in respect of its content, already contained the idea *a*." He italicises this as the standing mark of voluntary control of our ideas. Reasoning is distinguished, he argues, by the same characteristic. The premisses already contain the conclusion, or, to put it more pointedly, the whole process of thought is determined from the outset by the idea of the end to be reached. In the second case mentioned above, where several ideas are presented, and we purposely retain one

of them, *a*, the same thing manifestly holds. "Here," says Münsterberg, "there is no need to prove that this *a* was in consciousness beforehand. The reasons why just *a* and not *b* remained in consciousness, are admittedly only the occasions or motives of the voluntary act; they are left therefore unnoticed here, the remaining behind is itself the achievement of the will (*das Zurückbleiben selbst ist die Willensleistung*)." The same line of argument explains his fourth case, the case of simple attention to any idea presented in consciousness. "In the first moment in which a sensation emerges in us, the perception appears involuntary, because the *a* was till then preceded by a *not-a;* in the second moment, however, it appears to us as intentionally retained, just because we were already conscious of it in the preceding first moment."

The solemnity with which this is propounded as a serious account of the facts in question would provoke amusement if it stood alone; but Münsterberg hastens to supplement it by reference to the bodily sensations which usually accompany acts like attention and selection or efforts of thought and memory. He cites the admitted fact that there are feelings of innervation in the sense-organ, when ideas of that particular sense are present in consciousness for any length of time. Whenever there is a strain of attention, other sensations are usually present—such, for example, as feelings of tension in the skin of the head and the knitting of the brow in trying to remember or in thoughtful consideration. Nor are such feelings confined to the head; they may be traced all over the trunk and even in the extremities. Münsterberg does not hold, however, that such feelings of innervation necessarily accompany all voluntary activity. In reasonings or calculations that proceed without any particular difficulty, for example, they are not observable; but just in these processes, he hastens to add, we are not specially con-

scious of our voluntary activity. It is only in subsequent reflection that we class them as acts of will, and in so doing we fall back upon the criterion already signalised—namely, the pre-existence of the idea in the preceding moment of consciousness. He concludes the first part of his psychological investigation thus:—

> The inner will has thus shown itself on analysis to be a very complicated group of ideas (*ein sehr mannigfaltiges Vorstellungsgebilde*) composed of certain definite series of ideas *plus* feelings of innervation. Nothing unknown, nothing which stands over against the ideas as something heterogeneous, has been found, as we saw, in the first group of ideas or sensations; it only remains, therefore, to ask whether any mysterious element is concealed in these innervation processes. Should these also be found to be a mere complex of sensations, the inner will would then be reduced to a series of sensations, each one of which is of the same order as blue, hard, sweet, or warm (p. 73).

The consideration of the feelings of innervation cannot, however, be conveniently separated from the external action of the will upon the body, and so we pass to the second head of this psychological investigation. The stock example will suffice — I lift an object with my hand.

> But the result of this experiment is usually a very poor one: the feeling of will which I seek (*die gesuchte Willensempfindung*) I cannot discover in myself. I perceive just a slight feeling of tension in the head. For the rest, I am only conscious that I actually execute the movement—viz., bending the joints of the elbow and hand; I feel no special impulse to the movement, lying in time between the theoretical intention and the practical execution of it. It is quite different, however [he proceeds], when I do not simply have the intention of lifting an object, and carry this out, but slowly analyse the movement for myself, and direct my attention to the individual parts of the bendings. Now I really perceive more

than the actually executed movements; the bending in the elbow is now preceded by the feeling of a peculiar impulse. It is not a general feeling of exertion, but a quite specific impulse, which is different for every movement, and plainly stands in relation to the special performance intended.

What, then, has analysis to say of these feelings of innervation which immediately precede the movement, and seem to be its cause? Münsterberg turns round triumphantly to apply his former criterion. What we call impulse in the case of muscular contraction is simply the circumstance that the idea of the effect to be produced precedes the effect as actually produced. The feeling of innervation is just the memory-idea of the movement anticipating the movement itself.

There has been much discussion as to the precise nature of the so-called feelings of innervation; but, as Wundt, who had formerly held an opposite theory, has explicitly accepted this view of them as the one most consonant with the present state of our knowledge of the subject, there is no need to reproduce here the arguments which go to establish the position. It commends itself by its naturalness and simplicity. When we are on the point, say, of making a stroke at a ball, we have a premonitory feeling of the energy which we are about to expend; it seems to flow forth toward the limb which we are about to use. One theory, formerly a good deal in evidence, explained this feeling as due to an immediate consciousness of outgoing energy; but the physiological difficulties in the way of such a conception are great. It is not necessary here to decide whether an immediate consciousness of effort is or is not possible; but, in any case, this theory leaves unexplained the specific character of the feeling in question. For it is to be observed, that it is a premonitory feeling of the exertion of *that* limb, not merely a general consciousness

of virtue going out from us. This is satisfactorily explained by supposing, as Münsterberg does, that it is due to the reproduction in memory of previous movements of the same nature.

Plainly, however, Münsterberg's theory of the feelings of innervation may be accepted, without admitting that this sequence of memory-image and actual perception constitutes, as he contends, the differentia and sufficient explanation of the voluntary act. But it will be observed how ingeniously Münsterberg has reduced all cases of voluntary action, internal and external, to examples of the same phenomenon—namely, to cases of an idea or perception A preceded by *a*,—the same idea in a different form. "The feeling of innervation," as he puts it, "is an anticipated idea of the actual movement" (p. 88). Exactly the same analysis applies to those voluntary actions which do not end in a muscular contraction but aim at the production of some effect in the external world.

> When I move my finger, not in order to practise the different movements, but to write something down; when I contract the muscles of my organs of speech, in order to make a communication to somebody; when I bend my arm in order to greet a passer-by; in all these cases I perceive in the first stadium the more or less distinct, more or less clearly represented, idea of the end; and in the second stadium I have a sensation of (*ich empfinde*) the end as attained. That alone is the type of the external act of will (p. 89).

However complicated the action is, extending possibly over a longer period of time (a journey, the erection of a building), it may always be resolved into the ultimate end in view and the subordinate actions which have to be performed in order to attain that end. In the process of execution, the ultimate end falls temporarily into the background, and the subordinate actions or means become, each in turn, in a definite series, the proximate

end before the mind. And, step by step, the same analysis holds good: the end is first present as idea, then as a perception of accomplished fact. Münsterberg goes on courageously to apply his analysis to the usually received distinction between desire and will. "In order that the desire of an attainable object pass into the corresponding act of will, neither more nor less requires to be added, than just the carrying out of the desire, *so that the idea of the end may be completed by the perception of its attainment.*" "The liveliest feeling of practical freedom cannot alter the fact that the will itself is nothing more than the perception (frequently accompanied by associated sensations of tension in the muscles of the head) of an effect attained by the movement of our own body, along with an antecedent idea of the same effect drawn from imagination — *i.e.*, in the last resort from memory; this anticipated idea being given as feeling of innervation, when the effect is itself a bodily movement. "*A theory of the soul does justice, therefore, to the whole field of psychical phenomena, if it assumes, as the only function of the soul, sensation characterised by quality, intensity, and tone of feeling; a definite group of sensations we call will*" (p. 96).[1]

This is the conclusion of the second part of the investigation. The first, or purely physiological part, reduced the phenomenon to a series of reflex movements; the second, or purely psychological part, has reduced it to a series of sensations. The third, or psycho-physical part, investigates the relation of these two series to one another. We cannot believe that the two series are quite independent, and if we are driven to suppose that the one is conditioned by the other, there can be little hesitation in settling which is the conditioning factor. The psychical series is discontinuous, constantly inter-

[1] The italics are Münsterberg's.

rupted by perceptions which are shot inexplicably into its midst, without the possibility of causal explanation from the foregoing train of ideas; there are many bodily functions which, so far as we know, are not represented in consciousness. These and similar considerations make the psychic series unfit to be the explaining factor, and accordingly Münsterberg reaches the conclusion that "the series of conscious phenomena is conditioned by the regular course of material occurrence." This leads to the inquiry, What are the processes in the sensory-motor apparatus which correspond, when inwardly contemplated, to the sensational complex called a volition?

Münsterberg's results are reached in the course of an interesting, and in some respects brilliant, discussion as to the localisation of brain-function. It is beyond our interest to follow him in his detailed criticism of different theories. His own positions are mainly two—(1) that there are no specifically motor centres; and (2) that perception and memory are connected with the same material substratum—or, to put it otherwise, that ideas of sensation and the corresponding ideas of memory are connected, not with different parts of the brain, but with the same set of material processes differently excited. There is much to be said for these conclusions. Whether the will is analysable into sensations and ideas or not, it is at least inseparable from them, and therefore we may reasonably conclude that the centres concerned in voluntary movement cannot be separated physiologically from the sensory regions of the brain. Similarly, it may be argued that in perception and memory the same brain-tracts are excited, the liveliness and strength of the impression being greater when its stimulus proceeds from its peripheral end-organs than when it is conducted by fibres of association from other parts of the cortex.

On the physiological truth of these hypotheses I do not

feel competent to decide, nor is it necessary for my purpose to do so. It is with Münsterberg's application of them that we are concerned. "Every ganglion of the cerebral cortex," he resumes, "is thus end-organ of a centripetal path—but every ganglion is also the initial organ of a motor path. Motor centres do not exist, therefore, or, more properly, every centre is sensory and motor at once; every motor impulse has its source in a sensory stimulus, and every sensory stimulation presses on into a motor path" (pp. 141, 142). What happens in consciousness, then, when a response to stimulus takes place? At first, nothing precedes the movement except the sensation or perception which causes its discharge. The movement, in other words, "goes off," in a purely reflex way, through the force of the incoming stimulus. But as soon as the movement actually takes place, consciousness has something new before it—namely, the feeling of movement produced in the contracted muscle. This feeling of movement follows, therefore, immediately upon the perception of the stimulus which discharged the movement; and the sensory excitation of the central ganglion which corresponds to this feeling of movement becomes connected accordingly by an association-path with the first excitation, which gave the impulse to the movement.

If, now, this process is several times repeated, the connection becomes so close that the first excitation inevitably calls forth the second directly, by the path of association, before it has time to be produced by the actual contraction of the muscle. Psychologically expressed, that is as much as to say, *the perception of the stimulus must call forth by association the memory-idea of the corresponding sensation of movement, before that sensation itself is produced by the actual execution of the movement.* The former process takes place by the shorter way of the association-paths in the hemisphere; the latter requires first to be conducted to the muscle, the inertia of the

muscle has to be overcome, the contraction to be actually produced, the sensory nerve to be affected, and the sensory stimulus conducted back to the cortex. All this occupies an appreciable time, and the sensory stimulus arrives accordingly considerably later. And now we see clearly why our feeling of innervation precedes the perception of the actual movement. In it, as the constant signal of movement, a signal that is also the actual counterpart of the movement, we involuntarily believe that we see the movement's cause. This is the type of voluntary action, from which all other forms may be developed (p. 145).

Take, for example, an act of choice. Here we have, let us say, two stimuli, both alike in strength, but incapable of combination in a common reaction. At first no motor reaction can result, but each stimulated ganglion rouses the centres which are connected with it by association-paths; and now it is not an opposition of stimulus against stimulus, but on both sides there collect the associations won by former experiences. In the first place, naturally, there is the associated idea of the movement corresponding to the stimulus. If this is stronger upon the one side than upon the other, or if it rouses more pleasurable feelings upon the one side than upon the other, then the corresponding movement will result. This is the type of any act of choice; but there may be indefinite complication, both in the nature of the stimulus and in the mass of associations brought to bear upon it. Still, however great the complication may be, the sensory stimuli with their associated ideas constitute the sufficient and only verifiable cause of the resultant movement; or, as he puts it in another place, "the act of will is the motor discharge of sensory excitation, whether it be the sensation of a single stimulus, or a world of internally and externally combined ideas. As soon as the sensory excitation-complex, the conscious content of ideas, is there, the movement is necessarily given too" (p. 156). And

thus the only psychical criterion of the will remains what it was found to be at the end of the psychological section—namely, that before the perception of the actual result, the *idea* of the result is present in consciousness.

We have the theory now pretty fully before us, and, as has been indicated, there is much in the physiological analysis that is freshly put and that claims consideration. It seems important to remember, alike in physiology and psychology, that the sensory centre in the brain, the central ending of the sensory nerve, does not constitute a terminus, and, consequently, that there is no such thing as passive sensation, sensation which is simply received without producing further effects. All consciousness is impulsive. If the stimulus received does not find an immediate vent in movement, it irradiates other brain-tracts in the form of association. The phenomena of imitation, suggestion, and many other considerations, reinforce this conception of the dynamic quality which all sensations and ideas possess. Münsterberg, however, has skilfully woven these truths into the texture of a preconceived theory. In the very act of emphasising movement and the dynamic aspect of ideas, he eliminates altogether the notion of action or activity. Ideas "go off" or explode, as it were, in movement of their own accord. There is first the idea of the movement, as in contemplation; and secondly, the perception of the movement, as executed. In other words, there is a series of happenings somehow passing before us, but no real activity, no real actor in the whole affair. In all so-called action, we only seem to act; a sequence of ideas exhausts the phenomena of will. The conscious subject is reduced to an inactive spectator of these psychological happenings, which are themselves the inert accompaniments of certain transformations of matter and energy. There results, in fact, as indicated

at the outset, the doctrine of conscious automatism in the most unqualified sense of the words.

Now, I do not hesitate to say that this conclusion is in the strictest sense incredible;[1] no amount of so-called "evidence" in its favour would avail to make it even momentarily believable. But as the theory airs itself with a great deal of confidence, and troubles a good many minds, I will endeavour to show that such results are not reached by any cruel "logic of facts," but are all involved in a few erroneous psychological presuppositions, perhaps I ought to say one fundamental prejudice, by which the analysis is vitiated from the outset. This prejudice may be called Phenomenalism or perhaps best Presentationism; Wundt calls it in one place Intellectualism. It is the foregone conclusion that the conscious life is analysable without remainder into ideas or presentations. Evidently, if phenomena or *objects* of consciousness are alone to be accepted as facts, then all real activity on the part of the subject is necessarily eliminated; the subject remains only nominally, as a static impersonal condition of the series of events. If we insist upon phenomenalising the act of will, doubtless all the *phenomena* in the case are the ideas that precede and the perceptions that follow, with perhaps some feelings of tension in the head thrown in. But does it not require some effrontery to offer us these antecedent, concomitant, and sequent *ideas* as an account of the *volition* itself. To attempt to analyse a volition into ideas is about as hope-

[1] Professor Münsterberg has since explained, in his interesting volume 'Psychology and Life' (1899), that this is really his own view. "Popular ideas about psychology," he says in the Preface to that work, "suggest that the psychological description and explanation of mental facts expresses the reality of our inner experience. . . . These papers endeavour to show that psychology is not at all an expression of reality, but a complicated transformation of it, worked out for special logical purposes in the service of our life." Cf. note on p. 80.

ful as trying to reduce miles and furlongs to pounds avoirdupois; there is no common denominator. In the course of such analysis, the real fact of volition is necessarily dropped; it is overlaid by the mass of antecedents, concomitants, and sequents which acute introspection enables us to discover. But, as M. Fouillée says, the physiological psychologists might fill volumes with their analysis of the sensations which accompany the voluntary act, without touching the essence of the act itself.[1]

The result of analysis infected with this phenomenalistic prejudice is necessarily a Panphenomenalism essentially similar to that of Hume. There is the same elimination of all real causality: sequent ideas are all. And if, in deference to a quasi-Kantian theory of Knowledge, the Self or subject is apparently retained, this seeming difference from Hume is only skin-deep. For, as Münsterberg tells us twice over, "the subject in question is entirely impersonal;"[2] it is the static or logical condition of consciousness in general. The individual self is reduced, as with Hume, to groups and sequences of ideas; it is an object in consciousness—an object, presumably, for this impersonal spectator-subject.

I pointed out in passing how entirely Münsterberg's psychology was dominated by this phenomenalistic point of view. It appears, incidentally, in the very expressions he uses, as a reference to the passages already quoted abundantly shows. In his equation of phenomenon with fact, in the constantly repeated use of the term *Inhalt* or content, it is presupposed that objects or presentations *in* consciousness are the only elements that will be allowed to stand as real. At times, Münsterberg speaks, even more naïvely, of "the sensation of will," of which he is in quest. This recalls, even verbally, Hume's famous

[1] Revue philosophique, vol. xxxii. p. 238.
[2] Aufgabe der Psychologie, pp. 99 and 130.

expedition into his own interior, in order to discover the perception of the Self. Show me the impression from which the idea is derived, says Hume; and because no particular impression can be found, the idea is pronounced a fiction, the Self is resolved into a bundle of perceptions. Show me the sensation to which the word "will" corresponds, says Münsterberg; and finding a number of accompanying sensations, he mistakes these for the act of will itself, and concludes roundly, as we saw before, that "the will is only a complex of sensations." But this conclusion depends, on Münsterberg's own showing, upon two all-important "ifs." *If* sensation is the sole element of all psychical phenomena, and *if* the will is only a phenomenon in consciousness, then, and only then, does it follow necessarily that the will is resolvable into a complex of sensations. In support of the first "if," Münsterberg, as we have seen, has nothing to offer but a vague reference to "modern psychology." Wundt, in criticising his speculation,[1] justly censures this attempt to clothe an assumption with the air of an accepted truth, and to cover it with the ægis of "modern psychology." Wundt's own phraseology has wavered in his different editions, and its looseness may be partly responsible, as Dr Ward suggests,[2] for the extreme conclusions of his followers. Perhaps in view of these conclusions, he now explicitly disavows the resolution of all consciousness, including feeling and will, into sensational elements. Sensations, he holds, are the ultimate elements of "those conscious contents which we refer to external objects"—that is to say, of our perceptions or presentations. Whether this revised statement is unexceptionable or not, such a position is at least intelligible; but it contains no war-

[1] Philosophische Studien, vol. vi. p. 382 *et seq.*

[2] In an article in 'Mind,' January 1893.

rant for identifying feeling and will with any presentation or combination of such.

There is, in fact, no distinction more fundamental to a sound psychology than that between the feeling-directed activity, which under all its forms, from the simplest act of attention and response to stimulus, may be summarised as Will, and the content or matter with which that activity deals. Doubtless the two cannot be separated; each is an abstraction without the other. But one thing at least is certain, that to resolve the fact of conscious experience into a sequence of presentations or conscious phenomena is to omit the vital characteristic of all consciousness. It is to offer us a machinery without any motor force; and when we mildly point out the omission, we are met by the ready but somewhat brazen retort, that the machinery is *self-acting*. Wundt comments acutely on the way in which this "intellectualistic" psychology substantialises ideas or presentations, treats them as if they were things or entities that could independently exist and interact. Even when it is admitted that presentations have an existence only *in and for* consciousness, so that the unity of consciousness is acknowledged to be their necessary complement or point of reference, the ideas still seem to stand *over against* the consciousness to which they are referred, and to carry on their evolutions independently. Consciousness, according to this way of thinking, becomes a mere form inclusive of a certain matter, but without influence upon it: it is regarded as purely speculative or contemplative; an eye (shall we say?) contemplating the movement, or, to be strict and to avoid metaphor, merely an ideal point of unity. Metaphor or no metaphor, the result of this way of looking at things is obvious. The whole weight is thrown upon the objects — the ideas or phenomena, thus quasi-independently conceived

—and the recognition of the subject becomes an empty acknowledgment. It is entirely denuded of activity, all action being refunded into the play of presentations.[1]

For this assumption, however, there is an entire absence of warrant. A psychology which aims at keeping in touch with fact must strenuously resist this subtle tendency to reduce everything to knowledge. Experience is, in this reference, a wider term than knowledge; and feeling and will are inexpugnable and irreducible features of experience. Knowledge, feeling, and will are three aspects of experience—inseparable aspects, it may be freely admitted—but none of them can be expressed in terms of the others; no one of them can be reduced to simpler elements, no one of them can, properly speaking, be defined or explained otherwise than by pointing to the living experience in which it is ex-

[1] Dr Ward has very aptly called attention ('Mind,' xii. 50) to a current form of words which favours this habit of thought—viz., the way we have of speaking of "conscious states" in abstraction from the activity of the conscious subject whose states they are. We get into the habit of thinking of the "states"—"phenomena" is another word—as if they existed separately, as if they interacted and established relations between themselves, evolving in course of time the idea of the subject. But, in strictness, we have no right to speak of a *state* as conscious; in so doing we are making an entity of it, and conferring upon an abstraction attributes which it can possess only as an element in the activity of a unitary conscious being. Dr Ward declaims with justifiable warmth against the confusion in which our psychological nomenclature is involved. Even the favourite term "states of consciousness," of which "conscious states" may be supposed an abbreviation, is open to a similar objection. Consciousness, as the form of the word proclaims, is an abstraction; it is the quality or characteristic of a subject or conscious being. States are states of the conscious being, then, not states of consciousness. This is not a mere piece of verbal purism. A great deal of vague thinking—thinking that has not faced an inevitable issue and made up its mind clearly—finds a convenient refuge under the quasi-abstract term consciousness. People make no scruple about admitting or postulating a transcendental unity, a unity of consciousness, who would think their reputation for modernity at stake if they were taxed with upholding a soul or subject as a real being.

emplified. Münsterberg's position here is rather inconsistent; he denies will as more than a complex of sensations, but he contrives to smuggle in feeling by calling it an attribute which every idea possesses. He follows Wundt in saying that every sensation, in addition to its intensity and its quality (as touch or taste, red or blue, and so forth) also possesses a tone of feeling, or, as Professor Bain puts it, an emotional side; and to this third aspect of sensation, curiously enough, he allows that there is no material counterpart.[1]

This statement is curious, not in itself, of course, but as coming from Münsterberg. There can be no material counterpart, in Münsterberg's sense, just because feeling is not itself an object, phenomenon, presentation, or stimulus, but the attitude of the subject towards a given stimulus—the relation of the stimulus to the life of the individual as a whole. This subjective appreciation cannot, in the nature of the case, be represented in objective terms. Feeling, as Dr Ward says after Hamilton, is something subjectively subjective. If we are to be strict, we do not *know* feeling; for knowledge is of objects, of phenomena, and feeling cannot be phenomenalised. We experience feeling, and we know *about* it by its results; but, using the term in this sense, we know only the causes, accompaniments, and consequents of feeling. It may be said that we remember our feelings and emotions, and that we must know them at the time, in order to remember. But we remember feeling only in the sense that, when the ideas which caused or accompanied it are recalled, they are recalled with the same tone of feeling; in other words, we re-experience in a fainter degree the feeling which we then felt. It is this characteristic of feeling that explains its frequent neglect by psychologists. For feeling cannot be recalled

[1] Willenshandlung, p. 137.

or considered, except in connection with its objective causes or accompaniments; in recording the facts, therefore, the psychologist is apt to forget the subjective tinge of the ideas or presentations, and to report upon them in an impersonal way, as, so to speak, ideas-in-themselves. But it was only in virtue of what I have called the subjective tinge that the ideas were *his* ideas at all, and had any relation to his life. As they presented themselves, they were felt to be either a furtherance or a hindrance to the vitality of the subject, to be either relevant to the dominant interests of the individual, or discordant. Interest and desire are the result in the one case, indifference or repulsion in the other. And it can hardly be too strongly emphasised that the dynamic efficacy of ideas is entirely excited through the feeling subject. Ideas have hands and feet, as Hegel finely said, and how often are we told that ideas move the world. It is true, or at least we hope so. But every one must acknowledge that to speak in that way is to use a vivid metaphorical shorthand. *Ideas entertained* tend to pass into action; a plan conceived and cherished tends to execute itself; but, as Fichte long ago said, the real force is not in the ideas, but in the will of the person who adopts them as his. So, when psychologists like Münsterberg attribute the whole march of the conscious life to the dynamic influence of idea upon idea, it is well to remember again that this is at best a convenient shorthand. Ideas in themselves are pale and ineffective as the shades of Homeric mythology; they are dynamic only as they pass through the needle's eye of the subject. It is the subject which acts upon its appreciation of the stimulus, and the emotional attitude of welcome or repulse is what is meant by feeling.

In its earliest and simplest forms, such an emotional

wave passes immediately into the appropriate motor response. The food is clutched or somehow absorbed, the disagreeable intrusion is evaded, edged away from, as far as the powers of the being admits of. Feeling, thus conceived, and allied thus closely with action, forms what may be called the driving-power in all life. Here we strike upon the roots of individuation, and when we say that, is it going too far to add, upon the fundamental characteristic of real existence? In this connection, I am confident that, whether we look at the matter psychologically or physiologically, we are shut up to the conclusion that all action of living beings was originally feeling-prompted, and that what we call reflex action is everywhere a secondary product, a degraded form of purposive action. We know that many actions at first performed voluntarily, actions learned with effort by repeated forth-puttings of concentrated attention, become by degrees habitual, and are performed automatically without attention—*i.e.*, without any need for express volition to come into play at all. Great part of the detail of our daily life is handed over to mechanism in this way, and psychologists and physiologists have not been slow to emphasise the beneficent operation of this fact. It is, indeed, the very condition of progress, that aptitudes once acquired should establish themselves as definite tendencies within our mental and physical organism—definite co-ordinations of stimulus and response which do their work without our active superintendence. The powers of intelligence and will —the powers of personality, if I may so speak—are thus set free for new tasks and further achievements, till these in turn are, as it were, built into the structure of the Self. Only thus is the spirit fitted to advance upon its endless path. But mechanism is thus, in every sense, posterior to intelligence and will; it is a means created and used by

will. In a strict sense, will creates the reflex mechanism to which it afterwards deputes its functions.

Mechanism, in fact, here as everywhere, is a means, something secondary; it is impossible to conceive it as something primary, existing on its own account, much less as carrying in it the explanation of the higher conscious and voluntary processes. Intelligent volition is not reflex action grown complicated, and so become conscious of itself. That is precisely to invert the true relation—an inversion that would be ludicrous, if it were not disastrous. Reflex action is purposive action grown unconscious or sub-conscious, according to the economy of nature, because consciousness is no longer necessary to its proper performance. It is not to be supposed, of course, that this takes place within the life-history of the individual human being, or of any highly developed organism. In such an organism, many reflex paths, many co-ordinations of stimulus and response, are doubtless fixed; they have been established in the long process of race-evolution, and in virtue of their establishment that evolution has proceeded. But follow the process as far back as we may, all analogy points to the same conclusion — namely, that feeling-prompted action,—*i.e.*, action which is germinally purposive, germinally voluntary,—is the πρότερον φύσει, the first in the order of nature. In the lowest organisms, the reaction upon stimulus may be so simple and uniform as to wear to an observer the appearance of a mere mechanical reflex. But this is, if I may so speak, to make the creature *a mere outside;* it forgets, as this mechanical psychology is constantly forgetting, that wherever there is life, there is unity. Every organism is a unity, and resumes itself as a unity. Feeling is the inward expression of this unity; and, to my mind, it is not doubtful that the movement of attraction or repulsion, which, *to us* and from the outside, may seem a simple reflex, is to be interpreted

rather as the total response of a germinal consciousness, as the expression of the being's likes and dislikes.

Physiology, so long as it remains *pure* physiology, is perhaps debarred from taking account of feeling or consciousness as such. The psychical in all its forms lies outside the scope of physiological methods. But the self-preservative, recuperative, self-adaptive tendencies of organisms and organic tissue are the physiological way of expressing the same fact. Such a mode of expression is imperfect and mythological, perhaps, and one can understand that many physiologists, *supposing it to be put forward as an explanation of the facts,* grow impatient and fall back upon a purely mechanical theory of vital function. But these expressions are in no sense explanations, as science uses that term; they are rather *finger-posts to the unexplained;* they merely name or indicate the fundamental characteristic of life as such, which differentiates it from mechanism or what seems to us to be mechanism. Life is the presupposition of physiology, the fact on which its existence is based, a fact which it has simply to accept, as all the other sciences have to accept their own presuppositions. Its explanations move within the fact of life, and cannot be used to explain that fact itself, or in other words, to explain it away. Yet that is, in substance, what a purely mechanical physiology tries to do.

Physiology, for the last fifty years, has been dominated by a reaction against what is called vitalism. The older investigators were in the habit of calling in "vital force" as a *deus ex machina* to account for any phenomena which baffled their powers of natural explanation. Vital force, conceived as extraneously interfering with otherwise mechanical processes, was evidently a hypostatised entity of the worst type, and it was accordingly discarded by scientific physiology as part of the baneful legacy of metaphysics. Mechanical explanation, or, in other words,

the resolution of physiology into physics, became the watchword and ideal of the best workers. But they did not observe that they were in danger of throwing away the child with the bath, as the Germans say. After all, physiology is not physics; living matter behaves differently from dead matter. What is the difference and the basis of the difference? In rendering mechanically intelligible the inter-relation and interaction of this and the other part of the bodily structure, physiologists tend to forget that all such mechanical arrangements are arrangements *in the service of life*, arrangements perfected in the living being (in all probability) by the responsive and self-adaptive action of its living ancestors in the course of ages. *Purposiveness* is the notion upon which physiology is built, and it is worked into the whole theory of development; yet it is a notion entirely alien to the blind *vis a tergo* of mechanism as such. The more clearly a physiologist realises what pure mechanism means, and the more fully he grasps the import of the facts he has to deal with, the more ready will be his acknowledgment that to call them mechanical is at best an analogy. They belong to a different order of facts; life and purpose govern them from one end to the other. A self-acting and self-regulating machine is only by an abuse of language spoken of as a machine at all.

It is in vain, therefore, that many psychologists at the present time outdo the physiologists in the glibness with which they talk of nervous currents and explosions of nervous energy and paths of least resistance. The appearance of explanation conveyed by the use of the expression "path of least resistance" is in the last degree illusory. We are transferring an expression which has a perfectly definite and intelligible meaning in physics or mechanics to a sphere where the conditions are quite different, and where we are moreover almost quite ignorant as to the

nature of what actually takes place. Path of least resistance means, in such a case, simply the particular reaction which we find the stimulus, as a matter of fact, to produce. We have no right to go further than this. The use of the physical phrase implies, however, that what takes place is precisely the same as the selection of a channel made by a rill of water trickling down a hillside. This is to make the living being simply a network of pathways through which the energy of external nature takes its course—soaks in, and oozes out again. But this is not a true account even of the humblest organism. Such a representation totally ignores the unitary character of the organic and sentient being. We are misled, in short, by words like currents, and energy, and least resistance. What do we mean by nerve currents? Nerve currents cannot be treated in this isolated fashion, as if they took place *in vacuo*, or in an indifferent medium; they take place in a living individual, and apart from the unity of that individual they are mere abstractions. A nerve current is a physiological process, which, originally and normally, means central stimulation and appropriate central reaction. You cannot separate either the appreciation of the stimulus or the reaction upon it from the organism as a whole. To speak psychologically, it is the living being, as a unity, that is aware of the sensation and responds to it. There is no need here to revive any hypothesis as to the specific seat of the soul, or to conceive any point of convergence in the brain for the multitudinous nerves of sensation and motion. However the nervous system acts, the unity of consciousness, as we experience it every moment, is proof sufficient of the fact that it does act as a unity. Every living being is a similar individuate unity. Abnormalities, as when the removal of the higher centres gives rise to the establishment of independent unities (in the spinal cord, for example), are no arguments against what is here contended for; they rather go to prove that

even the mutilated organism, so long as it lives at all, reconstitutes itself into a kind of unity.

A living being then is, at the very least, a centre of sensation and reaction; and when sensation is so used, it means not only intellectual awareness of some presence, but also a subjective drawing to, or away from, the intruder. This second element of feeling proper is the condition in virtue of which the sensation as knowledge calls forth the reaction as will. The appetitive is the first phase of consciousness. And however the growth of the intellectual life and of volitional self-control may emancipate us from the promptings of the moment, it is to the end through feeling that the whole process of our life goes on. It is in feeling that we assert our individuality, give expression to our preferences and distastes. Feeling leads each of us to select from the infinite of the knowable and do-able, that little world of interests and habits which differentiates us one from another, and gives to each his peculiar point of outlook upon the universe.

The necessity of taking feeling first has led us in appearance away from our specific theme. But it is only in appearance, for it was impossible to separate the treatment of feeling and will, and what has been said of the one applies *mutatis mutandis* to the other. The presentationists endeavoured to make feeling a relation between ideas, instead of the relation of ideas to the subject of them. If the subject has identified itself, as we say, with certain ideas or interests, then any idea which conflicts with these ideas will result in pain or displeasure to the subject. But here, as always, it is not the relations of ideas as such—relations, as it were, in the phenomenal plane — but the subjective resultant of such relations, that constitutes the fact of feeling. Similarly with volition. Volition is the action of a subject, and as such it

cannot be phenomenalised. But this is just what the phenomenalists, from Hume to Münsterberg, insist on doing. They resolve volition into a sequence of presentations; first, an idea, then a perception (as we have seen Münsterberg put it), but no intervening fiat, no power, no real action, nothing corresponding to what we mean by volition—just the one first, and the other second. The answer to be made to this ingenious theorem has been indicated already. To ask to know the will as a presentation is to ask to know it *as it is not.* The phenomena which Münsterberg offers us are very likely all the phenomena in the case, or if there are more, the others are like unto them. But his whole investigation is a *petitio principii.* The heading of the psychological section of his treatise runs, "The Will as a Phenomenon in Consciousness"; and that we may be in no doubt as to his meaning, he says in his preface: "It might also run—The Will as Idea (*der Wille als Vorstellung*)." *The will as idea*—that is the whole theory in a nutshell. No enemy could have put the case more conclusively against Münsterberg than he has done himself in these words, which are, nevertheless, the key-note of his whole inquiry.[1]

[1] Since the appearance of this essay, Professor Münsterberg has returned to the discussion of his thesis in the work already referred to, 'Psychology and Life' (1899), and still more recently in his 'Grundzüge der Psychologie' (1900). In these stimulating volumes he presents his theory in a new and, it must be added, an unexpected light, as part of a consistent attempt to vindicate the reality of the self and its purposive action in pursuit of ethical and other ideals. The theory outlined above is the last word, he tells us, of psychological science; but the psychologist who puts it forward as an account of "the reality of our inner experience" is in no better case than the physicist who offers his unperceivable atoms as the ultimate reality of the world. In the latter case, natural science becomes naturalism or materialism; in the former, a "psychology which wrongly proclaims its results as a kind of philosophy" may be dubbed 'psychologism.' Natural science and psychology are both justified by these results, but psychologism, like materialism, is "wrong from its

II.

But this Presentationism or Phenomenalism, as has been already hinted, is not a new doctrine. It is a motive which has been widely influential in the history

root to its top." Just as the atoms are "products of mathematical construction" employed by physical science in its search for the laws or causal connections which determine the sequence of phenomena and thus enable us to forecast the future, so it is with the atomistic sensations into which scientific psychology analyses the conscious life. Psychology as a whole is, in short, "a special abstract construction." "Our body is not a heap of atoms; our inner life is still less a heap of ideas and feelings and emotions and volitions and judgments, if we take these mental things in the way the psychologist has to take them, as contents of consciousness made up from psychical elements" ('Psychology and Life,' p. 21). The real world is the world of willing subjects, with their purposes and acts and their varied relations to one another. "We know ourselves by feeling ourselves as those willing subjects; we do not perceive that will in ourselves; we will it. . . . In real life, the other subjects also are not perceived but acknowledged; wherever subjective attitudes stir us up, and ask for agreement or disagreement, there we appreciate personalities" (p. 24). Adopting an unfortunate and misleading terminology, Professor Münsterberg goes on to restrict the term 'existence' to the abstract world of scientific construction, using the term 'validity' to express the higher status which he assigns to the concrete world of practical life—which leads to such paradoxes as the statement that "the real world we live in has no existence." Apart, however, from this perverse phraseology, the meaning of the position is sufficiently clear. Science, he insists in Fichtean fashion, is a servant of the will. All description and explanation of events is a transformation and construction of the actual dictated by the will for its own purposes. The world of values and of duties is thus restored to us. "There is no psychology, no science, no thought, no doubt, which does not by its very appearance solemnly acknowledge that it is the child of duties. Psychology may dissolve our will and our personality and our freedom, and it is constrained by duty to do so, but it must not forget that it speaks only of that will and that personality which are by metamorphosis substituted for the personality and the will of real life, and that it is this real personality and its free will which create psychology in the service of its ends and aims and ideals" (p. 23).

There is very much in all this with which one may heartily agree, and

of philosophy. Let us generalise our conclusions, therefore, and enforce them by historic example. Activity, as Berkeley long ago said, is not an idea, or anything like an idea, though doubtless activity is involved in the existence of any idea, seeing that ideas exist only for a subject, or, to be more exact, seeing that ideas from the psychological point of view are in every case just activities of some subject. But because, in the nature of the case, action cannot be made a presentation of, cannot be held up as an object in the mental field of view, this theory proposes to efface activity altogether. In saying this, we are not attributing to the Presentationists a conclusion which they disclaim. All real action, all real causality, is eliminated from their account of the universe as known. Causality is reduced, as with Hume, to mere sequence. We ourselves do not act: we only seem to ourselves to act; in reality we merely look on at happenings.

the insistence in the necessary abstractness of all scientific hypotheses and constructions is an important contribution towards clear thinking. But it does not amount to a justification of Professor Münsterberg's analysis of the will into a complex of sensations. "The will is not a possible object," he says, "psychology must make a substitution therefor. . . . As soon as the psychologist enters upon the study of the will, he has to consider it as if it were really composed of sensational elements, and as if his analysis discovered them. The will is for him really a complex of sensations; that is, a complex of possible elements of perceptive ideas" (pp. 32, 33). But why sensations, why perceptive ideas? Apart from Professor Münsterberg's initial assumption that psychical element and sensation are equivalent terms, and that the conscious life is therefore resolvable without remainder into an atomistic mechanism, there seems no valid reason for thus representing the will as it admittedly and emphatically is not. Even for psychological purposes we cannot eliminate the feeling and volitional aspects of mental life without misrepresenting the true nature of the conscious process and thus falsifying our psychology even as science. This is well argued by Mr A. E. Taylor in a review of the *Grundzüge der Psychologie* ('Mind,' N.S., No. 42).

It must be admitted unreservedly that if to know means to have a presentation before us, then we do not and cannot *know* the fact of our volitional activity. In this sense we can only know the motives which led to it and the changes which followed upon it in the phenomenal field. I am not advocating this usage, for I admit that it sounds absurd to say that we do not know our own activity, our own existence. All I would urge is that, if the associations of "knowledge" with the objective, the presentable, the phenomenal, are ineradicable, then we shall be obliged to fall back upon some other term to express the acquaintance which the subject has with his own activity. This is exactly the position which Berkeley took up, when he corrected his first impulse to resolve the Self into a procession of ideas. In his suggestive distinction between "ideas" and "notions" he anticipates and combats the Panphenomenalism of Hume and of such theories as we have been considering.

> There can be no *idea* formed [he says] of a soul or spirit; for all ideas whatever being passive and inert, cannot represent unto us by way of image or likeness that which acts. A little attention will make it plain to any one that to have an idea which shall be *like* that active principle of motion and change of ideas is absolutely impossible. Such is the nature of Spirit or that which acts that it cannot be of itself perceived, but only by the effects which it produceth. . . . So far as I can see, the words *will*, *soul*, *spirit* do not stand for different ideas, or in truth for any idea at all, but for something which is very different from ideas, and which, being an Agent, cannot be like unto or represented by any idea whatsoever, though it must be owned at the same time that we have some *notion* of soul, spirit, and the operations of the mind, such as willing, loving, hating—inasmuch as we know or understand the meaning of the words.[1]

In a later section he formally repeats the distinction in

[1] Principles of Human Knowledge, section 27.

the same terms[1] and adds: "I will not say that the terms idea and notion may not be used convertibly, if the world will have it so; but yet it conduceth to clearness and propriety that we distinguish things very different by different names." And with his accustomed fine-edged irony, he remarks that "much scepticism about the nature of the soul" has arisen "from the opinion that spirits are to be known after the manner of an idea or sensation." "It is even probable that this opinion may have produced a doubt in some, whether they had any soul at all distinct from their body, since upon inquiry they could not find they had an idea of it."[2] The modern doctrine of automatism lends fresh point to this shaft of sarcasm.

Berkeley's proposed use of idea in this restricted or specific sense is equivalent to that of the modern terms presentation, phenomenon, or object; and it will be observed how he expressly defines mind and spirit as "that which acts." It must be for ever impossible to phenomenalise an action; we cannot objectify the subjective function as such. In his own words, that which acts

[1] Section 142. "We may not, I think, strictly be said to have an *idea* of an active being or of an action, although we may be said to have a *notion* of any mind and its acts about ideas—inasmuch as I know or understand what is meant by these words. What I know, that I have some notion of."

[2] Section 137. The preceding section is also so aptly expressed, especially with reference to the subsequent argument of Hume, that I cannot forbear reproducing it here. "It will perhaps be said that we want a *sense* (as some have imagined) proper to know substances withal, which, if we had, we might know our own soul as we do a triangle. To this I answer that, in case we had a new sense bestowed upon us, we could only receive thereby some new sensations or ideas of sense. But I believe nobody will say that what he means by the terms *soul* and *substance* is only some particular sort of idea or sensation. We may therefore infer that, all things duly considered, it is not more reasonable to think our faculties defective, in that they do not furnish us with an *idea* of spirit or active thinking substance, than it would be if we should blame them for not being able to comprehend a *round square*."

cannot be itself perceived, but only by the effects which it produceth. But are we to conclude, therefore, that there is no activity in the case, that there is no active subject at all? Surely not. On the contrary, it is in activity or the will that we, as it were, lay hold upon reality and have immediate assurance of it. And if, as already said, the associations of "knowledge" are too narrow to permit of its application here, we must even fall back upon some such phrase as "immediate assurance," "immediate experience," or "self-feeling."[1]

There is, after all, a certain justification for the narrower use of the term knowledge. For is it not the case that knowledge, in its very nature, brings with it a species of *foreignness?* Of course we all see clearly enough that there is another and, I admit, a more important sense, in which knowledge may truly be said to be just the overcoming, the banishing, of this strangeness. The knower and his knowledge, as Aristotle said, are in a sense one. When we have thoughts, says Hegel, we recognise in nature's inner heart only our own reason, and feel at home there. "Spirit has the certainty which Adam had when he saw Eve. 'This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.'" No one, I say, will question that in this sense knowledge means unity, appropriation, the breaking down of the middle wall of partition. But that is without prejudice to the other and subtler aspect of the case which I desire to emphasise. Knowledge, in its very nature, implies difference. What we know is an *object*, something held as it were at a distance from us, something opposite to us. What we know is in fact always *something different from ourselves.* The knower and the known are never in this sense one, even in the limiting case of psychological

[1] The last phrase is used by Mr Bosanquet (Logic, vol. i. p. 77) in a passage in which he also speaks of "the immediate feeling of my own sentient existence that goes with" any act of perception.

introspection. It is often said that here the observer and the observed are one and the same; but the statement is not literally true. All introspection, it has been more truly said, is really retrospection; it is a *post mortem* examination. When I know a state, that state has already ceased to exist as a living pulse of thought and feeling. It belongs to the past. I recognise it as *having been mine;* but it is different from the present psychologically-minded self, intent upon its examination.[1] The case of introspection has been mentioned, because there, if anywhere, it might be said that there was an identity of knowing and being. But, as we have just seen, it is not so. Knowing and being are not identical; they cannot help being different. The fact is, we are face to face here with a constant characteristic of knowledge, and if, as we are apt to do, we take knowledge as exhaustive of experience, a far-reaching vista of consequences soon appears. We may interpret the characteristic in the relativistic sense which is so popular in agnostic and positivistic theories. We may say, knowledge never gives us the real thing; we are always going round about things, and always baffled with their mere outsides. We know only phenomena; reality, whether of the self or the not-self, is beyond us. This is one line of thought, which meets us in certain forms of Kantianism and Neo-Kantianism, in Hamilton, and in Spencer. Or, if we do not take this line, we fall into what I may call an Absolute Phenomenalism. In this case, we spurn the unknown and unknowable mystery of the relativists; we see that it is absurd to speak as if knowledge were constructed merely to baulk us. So far all seems well; but we have not really escaped the con-

[1] So Professor Sully and Professor James. The latest expression of this fact is perhaps to be found in Mr Stout's 'Analytic Psychology,' I. p. 159: "The immediate experience of any moment is never at that moment an object of thought."

sequences of accepting knowledge as our ultimate. For we dissolve the universe altogether into objects or phenomena; all things and all finite persons, including ourselves, are merely objects in experience. And thus, in another way than the agnostic, we as surely deprive men and things of reality; for mere objects are not real, they are halves craving completion. And that completion they do not get from the addition of a universal self. That universal self has itself no nerve of reality about it, if it is taken merely as the unifying self of knowledge. It is simply the formal unity of a spectacular process of phenomena. There is no warrant, on the theory, for understanding this self in any other way.

If, then, we are to lay hold upon reality and lift ourselves out of the flux of phenomena, we must do so by a species of assurance different from knowledge, as knowledge has just been analysed and explained. Now, we have no such certainty of any reality, save the reality of self-existence. We know other things and other persons; no sane person at least doubts that we do. But we do not immediately feel or experience their existence; they are *other* beings, and their existence is a hypothesis to explain certain phenomena of our own experience. And though the hypothesis is infinitely probable, it is theoretically open to doubt. Similarly, if we try to build even upon our own existence *as known*, that existence tends to melt away into a dreamlike succession of phenomena passing before an inactive spectator, and the result is, that we fail to find reality anywhere. Existence resolves itself into a magic-lantern march of pictures, but, as Fichte says, without anything of which they are the pictures. It is not in knowledge, then, as such, but in feeling and action, that reality is given. In saying this, I do not for a moment mean to do what I said before was impossible, to divorce any of the three aspects of experience from the

others: in all knowledge, feeling and activity are also present. Knowledge is itself in strictness an activity of the subject, and, as such, it will serve perfectly well as a basis of certainty. But the immediate certainty of real existence attaches not to what is known in the knowledge, but to the accompanying awareness of subjective activity in the knowing act and the tinge of subjective feeling in connection with it. It is when the element of activity in knowledge is left out of sight, and attention is concentrated on the content or object of knowledge, that we enter upon a false path, and end in the self-contradictory notion of a knowledge which is nobody's knowledge, and a knowledge of nothing. But knowing is not a colourless or impersonal function — as it were a series of happenings *in vacuo*. Every cognitive act is suffused with feeling, and in virtue of this suffusion it is felt by me as mine, by you as yours. In knowing any object, therefore, whether a thing in the external world or a state of his own mind, the knowing subject possesses, in this element of feeling, an immediate assurance of existence there and then.

This certainty is, in the first instance, in the moment of acting, a pure immediacy, a mere awareness. After action, and to the psychological observer, it must be mediated by knowledge and reflection—*i.e.*, the changes are presented or represented in consciousness, and with them comes the feeling of self-origination, from which remembered conjunction springs the reasoned conviction of our active causality. But the reflective assertion of the psychologist depends entirely upon the immediate feeling—the sense of living, as we might call it—which went with the action originally. I feel the activity, the experience, at the moment, and in virtue of this immediate accompanying feeling, I afterwards acknowledge it as mine.

It was not, therefore, without reason that Fichte[1] event-

[1] The reference is to his treatise on 'The Vocation of Man.'

ually returned to this primal certainty, as the sole means of escape from a limitless scepticism. Descartes's *cogito*, though intended to embrace the volitional aspect of consciousness, laid stress, designedly or not, upon the intellectual; and the result was, that the real activity of the subject was discarded by his immediate successors. The content of consciousness became everything; the subject a mere empty vessel or form for the content. And in Spinoza, accordingly, we get a system or procession of *ideæ*, or modes of thought, and a parallel procession of *ideata*, the corresponding modes of extension. The identity of intellect and will is one of Spinoza's central doctrines, and he presents us accordingly with a system in which real activity, or real causality, has as little place as it has in Münsterberg's. His parallelism of modes of thought and modes of extension is, in fact, the very doctrine of Automatism which we have had under consideration. And it results from the very same considerations—from exclusive attention to the intellect, to the knowledge-content of the mind. Scan the history of philosophy as we may, we shall find the same cause everywhere producing the same effect, now in a more materialistic form, now in the guise of Idealism; but whether the automatism be materially or ideally conceived, matters practically not one jot. With the elimination of real causality from the course of things, the world is emptied of real meaning; it is reduced to a spectacular sequence of happenings, which have no *raison d'être*, seeing that all is absolutely predetermined from the outset. There is no life or reality in the show which passes before us; for the nerve of reality is furnished solely by the conviction of our own activity, our own real causality.

And with the conviction of real activity, it is to be noted, goes the belief in an end or aim which the action is to realise. It is upon *purposive*, idea-guided action that

Fichte takes his stand as the ultimate certainty. The idea is present to me, he says, not as a *Nachbild* or copy, an after-picture of an independent reality, but as a *Vorbild*, a fore-picture, an ideal or purpose, which does not yet exist, but which I have myself to make real. Münsterberg, as we have seen, does not deny that this is the fundamental characteristic of voluntary action; but, in accordance with his presuppositions, he denies the reality of the nexus between the conception and its execution. It is undeniable that the one is before the other, but the first has no influence or efficacy in bringing about the second; for the whole train of happenings, he expressly tells us, is independent of our consciousness.[1]

The same line of thought which leads to the elimination of real activity from the course of things, thus leads necessarily to the denial of purpose everywhere. And it is noteworthy, in this connection, that Spinoza is the most embittered opponent of any doctrine of teleology or final causes. To Spinoza, as to Münsterberg, all determination is mechanical, *a tergo* or from the past; the notion of self-determination in view of ideas, determination *a fronte* or by the future, was inconceivable to him. The human being was to Spinoza as completely determined, and determined in the same way, as a stone propelled through the air. We do not know whether there is anywhere such purely mechanical causality as Spinoza took for granted in the case of the stone; but we do know that that is not the mode in which the actions of conscious beings are determined. The causality of the future, or of the ideal, is coterminous at least with the confines of life. All action

[1] Die Willenshandlung, p. 3. "Beide Reihen enthalten aber nur Erscheinungen, die freilich in so enger wechselseitiger Beziehung uns gegeben sind, dass wir eine befriedigende Erklärung nur in der Annahme finden, sie seien zwei verschiedene Erscheinungsformen dierselben einheitlichen, von unserem Bewusstsein unabhängigen, wirklichen Geschehen."

of living beings, I have argued, is originally purposive—that is to say, in a wide sense, voluntary—directed more or less clearly by the creature towards some aim. Only if this is so, is action in any sense an action of the creature itself, and not, in Münsterberg's language, "a phenomenal phase of the unitary happening" which goes on in the creature irrespective of its feelings or desires. With the acknowledgment of purposive action, the whole process of things acquires a new aspect. It is no longer a motiveless procession of appearances, or, as Professor James well puts it, the dull rattling off of a chain forged ages ago. It is an evolution which is real at every point. And if it has seemed, in the course of this exposition, that knowledge and ideas have been depreciated at the expense of the will, they are here restored to their rightful function as the necessary conditions of selection or choice, the springs of all activity, and so the guiding star of all advance. But ideas in themselves are nothing, and the analysis of knowledge as knowledge can never give us reality. If we were to recast Descartes's formula, in the light of all that has come and gone in philosophy since his day, not *Cogito ergo sum*, but *Ago ergo sum* is the form his maxim would take.

A NEW THEORY OF THE ABSOLUTE.[1]

I.

THERE can be little doubt among those qualified to judge, that Mr Bradley's 'Appearance and Reality' is the most important metaphysical work which has appeared in England since the publication of Green's 'Introduction to Hume' in 1874. It is so, in my opinion, not because its conclusions are likely to become assured possessions of philosophical thought, but because of the intrepidity of the treatment and the singularly stimulating quality which belongs to all that Mr Bradley writes.

The author modestly says in his preface that his book does not design to be permanent. It is his contribution to the sceptical discipline of the English mind, from which he is not without hopes of seeing "a rational system of first principles" emerge. And it is true that the book is hardly likely to take its place as a classical treatise in the literature of the subject. The highly abstract character of most of the discussion, suggesting at times a delight in

[1] Appearance and Reality: a Metaphysical Essay. By F. H. Bradley, LL.D. (Glasgow), Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1893. The criticism which follows appeared as two articles in the 'Contemporary Review' of November and December 1894.

logic for logic's sake, the unadorned dryness (for the most part) of the style, and the seemingly deliberate perversities of manner which mar it at times, seem to forbid such a destiny. But the brilliant dialectic of which the book is full, the thoroughness and sincerity with which it sifts the most vital questions, its ruthless criticism of conventional solutions, ensure for Mr Bradley's latest volume an important influence upon the thought of his contemporaries.

Mr Bradley's courage is also to be commended in publishing a book which throughout deals avowedly and in set terms with "the Absolute." What a shock to the precisians of Agnosticism and the puritans of the empirical tradition! This particular "bogie," so potent in the middle of the nineteenth century, has apparently lost its terror even for the English mind. As soon as men began to reflect a little on what was meant by the term, it became evident that the ultimate object of philosophy always is, and must be, the Absolute. Mr Bradley's remarks, in his short Introduction, on the unavoidableness of metaphysical inquiry, the necessity of a new metaphysic for each fresh generation, and the utility of even an imperfect knowledge of the Absolute, may be commended to the candid reader who is still unconvinced, or perhaps a confirmed sceptic, on those points.

The chapters of destructive criticism, which form the first part of the book, are largely in Hegel's manner, and the influence of Hegel is unquestionably predominant throughout. But in spite of this general indebtedness, the book is distinguished by an independence of style and treatment not usual with followers of this master, or indeed of any master. But Mr Bradley has always insisted on calling his soul his own. Whatever else this volume may be, and whatever criticisms we may have to make upon it, it is certainly no easy reproduction of another man's

thoughts: in the sweat of his own brow its author has conceived and executed it.

This independence of treatment will prove of good omen, it may be hoped, for the future of philosophical discussion among those who may be regarded, in a general way, as carrying on the traditions of Green and representing the influence of Hegel, or at least of German Idealism, in British Philosophy. In this connection, Mr Bradley's book may be said, perhaps, to mark the close of the period whose beginning was signalised by the publication of Green's work already mentioned. When we think of the Hamilton-Mill controversy in the sixties, it is obvious that serious study of the Critical Philosophy and German Idealism had yet to begin. Only the outworks of the Kantian scheme had been mastered even by the accredited leaders of British thought; while Hegel, or at least his strangely refracted image, was simply the philosophical "bogie-man," useful to frighten back the unwary wanderer into the fold of Empiricism or the Philosophy of the Conditioned. Yet Hegel was probably the richest mind that had been devoted to philosophy since Aristotle, and, whatever judgment may be passed on his system as a logical whole, had done more than any other man to mould the thought of the century in all the humanistic sciences.

The publication of Dr Hutchison Stirling's 'Secret of Hegel,' in 1865, first removed the reproach of ignorance and indifference, or worse, from British philosophy. It was published in the same year as Mill's 'Examination of Hamilton,' and in the noisy, multitudinous echoes of that controversy, the accents of the new voice were partly drowned. But they penetrated, like tidings of a land that is very far off, to ears fit to receive them. While Mr Spencer's philosophy gradually established itself as the persuasion of the average man, the majority of serious thinkers in England were devoting themselves to the study

of Kant and Hegel; and Green's 'Introduction' was the first noteworthy symptom of this new direction of thought at the universities. The movement thus inaugurated has been growing in volume since then, and, as was to be expected, it has somewhat changed its character; and Mr Bradley's book may perhaps be found in this respect to mark the end of the period of absorption or assimilation. During these *Lehrjahre*, English writers have repeated too anxiously, and with too minute exactitude, the formulæ of a foreign master, treating them rather as oracles of truth than as utterances of finite wisdom, and showing too great a reluctance to submit them to legitimate criticism. But of late a calmer and more critical tone has been noticeable, and a more catholic spirit has shown itself. Other names have claimed attention, such as Lotze on the one hand, and Schopenhauer on the other (to mention only these two). As Mr Bradley puts it in his preface, "the present generation is learning that to gain education a man must study in more than one school." And the result of this wider range can hardly be other than to diminish the somewhat partisan zeal of the so-called neo-Hegelian party for the *ipsissima verba* of Hegel's theory, and to set them upon a more independent handling of the subject itself, in accordance with the genius of their own time and nation. Then the *Lehrjahre* and the *Wanderjahre* will be ended and the *Meisterjahre* will begin. For disciples, as Bacon puts it in a well-known passage, do owe unto masters only a temporary belief and a suspension of their judgment till they be fully instructed, and not an absolute resignation or perpetual captivity. Though Germany once possessed the hegemony of Europe in matters philosophical, that time is past, and the fact that it once existed constitutes no reason why we should remain in perpetual tutelage to German masters. "I have a high opinion," says Mr Bradley in his preface, "of the metaphysical powers of

the English mind;" and his book is conceived throughout in the spirit of intellectual freedom.

The author describes his work in the preface as "a critical discussion of first principles." "The chief need of English philosophy," he tells us, "is a sceptical study of first principles, and I do not know of any work which seems to meet this need sufficiently." The object of his own work is, therefore, "to stimulate inquiry and doubt" —doubt or scepticism being understood to mean not doubt or disbelief in any particular tenets, but "an attempt to become aware of and to doubt all preconceptions." This is in Mr Bradley's mind—and not without good reason—the first and all-important condition of sound work in metaphysics. The short Introduction puts unanswerably the necessity and the utility of metaphysics. As it is impossible to abstain from thought about the universe, "the question is merely as to the way in which this should be done. . . . Metaphysics takes its stand on this side of human nature, this desire to think about and comprehend reality. And it merely asserts that, if the attempt is to be made, it should be done as thoroughly as our nature permits." On the second count, he maintains, as we have seen, that even a "miserably incomplete" knowledge of the Absolute must have its usefulness. But in a passage of characteristic frankness and force he contends that, even if metaphysics has no positive results, it would still be highly desirable that it should continue to be studied:—

> There is, so far as I can see, no other way of protecting ourselves against dogmatic superstition. Our orthodox theology on the one hand, and our commonplace materialism on the other (it is natural to take these as prominent instances) vanish like ghosts before the daylight of free sceptical inquiry. I do not mean, of course, to condemn wholly either of these beliefs; but I am sure that either, when taken seriously, is the mutilation of our nature. Neither, as experience has amply

shown, can now survive in the mind which has thought sincerely on first principles. . . . That is one reason why I think that metaphysics, even if it end in total scepticism, should be studied by a certain number of persons.

But, while thus insisting on the indispensable function of metaphysical inquiry, Mr Bradley is not the man to magnify his office as metaphysician unduly. And in the Meredithian extracts from his note-book which conclude the preface, he characteristically turns the shafts of his irony against his own occupation. "Metaphysics," it is there written, "is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct, but to find these reasons is no less an instinct." From the other glimpses vouchsafed into this note-book, its aphoristic treasures would appear to be of a highly various and piquant description. They cannot but awaken an unchastened curiosity in the heart of many students, which it is to be hoped the owner of the note-book may take measures to satisfy.

Mr Bradley starts with a threefold general definition of metaphysics. "We may agree, perhaps, to understand by metaphysics an attempt to know reality as against mere appearance, or the study of first principles or ultimate truths, or again the effort to comprehend the universe, not simply piecemeal or by fragments, but somehow as a whole." These three definitions are plainly intended to be taken as equivalent, but, though the third is probably the most satisfactory of the three, it is the first which gives the title to Mr Bradley's volume, and it is the contrast between appearance—or, as he calls it here, "mere appearance"—and reality that explains the two parts into which it falls. The first book, entitled "Appearance," is a sceptical or destructive criticism of the phenomenal world as inherently self-contradictory and incomprehensible, and therefore, in Mr Bradley's use of the word, unreal. The second book, entitled "Reality," though also

abounding in negative criticism of obnoxious "preconceptions," is the constructive complement of Book I., intended to describe the nature of the Absolute, in which the contradictions of phenomena must be somehow reconciled or overcome. It is important at the outset, for the understanding of Mr Bradley's argument, especially in its negative or sceptical aspect, to note the equivalence, or at least interchangeableness, of these different formulations of the metaphysician's task, even though his procedure and conclusions should turn out to be unduly dominated by the first. Reality is used by Mr Bradley throughout in the sense of ultimate reality, so that reality and the absolute are convertible terms, and he means by both "the universe" comprehended "somehow as a whole." Appearance, on the other hand, is applied to the whole of the phenomenal world. Appearances, of course, *exist*, as he repeatedly tells us, but they are not real, in the sense of being independent, self-contained, and self-explanatory. We fall into hopeless contradictions if we attempt to take them so. Every finite or phenomenal fact betrays its character of "mere appearance" by the "ragged edges" which stamp it as a part torn out of its context. The self-contradiction of the part taken as the whole, the phenomenal taken as the real, is most obvious in the infinite progress upon which it launches us—a species of treadmill exercise, best exemplified in the case of such notions as time, space, and causation.

The contradictions of the finite are, accordingly, the theme of Mr Bradley's first book, in which he sets out to criticise the chief "ideas by which we try to understand the universe." Taking up first the popular scientific proposal to find the reality of the world in the primary qualities, he has little difficulty in showing that the line of thought which undermines the reality of the secondary qualities can be used with equal effect against the primary.

The primary qualities cannot be conceived or presented without the secondary; and, further, we cannot think of extension without thinking at the same time of a "what" that is extended. Extension is, therefore, simply the abstraction of one element from the rest, from which it is in reality inseparable—an abstraction scientifically convenient, but metaphysically indefensible, when it puts itself forward as an ultimate account of things.

The distinction of "substantive and adjective"—the grouping of the world's contents into things and qualities—is next taken up (chap. ii.) and declared to be "a clear makeshift." If we lay stress on the unity of the thing, then the plurality of its attributes is in no way explained; they lie side by side in mere distinctness one from another as so many independent coexistences.

> The whole device is a clear makeshift. It consists in saying to the outside world, "I am the owner of these my adjectives," and to the properties, "I am but a relation, which leaves you your liberty." And to itself and for itself it is the futile pretence to have both characters at once. . . . The thing with its adjectives is a device for enjoying at once both variety and concord. But the distinctions, once made, fall apart from the thing, and away from one another, and our attempt to understand their relations brought us round merely to an unity, which confesses itself a pretence, or else falls back upon the old undivided substance which admits of no distinctions (p. 23).

The next chapter (chap. iii.) analyses the ideas of quality and relation. Qualities depend upon the relation of things to one another; unrelated reals would be qualityless. But, on the other hand, "nothings cannot be related"; "relations must depend upon terms, just as much as terms upon relations." Consequently, all thinking that moves by the machinery of terms and relations is pronounced to be "a makeshift, a device, a mere practical compromise, most necessary, but in the

end most indefensible." For there is the same attempt to bring diversity into the unity of the thing, an attempt which proves impossible except by dividing the thing altogether into an endless process of relations. Hence, "our experience when relationed is not true;" and any one who has grasped the principle of this chapter, we are told, "will have condemned, almost without a hearing, the great mass of phenomena." Mr Bradley proceeds, however (in the next five chapters), to apply his principle more in detail to the cases of "space and time," "motion and change," "causation" and "activity." In a time-honoured and somewhat well-worn argument, the aspects of discreteness and continuity in space are sceptically opposed to one another, and the conclusion reached that "space vanishes internally into relations between units which never can exist." Precisely the same argument holds of time; hence, both are not real, but "contradictory appearances." The problem of change

> points back to the dilemma of the one and the many, the differences and the identity, the adjectives and the thing, the qualities and the relations. How anything can possibly be anything else was a question which defied our efforts. Change is little beyond an instance of this dilemma in principle. . . . It asserts two of one, and so falls at once under the condemnation of our previous chapters. . . . Change, upon any hypothesis, is impossible. It can be no more than appearance (pp. 45-47).

So with causation. If you resolve cause into identity, you eliminate the very fact to be explained—the difference of the effect from its cause. For surely the very problem of causation "consists in the differences and in their sequence in time." In fact,

> it is the old puzzle how to justify the attributing to a subject something other than itself, and which the subject is not. If

"followed by B" is not the nature of A, then justify your predication. If it is essential to A, then justify, first, your taking A without it; and in the next place show how, with such an incongruous nature, A can succeed in being more than unreal appearance" (p. 57).

Activity is condemned because "nothing can be active without an occasion, and what is active, being made thus by the occasion, is so far passive." Hence, "it is certain that activity implies finitude, and otherwise possesses no meaning." It cannot, therefore, be an ultimate principle of explanation. Chap. viii. deals with "things," but the preceding argument has "undermined and ruined" any meaning we can attach to the term. "The thing is a thing only if its existence goes beyond the now and extends into the past;" but "it does not appear how this relation of sameness can be real." "The identity of a thing lies in the view you take of it." "We seem driven to the conclusion that things are but appearances."

So far, therefore, "our facts have turned out to be illusory," but we have been dealing up to this point with "the inanimate," and in order to complete his argument Mr Bradley goes on in the next two chapters (chaps. ix. and x.) to criticise the claims of the self to reality. In the first he passes in review different meanings of the self, and in the second he concludes that the self simply presents "the old puzzle as to the connection of diversity with unity." It will be necessary to return upon various points in these important chapters, but we must first have Mr Bradley's main line of thought before us and the conclusion at which he arrives. It is sufficient, therefore, for the present, to note his verdict on the self, and the ground on which the verdict is explicitly based. "The consciousness of personal identity," he says, "may be supposed to have some bearing on the reality of the self."

But to my mind [he proceeds] it appears to be almost irrelevant. Of course the self, within limits and up to a certain point, is the same. . . . As long as there remains in the self a certain basis of content, ideally the same, so long may the self recall anything once associated with that basis. . . . This, of course, shows that self-sameness exists as a fact, and that hence *somehow* an identical self is real. But, then, the question is *how?* The question is, whether we can state the existence and the continuity of a real self in a way which is intelligible, and which is not ruined by the difficulties of previous discussions. Because, otherwise, we may have found an interesting fact, but most assuredly we have not found a tenable view about reality. . . . The end of metaphysics is to understand the universe, to find a way of thinking about facts in general which is free from contradiction. . . . It is this, to repeat it once more, on which everything turns. The diversity and the unity must be brought to the light, and the principle must be seen to comprehend these. But the self is so far from supplying such a principle, that it seems, when not hiding itself in obscurity, a mere bundle of discrepancies. Our search has conducted us again, not to reality, but mere appearance (pp. 113, 120).

The two short chapters on "Phenomenalism" and "Things in Themselves," which conclude the first book, add nothing to this argument. They are rather of the nature of appendices, which deal effectively with these two phases of philosophic theory, as attempts either to evade the philosophical problem altogether, or to solve it by doubling it. As I am in complete agreement with Mr Bradley's arguments in these pages, there is the less need to dwell upon them here. So I pass at once to the opening chapters of the second book, dealing with "The General Nature of Reality," and containing the counter-stroke to the preceding negative polemic.

The first position taken up is at once important, for it alone enables a start to be made. Phenomena have been condemned as self-contradictory, but what is thus

rejected as appearance admittedly still exists. "It cannot bodily be shelved and merely got rid of, and therefore, since it must fall somewhere, it must belong to reality." Reality, therefore, "must own," and somehow include, appearance; it cannot be less than appearance. But whereas appearances, taken as real, proved self-contradictory, the absolute or ultimate reality must be "such that it does not contradict itself. This is our first criterion—a criterion which has been implicit in all the preceding negative criticism." Accordingly, we may say, concludes Mr Bradley, that

> everything which appears is somehow real in such a way as to be self-consistent. . . . Appearance must belong to reality, and it must, therefore, be concordant and other than it seems. The bewildering mass of phenomenal diversity must hence somehow be at unity and self-consistent; for it cannot be elsewhere than in reality, and reality excludes discord. Or again, we may put it so; the real is individual. It is one in the sense that its positive character embraces all deficiencies in an inclusive harmony (p. 140).

In short, "reality must be a single whole"—"a single system." In his second chapter Mr Bradley supplements this "formal and abstract" definition of the absolute by identifying existence with "experience"; laying down the position, almost in Berkeley's language, that existence has no meaning apart from sentient experience. "There is no being or fact outside of that which is commonly called psychical existence." Any supposed fact, other than this, "is a vicious abstraction whose existence is meaningless nonsense, and is not possible." If we combine this with the former position, "our conclusion, so far, will be this, that the absolute is one system, and that its contents are nothing but sentient experience. It will, hence, be a single and all-inclusive experience, which embraces every partial diversity in concord." Finally, Mr Bradley pro-

ceeds to ask whether we really have a positive idea of an absolute, thus defined as "one comprehensive sentence"; and he answers that, while we cannot fully realise its existence, its main features are drawn from our own experience, and we have also a suggestion there of the unity of a whole embracing distinctions within itself. This we have in "mere feeling or immediate presentation," where we experience as an undifferentiated whole, what we afterwards proceed, in the exercise of relational thought, to analyse into the known world of self and not-self, with all its manifold objects and distinctions. Combining this primitive experience of felt unity with the later experience of known diversity, we can recognise the latter as a transitional stage, and reach the idea of a higher experience in which thought shall, as it were, return to the immediacy of feeling. "We can form the general idea of an absolute intuition in which phenomenal distinctions are merged; a whole become immediate at a higher stage without losing any richness." This view of the Absolute is developed and enforced in the immediately following chapter on "Thought and Reality" (chap. xv.), which, in various aspects, is one of the most important in the book. As such, it will claim our attention in the sequel; but it is enough, in the meantime, to note a little more fully the nature of the results arrived at. The position reached is simply this, that "the relational form is a compromise on which thought stands and which it develops. It is an attempt to unite differences which have broken out of the felt totality" (p. 180). It is essentially an attempt to pass beyond itself and to recapture this immediate unity. But, both in theory and in practice, the attempt proves unsuccessful on the basis of thought or relation; it resolves itself into the infinite progress. Thought's own ideal, therefore, can be reached only by passing beyond thought. For us "this completion of

thought beyond thought" necessarily "remains for ever an other." Still "thought can form the idea of an apprehension, something like feeling in directness, which contains all the character sought by its relational efforts"—"a total experience where will and thought and feeling may all once more be one," and where consequently the distinction between thought and its object—between subject and predicate—is likewise transcended.[1]

We have now before us one complete phase of Mr Bradley's position and argumentation, and it is time, therefore, to investigate critically the legitimacy of the method and the value of the conclusion. Mr Bradley started, as we saw, with two somewhat different definitions of the Absolute, and in like manner his criticism throughout the first book seems to rest upon two somewhat different principles. The one condemns phenomena because they are fragmentary; no object of experience is by itself a *res completa*, an independent and self-contained individual, strong in solid singleness, self-explaining, harmonious, and all-inclusive. Whatever fact we take proves to be infected by external relations, and so carries us beyond itself, and ultimately brings in the whole context of the universe. Thus activity transforms itself into passivity, because we cannot think of activity as (so to speak) a mere bolt from the blue—an unconditioned fiat out of a blank eternity. The beginning of the activity of anything depends, for our thinking, upon a stimulus from beyond the nature of the thing itself; and the thing, therefore, is quite as much passive as active. This argument may be applied all round. Thought cannot rest in any finite individual, but is carried beyond it in an infinite progress. So with any portion of space or time in which

[1] See pp. 160, 172, 179, 181.

we arbitrarily and momentarily rest, so with things, so last of all with the finite self. For I do not imagine that those who insist most strongly on the reality of the self, and hold that "it provides us with a type by the aid of which we may go on to comprehend the world," are at all inclined to assert its reality in Mr Bradley's sense of all-inclusive self-sufficience. Obviously, the self of any individual, in the determinations of its character and the occasions of its activity, carries us beyond the self, just as in the case of things which are not selves; the self cannot be torn from its environment except by a process of violent abstraction, and the environment, if we are to be exact, must be ultimately extended so as to include all time and all existence. To my mind, it requires no argument to establish the position that there can be only one individual as a *res completa*, and consequently, in Mr Bradley's sense, only one reality, namely, the Absolute or the universe as a whole. To fail to realise this is to fail to rise to the light of reason at all; it is, in Spinoza's phrase, to remain at the stage of "imagination," with its blind substantiation of the individuals of sense just as we find them, or seem to find them.

In this whole line of argument, therefore—including his admirable exposure of the fallacy of a plurality of independent reals—Mr Bradley is certain to meet with hearty acquiescence in most quarters that are worth considering. But this line of argument does not seem sufficient of itself to justify the sweeping condemnation of phenomena as "mere appearance," "illusion," "self-contradictory appearance," "irrational appearance," "essentially made of inconsistencies," and the other terms of excommunication in which Mr Bradley indulges. Because a thing is not the Absolute, and never pretended to be, it seems a little hard to "ruin" its character by a string of bad names like this. And, as a matter of fact, the

"ruin" in which Mr Bradley involves the phenomenal is more properly the consequence of a second line of argument, which is on the whole more prominent throughout the first book. This argument is neither more nor less than the complete discrepancy of the One and the Many—the impossibility of realising at all in thought any kind of identity in diversity. The passages quoted in the earlier part of this essay illustrate sufficiently the constant recurrence of this idea. At the very outset, in dealing with substantive and adjective, it is referred to as "the old dilemma." If you predicate what is different, you ascribe to the subject what it is *not;* and if you predicate what is *not* different, you say nothing at all (p. 20). The dilemma is, in truth, as old as the early Greek nominalists and sceptics who denied on these grounds the possibility of predication altogether, except in the form of an identical proposition. To say that "Socrates is good," would be to say the thing that is not; for "Socrates" and "good" are not the same, but different. "Socrates" is one idea, and "good" is another. "Socrates is Socrates," and "good is good," but that the one should be the other, is quite unintelligible. We are limited, therefore, to the one kind of proposition which we never make, A = A. Now, strange as it may seem, Mr Bradley's first book is, in essence, neither more nor less than a restatement and re-enforcement of this sceptical thesis. He adopts this logic of abstract identity apparently without reserve, and because it brings him to a deadlock, he pronounces the actual world to be "unintelligible," "inconsistent," "self-contradictory," "irrational," "untrue," "illusory." His multitudinous repetitions seem designed to leave us in no doubt that it is everywhere the same touchstone which he applies. Thus, the conclusion of the third chapter, on "Relation and Quality," is, as we have seen, that a relational way of thought is "a mere

practical compromise, most necessary, but in the end most indefensible."

We have to take reality [he contiuues] as Many, and to take it as One, and to avoid contradiction. . . . But when *these inconsistencies* are forced together, as in metaphysics they must be, the result is an open and staring discrepancy. . . . Our intellect, then, has been condemned to confusion and bankruptcy, and the reality has been left outside uncomprehended (pp. 33, 34).

In the next chapter, "Space . . . is a peculiar form of the problem which we discussed in the last chapter, and is a special attempt to combine the irreconcilable" (p. 36). In the fifth chapter (in the passage already quoted) the problem of change

points back to the dilemma of the One and the Many, the differences and the identity, the adjectives and the thing, the qualities and the relations. *How anything can possibly be anything else* was a question which defied our efforts. Change is little beyond an instance of this dilemma in principle. . . . Change, it is obvious, must be a change of something, and it is obvious, further, that it contains diversity. Hence *it asserts two of one*, and so falls at once under the condemnation of our previous chapters (p. 45).

So in the following chapter, on "Causation":—

If the sequence of the effect is different from the cause, how is the ascription of the difference to be rationally defended? If, on the other hand, it is not different, then causation does not exist, and its assertion is a farce (p. 55). . . . *We assert something of something else.* . . . It is the old puzzle, how to justify the attributing to a subject something other than itself, and which the subject is not (p. 57).

Having found things "go to pieces" when confronted with this test, he finds the same result on applying it to the self.

> It is the old puzzle as to the connection of diversity with unity. As the diversity becomes more complex and the unity grows more concrete, we have, so far, found that our difficulties steadily increase, and the explanation of a sudden change and a happy solution, when we arrive at the self, seems hence little warranted. . . . You may say that we are each assured of our personal identity in a way in which we are not assured of the sameness of things. But this is unfortunately quite irrelevant to the question. That selves exist, and are identical in some sense, is indubitable. But the doubt is whether their sameness, as we apprehend it, is really intelligible. . . . Does it give an experience by the help of which we can really *understand* the way in which diversity is harmonised[1] (pp. 103, 104).

The self, as feeling, thrusts upon us, "in a still more apparent form, the discrepancy that lies between identity and diversity, immediate oneness and relation" (p. 107). If, again, self-consciousness is proposed as "a special way of intuition or perception," we are forced to ask (supposing such a "self-apprehension of the self as one and many" to exist) how it can "satisfy the claims of understanding." "For the contents of the intuition (this many in one) if you try to reconstruct them relationally, fall asunder forthwith. . . . I am, in short, compelled to this conclusion, even if your intuition is a fact, it is not an *understanding*[2] of the self or of the world. It is a mere experience" (p. 108). In whatever aspect the self is taken, therefore, it does not teach us "how to understand diversity or unity" (p. 112). What we want is "a view . . . combining differences in one so as to turn the edge of criticism" (p. 114), and this we have not met with. The self, as will or volition, leaves us

[1] The italics in the passage last quoted are Mr Bradley's own, and I desire specially to call attention to the emphasis, as it corroborates my contention and contains the key to Mr Bradley's position.

[2] The italics are again Mr Bradley's.

involved in all "the old troubles as to diversity in union with sameness" (p. 115). In commenting on the theory of Monads, towards the close of his discussion, he repeats his old question:—

> Will it in the least show us *how*[1] the diversity can exist in harmony with the oneness (p. 118). . . . We have found so far [he says] that diversity and unity cannot be reconciled. Both in the existence of the whole self in relation with its contents, and in the various special forms which that existence takes, we have encountered *everywhere the same trouble*. We have had features which *must* come together, and yet were willing to do so in no way that we could find. In the self there is a variety, and in the self there is an unity; but in attempting to understand how, we fall into inconsistencies which, therefore, cannot be truth (p. 118).

The self, he finally concludes, does not yield us "any defensible thought, *any intellectual principle, by which it is possible to understand how diversity can be comprehended in unity*. It is this, to repeat it once more, on which everything turns. The diversity and the unity must be brought to the light, and the principle must be seen to comprehend these" (pp. 119, 120). The short chapter on "Phenomenalism" adds two further references to "the metaphysical problem of the Many in One" (pp. 124, 125); and, in the last chapter, things-in-themselves are found to "offer precisely the old jungle in which no way could be found" (p. 130).

I have multiplied these references, at the risk of wearying the reader, in order to convince him, if he needs convincing, of the uniform and persistent nature of Mr Bradley's demand. It seems to me, moreover, that Mr Bradley's position here conditions the whole nature of the results he arrives at later. For the logic of abstract identity which he brings into the field against phenomena is

[1] The italics are again Mr Bradley's.

fatal in the end to his Absolute also, reducing it, in spite of Mr Bradley's disclaimer — in spite of his sincere endeavour to avoid such a consummation — to the undifferentiated unity of Spinoza's Substance. According to this logic, each qualityless point remains identical with itself (A = A), and so does each unreferred quality, flying loose in the heaven of abstraction (red is red, *a* is *a*, and *b* is *b*). But the living synthesis of fact—the qualified thing, A that is a, b, c, d, any number of differences, in unity—this, if not actually denied as in some sense existing, is yet declared to be unintelligible, hopelessly contradictory. But surely such an argument marks the very acme of logical perversity. Such an argument, in truth, imports into predication a meaning or intention of which predication never dreams. When we say "man is mortal," or "the beech has a smooth stem," we do not mean that the concept "man" is identical with the concept "mortal," or that the two concepts "beech" and "smooth-stemmed" are actually one and the same concept. What we mean is that the reality, which we have already qualified as "man" or "beech," is further qualified as "mortal" or "smooth-stemmed." All predication, in short, is about facts, not about concepts—except in the special cases where we happen to be defining a word. Certainly every concept or meaning remains itself, and only itself, to all eternity. That at least is the convention on which logic stands; our terms must bear the same meaning throughout, otherwise all reasoning would be impossible. The law of identity or of non-contradiction means no more than this obviously indispensable convention—a convention which, if we are so minded, we may truthfully describe as a fundamental and necessary law of thought, so long as we see clearly its innocent and unobtrusive meaning. The law of identity says that, if we predicate mortality of man, we cannot also predicate non-mortality; it says that, if it

is the nature of the beech to be smooth-stemmed, it cannot also be its nature to be rough-stemmed. But, as to the nature of predication, or as to the possibility or impossibility of a thing existing as the unity of diverse qualities, it gives no verdict one way or another. These are questions of fact or of metaphysics which lie beyond its scope. To proceed, therefore, on the strength of the law of identity, to condemn the idea of a thing possessing qualities, or, in general, the idea of unity in diversity, as a contradiction in terms, is logically a complete *μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος*.

Now Mr Bradley tells us that "a thing without qualities is clearly unreal" (p. 130), and in his chapter on "Phenomenalism" he proves that the opposite attempt, to rest in qualities without a thing, is equally untrue to reality. But his own doctrine is that the attempt to think a thing *with* qualities, or, in general, the attempt to think a unity in diversity, ends in hopeless contradiction. It looks, therefore, as if thought were brought face to face with an absolute *impasse*. The whole force of his argument appears, however, to rest on this illegitimate extension to reality or experience of a law which holds true only of concepts, as concepts, in the narrow sense just explained. Reality, it may be said boldly, is essentially a many-in-one, and this holds true of any part of reality—*i.e.*, of any existent fact. This, it seems to me, was the insight that lent force and cogency to Hegel's lifelong polemic against the abstract understanding and its vaunted law of non-contradiction. Against its abstract identity he held up the concrete facts of experience: there is nothing which is a mere one, an eternal self-sameness. Identity only exists through difference, unity through multiplicity. Such is the constant thesis of the Hegelian philosophy, of which Mr Bradley is one of the profoundest students; and it was, I confess, a surprise to me to find

the ancient weapon of the sceptical schools so carefully furbished up and so confidently brandished. All the more so, because Mr Bradley himself, *aliud agendo*—with the atomic sensationalism of the English tradition in view—gives a most impressive statement of the true position, and declares in his own emphatic way that "every movement of our intellect rests wholly upon it," and that the contrary opinion is founded upon "one-sided and uncritical metaphysics," or, "in short, had no basis but confusion and traditional prejudice" (pp. 349-351). "There will be neither change nor endurance, and still less motion through space of an identical body; there will neither be selves nor things, nor, *in brief, any intelligible fact*, unless on the assumption that sameness in diversity is real. Apart from this main principle of construction, we should be confined to the feeling of a single moment." *Now these "intelligible facts" are the very facts paraded as unintelligible in Book I.*

Hegel no doubt gave a dangerous opening to misconception when he spoke of the dialectic as exhibiting itself in the conceptions of the "Logic." It is only by a sustained use of metaphor that the appearance of success is obtained: for conceptions, as such, are precisely what do not "pass over" into their opposites. The conception "One" never becomes the conception "Many." What is true is, that every fact can be shown to combine in itself these two aspects. It is in this way that Hegel uses the nature of reality to explode and (by exploding) to unite the fixed opposites of conceptual thought. These opposites, it must be remembered, are, and remain, opposites in the abstract world of logic; viewed, that is to say, simply as meanings, the one remains just the opposite of the other. But this opposition of the two as meanings, as concepts, tells us nothing about the possibility or impossibility of a fact to which, in different aspects, both shall be applicable.

On that the nature of reality itself must decide: we must appeal to experience.

In making this appeal, we have no need to go further than the fact of our own existence, which is indeed the key of the whole position. The self is very severely handled by Mr Bradley, though he does admit at the close that it is "no doubt the highest form of experience which we have" (p. 119). His argument consists largely in enumerating, and setting against one another, different senses in which the term "self" has been, or is currently, used. Some of these may be dismissed as irrelevant—that is to say, we may surrender them at once to Mr Bradley's criticism as of no particular interest. The remainder of his argument seems to me to rest partly on the first line of thought—viz., that no self of which we have experience is an absolute, perfect, or self-sufficient unity, which, again, may be fully granted—and partly on the practical difficulty of precisely defining the amount of diversity which shall be included within the unity of the individual self. Here also many a point might be surrendered to meet Mr Bradley's criticism. He reminds us, for example, that "in the lifetime of a man there are irreparable changes. Is he literally *not* the same man if loss, or death, or love, or banishment has turned the current of his life?" (p. 79.) This is a question of degree. The wrench *may* be so great as actually, in the common phrase, to unhinge the mind; and in that case, we admittedly cease to regard the man as the same. His personality is altogether suspended; he is insane. So with "the strange selves of hypnotism," to which Mr Bradley several times refers. Such abnormalities involve practical difficulties, just like the "monsters" to which Locke so frequently recurs, or the cases where it may be difficult to decide whether an object belongs to the animal or the vegetable kingdom. But they do not touch the question of principle

with which we are here concerned. It is not necessary that a self should be an all-inclusive whole; nor is it necessary that we should be able, in every case, to say what is a self and what is not a self. It is enough if there is such a thing as self-consciousness or personal identity at all. For that self-consciousness is the living experience of unity in diversity.

Now Mr Bradley admits that "of course the self, within limits and up to a certain point, is the same," though, as we saw, he strangely treats this consciousness of personal identity as "almost irrelevant." The key to this utterance is found in the following page, where he adds, "This, of course, shows that self-sameness exists as a fact, and that hence *somehow* an identical self must be real. But then the question is *how?*" (p. 113.) To this I see no answer save Lotze's retort in similar circumstances, that such a question is as unreasonable, and as perfectly impossible to satisfy, as the demand to know how being is made. How there comes to be existence at all, and how existence or experience in its basal characteristics comes to be what it is—these are questions which, so far as one can see, omniscience itself would not enable us to answer. The fundamental nature of experience may enable us to explain derivatively any special feature of experience; but that fundamental nature itself must be learned from experience and simply accepted. Now I maintain that unity in multiplicity, identity in diversity, is just the ultimate nature of universal experience. Such a unity or identity is lived or experienced in every instance of self-conscious existence; and it cannot be other than a misleading use of language to speak of our most intimate experience, the ultimate bed-rock of fact, as unintelligible or contradictory. The whole procedure of thought belies such a supposition; for, instead of stumbling over this unity and identity as unintelligible, we proceed to make it the measure or

standard of the intelligibility of everything else. The thing and its qualities is a mere analogue of the self as a many in one; all our terms of explanation, all the categories of thought, are drawn in like manner from the life of the self. They either reproduce it with more or less fulness, or, if they do not do this, then they express one or other of its aspects. But it is our own fault if we choose to substantiate these aspects, stated thus for the moment in logical or ideal separation; for they are never given or experienced separately. On the contrary, their concrete unity is the one fact behind which we cannot go. Thought, when it occupies itself in dissecting its own nature, is led into many a bog by the will-o'-the-wisp of a false subtlety —by none more so than by this phantasm of abstract identity. But thought, which is directed on its object, and bent only on learning more and more of the nature of things, never seeks thus to overleap itself, and consequently finds none of the unintelligibility of which Mr Bradley complains. However, as Berkeley happily puts it, philosophers are often indebted to their own preconceptions "for being ignorant of what everybody else knows perfectly well."

And seriously, according to the well-worn brocard, if water chokes us what shall we drink? If our own existence is unintelligible to us, where are we likely to find intelligibility? If the one and the many are as absolutely incompatible as they have been represented, how are they to be brought together at all? In other words, if the criticism in the first book is really valid, it would seem to be equally fatal to the construction of the Absolute attempted in the second. For the Absolute, we have seen, must "own" or include appearances, and it must do so in such a way as to exclude contradiction. It is to be "a single and all-inclusive experience, which embraces every partial diversity in concord" (p. 147). Doubtless this is

our ideal of what an Absolute should be; but surely (to quote Mr Bradley's own words) we have here "at once upon our hands the One and the Many." This Absolute "offers precisely the old jungle in which no way could be found;" and it is irrational to suppose that a sheer contradiction will prove more amenable, when multiplied to infinity, and housed in the Absolute. An unkind critic might say, indeed, with some show of reason, that Mr Bradley has the air of swallowing at a gulp, in Book II., what he had choked over in the successive chapters of Book I. For if, as was insisted in the case of the self, "the question is how," the second book is full of the most ample acknowledgments that the "how" remains as insoluble as ever. "Certainly in the end," we are told, "to know *how* the One and the Many are united is beyond our powers. But in the Absolute, somehow, we are convinced the problem is solved" (p. 281). But this is the language of pious conviction rather than of scientific demonstration; and though the attentive reader discerns plainly the author's resolve that the Absolute has *got* to include all differences and solve all contradictions, he will be apt to feel that the contradictions forced upon his notice throughout the book have been handed back to him, to digest as best he may.

In the end, this impression would not, I think, be substantially incorrect, and yet it would certainly not be entirely just to Mr Bradley, for he certainly does attempt in the second book to give in outline a theory of the "how." What he would undoubtedly have us regard as his real contribution towards a solution of the difficulty, is to be found in the chapter on "Thought and Reality." He still maintains that the "contradiction" is insoluble on the level of relational thought; but founding in this chapter on the analogy of feeling, as containing the immediate experience of a whole, he throws out the

idea of a supra-relational existence of the Absolute, which shall, so to speak, fuse once more, in an immediate unity, the differences which the process of knowledge has shown were implicit in the primitive undifferentiated unity of feeling. On examination, however, it will be found, I think, that in the end this theory meets the difficulty by abolishing the differences. Instead, therefore, of being a real solution, it is at bottom a re-affirmation of Mr Bradley's fundamental preconception as to the incompatibility of the One and the Many. Notwithstanding this, the presentation of the theory is full of speculative interest.

It is not a new thing in philosophy to attempt to name, and even to conceive, the divine life in this way, as a knowledge that is more than relational, that does not proceed from part to part, but sees the whole in every part, or rather sees all differences in unity, by a species of immediate apprehension or intuition. So much may be said to be a commonplace of philosophical theology. And in the Kantian and post-Kantian philosophy of Germany, as is well known, the doctrine of a perceptive understanding or an intellectual intuition played an important part. But what lends importance to this fresh attempt to put a meaning into the phrase is the independence of the treatment—the way in which the idea is seen to grow organically out of the author's whole scheme of thought—and also the deliberate endeavour which is made really "to form the idea" of such an apprehension, even though only "in vague generality." But, ungracious return as it may seem for the metaphysical feast which Mr Bradley has spread, the objection must still be urged that this supra-relational reconciliation either remains, on the one hand, altogether a name for "we know not what," or, on the other hand, if we press the analogy of feeling

as Mr Bradley frequently does, and endeavour to construct, even in vague generality, the nature of the absolute experience, the conviction is forced upon us that this Absolute excludes contradiction, only because it excludes all variety and difference. In the former case, the diversity is acknowledged, but no light is thrown upon the problem of combining Many in One without contradiction. "In the end," says Mr Bradley, "the whole diversity must be attributed as adjectives to a unity which is not known" (p. 469). Our assertion of a unity becomes thus no more than an expression of the faith that with God all things are possible. In the latter case, finite existence is an illusion, which ceases when the standpoint of the Absolute is reached. Finite existence is said to be harmonised, or, in Mr Bradley's favourite expression, "transmuted" in the Absolute; but for transmuted, we also find such sinister synonyms as "suppressed," "dissolved," "lost." In one place, "transmuted and destroyed" are expressly coupled; while, in another, we are told that the "process of correction" which finite existence undergoes in the Absolute may "entirely dissipate its nature."

Of course, Mr Bradley protests in numerous passages against this interpretation of his Absolute as a blank or undifferentiated unity, like Spinoza's Substance or Schelling's Neutrum, the night in which all cows are black. No doubt it is true that he does not *mean* simply to "merge" or "fuse" all distinctions in an undistinguishable mass, but somehow to retain them, in a richer form, in a single concrete experience. I will go further, and say that one whole line of Mr Bradley's thought—the line in which he stands nearest to Hegel—leads him to emphasise the function of difference and the permanence of distinctions even within the Absolute. But that line of thought is more than neutralised by the Spinozistic or

Schellingian tendency which we are at present considering. The best of intentions cannot avail him, therefore, against the manifest destiny of this way of thinking.

In the very title of his book, Mr Bradley seems to me to have started upon the road which leads to this goal, for "appearance" is certainly, on the whole, a term of condemnation; and, as we have seen, it is frequently qualified throughout the first book, and also in the second, as "mere appearance," and even as "illusion." Appearance, therefore, takes on, whether we will or no, the sense of illusory or unreal.

And it is to be observed that Mr Bradley is consistent, to the end, in his refusal to tolerate difference. The distinction of subject and predicate remains to him a contradiction, an imperfection, and consequently must disappear in the Absolute; and, with it, the distinction of subject and object from which it is derived. And that the last vestige of difference may be seen to disappear from the pure æther of "all-pervasive transfusion," we have the position pushed to its most quixotic length in the sections of the concluding chapter, which reminds us that "not even absolute truth is quite true." It is not true for the extraordinary reason that it is only true *of* reality, it is not itself reality. The fatal "difference between subject and predicate" remains, and therefore "even absolute truth in the end seems thus to turn out erroneous!" I cannot but think that speculation is here upon an entirely false track. What Mr Bradley really means, I suppose, is to renew his famous, and in my view important, protest against the identification of reality with "an unearthly ballet of bloodless categories." He is arguing against the tendency, observable in some representatives of Hegelian thought, to overstate the position and function of knowledge. Because knowledge (especially in its highest form as philosophy) is in its own sphere, as Mr

Bradley puts it, "utterly all-inclusive"—that is, because knowledge, if perfect, may be said ideally to grasp or include every aspect of reality—these thinkers speak as if such knowledge *were* the reality "bodily," as if the universe were nothing but an intellectual process, a species of dialectic. Against this tendency Mr Bradley rightly urges, that "truth" or perfect knowledge is only one aspect of the universe or of experience. "The universe is not known, and it never, as a whole, can be known, in such a sense that knowledge would be the same as experience or reality" (p. 547). "This general character of reality is not reality itself" (p. 547). Truth is not *intellectually* defective or limited, for the idea of an unknowable may easily be shown to be self-contradictory; it is not, therefore, "intellectually corrigible"—"it cannot be intellectually transcended." Still there are other aspects of experience besides the intellectual, and if we are to have reality "bodily," we must "take in the remaining aspects of experience." But this sound and valuable contention is surely presented in a misleading form, when Mr Bradley talks of an "internal discrepancy" which belongs to truth's proper character, and represents truth as achieving its consummation "in passing beyond itself, and in abolishing the difference between the subject and predicate" (p. 547). For "in this passage the proper nature of truth is, of course, transformed and perishes." But this extinction of difference throws us back at once on the distinctionless supra-essential One of mysticism, in which all "details are utterly pervaded and embraced." The collapse of the distinction between subject and predicate (or subject and object) means, however, the extinction of self-consciousness altogether, and throws us back upon the state of dull, diffused feeling, which we supposed to be asymptotically approached in the lowest organisms, and from which (in the same asymptotic fashion) we are

accustomed to derive the beginnings of conscious life. Here, therefore, extremes would meet with a vengeance, and the highest become interchangeable with the lowest.

Dissatisfaction with the form of knowledge as such seems to me, I must confess, chimerical; and I am sure that repudiation of it leads not to any higher unity, but to the pit of undifferentiated substance out of which Hegel dug philosophy. And I venture to add that this is verified in Mr Bradley's own case. On this whole side of his thought he seems to me to reproduce in essence, and often almost in expression, the Spinozistic doctrine of "imagination," which reduces finite existence to a species of illusion. No doubt there were two tendencies at strife in Spinoza also. But his dominant thought is, "all determination is negation"; and therefore all determinations are devoured, like clouds before the sun, in the white light of the *unica substantia*. But if finite experience is illusory, and its distinctions simply disappear, then, of necessity, the unity which we reach by the denial of these distinctions is quite characterless; we have illusion on the one side, and, as the counter-stroke, nonentity on the other. For does not Erigena tell us at the end of a similar line of thought, "*Deus propter excellentiam non immerito nihil vocatur*"?—a phrase the piety of which seems to me with difficulty to conceal its humour.

Mr Bradley displays an extraordinary fertility in metaphors to describe the consummation of finite appearance in the Absolute; but the nature of these metaphors involuntarily confirms the view of his Absolute which we have already arrived at on general principles. Appearances are merged, fused, blended, absorbed, run together, dissolved in a higher unity, transformed, transmuted; but to transform is found to mean the same thing as to dissipate, and to transmute is to "destroy" or to "suppress." To "embrace" and "harmonise" self-consciousness by

transmuting and suppressing it as such (p. 183) recalls too vividly the Roman method of pacification: *ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.* And if Spinoza's Absolute has been called a lion's den, the description is at least as applicable to Mr Bradley's. "All the content, which the struggle has generated, is brought home and is laid to rest undiminished in the perfect" (p. 244). Does not this suggest the stillness of the grave? Or when we are told that "the finites blend and are resolved" (p. 429); that "every finite diversity is supplemented and transformed; its private character remains and is but neutralised by complement and addition;" does it not seem like saying "yes" and "no" in the same breath? How can a private character remain, if it is neutralised? *Plus* and *minus* are equivalent to nothing; our result is a blank Schellingian Neutrum. And Mr Bradley's statement, that "the theoretic object moves towards a consummation in which all distinction and all ideality must be suppressed," is almost verbally identical with Schelling's account of the ultimate goal of the finite Ego.

> The ultimate goal of the finite Ego is enlargement of its sphere till the attainment of identity with the infinite Ego. But the infinite Ego knows no object, and possesses, therefore, no consciousness or unity of consciousness, such as we mean by personality. Consequently, the ultimate goal of all endeavour may also be represented as enlargement of the personality to infinity—that is to say, as its annihilation. The ultimate goal of the finite Ego, and not only of it but also of the Non-Ego—the final goal, therefore, of the world—is its annihilation as a world.[1]

The coincidence seems worth noting, because it indicates that both thinkers are haunted by the same ideal, the ideal against which Hegel protests.

[1] Vom Ich als Princip der Philosophie, § 14.

So, again, when talking of the finite self, Mr Bradley uses a metaphor which, though he excuses its "miserable inaccuracy," I cannot help regarding as exceedingly significant in this connection. "Because I cannot spread out my window until all is transparent, and *all windows disappear*, this does not justify me in insisting on my window-frame's rigidity. For that frame has, as such, no existence in reality, but only in our impotence" (p. 253). This seems to me as exact a reproduction as can well be imagined of the Spinozistic doctrine of *imaginatio*. The window-frames of the self disappear or melt away, because in reality they do not exist at all; it is our impotence which causes us to imagine this severance from others and from the source of all. According to the metaphor by which Erdmann illustrates Spinoza's system, wipe out from any spatial surface the lines which mark it off into distinct figures, and pure or empty space remains. Abolish, in like manner, all window-frames, and "limited transparencies" disappear, as Mr Bradley puts it, in "an all-embracing clearness." But, as we know, the distinction of subject and object has disappeared with the other distinctions of finite appearance; and the clearness, therefore, is not a vision seen by any self. It is the viewless unity of the absolutely infinite Substance.

On whatever line of metaphor or analogy we follow Mr Bradley, the same result is arrived at — the same inherent tendency of his thought is revealed. This is curiously seen in his recurring illustration from Love. Thought, he says, desires "a consummation in which it is lost." And he adds, by way of establishing such a possibility, "does not the river run into the sea and the self lose itself in love?" (p. 173.) The river does run into the sea, but so far is the self from losing itself in love, that it may be said therein to attain to its intensest realisation — not realisation in Mr Bradley's equi-

vocal sense of "disappearing" or "ceasing," but realisation in the sense of intensest life and enjoyment in that particular finite centre. So, again, Mr Bradley tells us (p. 182) that, in feeling, thought, or volition, the one reality is present in a "form which does not satisfy." "In each it longs for that absolute self-fruition which comes only when the self bursts its limits and blends with another finite self." But the self never "bursts" and "blends" in the way suggested. In all enjoyment, in all fruition, there is the return of the self upon itself, without which consciousness would be impossible. What is meant by a *self*-fruition, in which the self disappears? I do not mean to deny that in extreme sensual passion, and in the curiously allied mystical straining to swoon, as it were, into Deity, this self-deception is observable as to the goal pursued. But I assert that, in both cases, the desire is self-contradictory; for of love, whether sexual or divine, the poet's words (in another sense) are true, that its dearest bond is "like in difference." If difference could be abolished, whether as regards two human beings or as regards a finite individual and its creative source, "sweet love were slain"—its very conditions would be destroyed. Consciousness itself would be abolished, existence would collapse into nothingness.

We come back, therefore, to our main contention. There is no contradiction in the form of knowledge as such, nor in finite experience merely on the ground that it is in this form. On the contrary, knowledge is rather, as Hegel said, the absolute relation; and all speculation which proceeds by repudiation of this form is found historically to lead straight to the "abyss" of the older mystics. Mr Bradley's speculation simply repeats this lesson. Clearly the finite is, in Mr Bradley's phrase, essentially self-transcendent. That is as much as to say, more simply, that our experience is *fragmentary;* and however much we

enlarge it, it still remains fragmentary. On all sides it seems to stretch infinitely beyond itself. Knowledge, it cannot be denied, is in our experience an infinite progress; and if to have this character is to be contradictory, then the charge must be freely admitted. But it does not seem as if this defect—this contradiction—were inherent in the form of knowledge as such (the form of subject-object, unity in difference); the cause lies rather in our finite position, as that is determined in time and space. We work along infinite radii from an individual locus, but we cannot actually transport ourselves, as it were, to the central hearth of the universe, from which we conceive that all may possibly be seen resumed into unity as a harmonious system. For an intelligence occupying that standpoint, the contradictions of finite experience might possibly disappear, without any abandonment of the form of knowledge. But what is quite plain is, that *we* cannot by any possibility conceive the nature of that insight. We cannot step out of the infinite progress ourselves. So it is that in Spinoza's system the two sides are never brought together. We may transcend "imagination," and refuse to take facts in isolation; we may trace out endlessly the dependence of any given fact upon the infinite series of its determining causes (nay, upon an infinite number of such converging series), but we never reach the absolute Substance, the immanent cause of the whole. So from the other side there is no process of self-determination by which we can pass from Substance to its infinite attributes, or from any attribute to its particular finite modes. If we could really contemplate existence from the point of view of the Absolute, doubtless the derivation of the finite world might not be so inexplicable; but we never do reach that specular mount. When we attempt to assume such a standpoint, the result is, as with Spinoza, simply emptiness. Abstracting from the finite, we have

nothing left within our grasp. So it is again with Schelling; and the side of Mr Bradley's thought which we have been considering verifies this experience afresh.

Moreover, an analysis of the arguments by which Mr Bradley reaches his Absolute throws, I think, an instructive light upon its nature, and upon the value which the result can have for us. The Absolute is a high-sounding title, and rouses proportionate expectations. Let us inquire whether these are satisfied; let us ask ourselves precisely how much Mr Bradley's arguments suffice to establish. "Reality," he says, "must be a single whole." "The character of the real is to possess everything phenomenal in a harmonious form." Absolute Reality, therefore, "embraces all differences in an inclusive harmony" (pp. 140, 143). "The standard" is always "the same," and it is applied always under the double form of inclusiveness and harmony" (p. 371). Now if this is advanced as a definition of what the Absolute must be, it is obviously a true, though not an exhaustive, definition. Taken as implying the existence of the Absolute, it might also be accepted as the expression of an inextinguishable metaphysical faith. But when the Absolute in this sense is thrust upon us as "indubitably real," something which it is actually impossible to doubt, the very excess of protestation awakens suspicion as to how much the harmony and all-inclusiveness imply. And upon scrutiny, it seems to me, I must confess that the assertion resolves itself into something very like an identical proposition. The mere consideration, it might be urged, that the universe exists—that Being is—proves that it is in some sense a harmony. All its aspects co-exist, and the business of the universe goes on. Then, as to the systematic unity of the real, I doubt much, here too, whether what is really proved is not unduly magnified by the nature of the terms employed. Mr

Bradley successfully disposes of the idea of a plurality of reals; for each real would in that case be a universe by itself, or rather a bare unqualified point, and plurality could never emerge. The mere co-existence of objects in Knowledge—the fact that we are able to pass from one object to another—is sufficient proof that they are not absolutely independent reals, but exist as parts of one universe—that is, exist, in some sense, together. To suppose anything else would be to imagine the continuity of existence to come, as it were, suddenly to a stop *in mediis rebus*. But does the postulate that the universe is one, in this sense, carry us beyond the fact which it explains or names, the fact that we *are* able to pass indefinitely from one fact to other facts, reducing them to law as we proceed? Does it carry us beyond the infinite progress of finite knowledge, and give us any real idea of an experience which resumes the life of all the worlds in a central or focal unity? I do not see that it does. Yet unity, harmony, system, must mean more than the almost tautologous result we have just considered, if their presence or absence is to be of any vital concern to men.

But it will be said that these formal and abstract criteria must be supplemented by the further principle that reality, existence of any kind, is one with "sentience" or "sentient experience." Even if this be granted, however, I do not see that Mr Bradley's criteria enable us to pass from an aggregate of experience to "one comprehensive sentience" or "total experience" (elsewhere spoken of as "an absolute intuition," "an individual intuition") in the sense of a living, or, if I may so express myself again, a focal unity. They do not guarantee unity or harmony, except in the abstract and tautological sense already considered; and the fact that all the varieties of sentient experience coexist somehow, and are therefore compatible—resulting even in a

balance of pleasure on the whole—is by no means equivalent to the assertion of a single Being by whom these experiences are felt as a whole, and who enjoys the balance of pleasure which, when "neutralised," "complemented," and "blended," they may be supposed to yield. The notion of a single life, in which and for which the experiences are organically related and unified, is derived by Mr Bradley not from his criteria, but from the nature of the self; although, strangely enough, in the sections of his book devoted to the self he does his best to disintegrate it into a mere aggregate. To extend the analogy of the self to the Absolute is probably inevitable, and I am far from objecting to it; although, in the form in which Mr Bradley presents the idea, it seems to come dangerously near to the crude conception of a *Weltseele*, or soul of the world—a fused aggregate or mass of sentience. As a speculation, however, that might pass, criticism in detail being reserved. But what I cannot see is, how Mr Bradley can claim the result as the immediate consequence of his criteria, and how he can speak of it as absolutely "certain" and "indubitably real."

This claim is repeatedly made by Mr Bradley, in a piece of reasoning which is sufficiently remarkable to challenge examination. The argument is introduced a great many times, almost in the same words, as finally closing discussion; and evidently great stress is laid upon it. Curtly stated it is this—"what is *possible* and what a general principle compels us to say *must be*, that certainly *is*" (p. 196); or still more shortly, "what *may* be, if it also *must* be, assuredly *is*" (p. 199).[1] "Here, as before, possibility is all we require to prove reality" (p. 218). The first of these passages is the concluding sentence of the chapter on "Error"; the second occurs in the chapter which follows on "Evil"; and the third

[1] The italics in these two quotations are Mr Bradley's.

in the chapter on "Temporal and Spatial Appearance." In the next chapter (chap. xix.), on "The This and the Mine," the argument is again repeated in exactly the same way, to clinch Mr Bradley's position: "This consummation evidently is real, because on our principle it is necessary, and because again we have no reason to doubt that it is possible" (p. 227). These four chapters deal with recalcitrant facts or aspects of experience, which an opponent might advance as inconsistent with the view of the Absolute just expounded. In them, it must be said that Mr Bradley treats the difficulties in question somewhat lightly. He expressly repudiates the design of "showing how" the facts are reconciled in the Absolute, and limits himself to the suggestion of possibilities—which he seems sometimes not to take very seriously himself. Having done so, he turns upon us with the assertion that the abstract possibility is enough, for we have behind us the general principle of a "must." The Absolute *must* be all-inclusive and harmonious; there is nothing about which we cannot say that possibly it *may* be included in the Absolute; therefore everything *is* included in the Absolute. I cannot see that there is any real advance in the argument here. Unless we can "show how"—*i.e.*, give some reasonable theory of the relation of these aspects to the Absolute—we may as well remain content with the first step: the Absolute *must* be all-inclusive and harmonious, though we are quite unable to see how. How far we are from being able to see how, may be exemplified from a passage in Mr Bradley's treatment of evil:—

> Our old principle may still serve to remove this objection. The collision and the strife *may* be an element in some fuller realisation. Just as in a machine the resistance and pressure of the parts subserves an end beyond any of them, if regarded by itself—so at a much higher level it *may be* with the

Absolute. Not only the collision but that specific feeling, by which it is accompanied and aggravated, *can be* taken up into an all-inclusive perfection. *We do not know how this is done*, and ingenious metaphors (if we could find them) would not serve to explain it. . . . Such a perfect way of existence *would*, however, reconcile our jarring discords; and I do not see how we can deny that *such a harmony is possible* (p. 203).

This language is surely far more suggestive of pious hope than of philosophic insight; and yet Mr Bradley proceeds in the very next sentence to conclude, "But if possible, then, as before, it is indubitably real." The reference here—and repeatedly—to "our old principle" recalls us, however, to the precise meaning which we found that principle must bear. It is simply the principle that reality must be one. "It must be single, because plurality contradicts itself" (p. 519). "Reality is one system, which contains in itself all experience" (p. 536). "It must include and must harmonise every possible fragment of experience" (p. 548). These statements, taken from the recapitulary and concluding chapters of the volume, prove afresh that the general principle, on which the whole is founded, is so extremely general as to be of no avail in "harmonising" experience in any vital sense. The "conclusion is certain, and to doubt it logically is impossible" (p. 518); but it is the perfectly abstract conclusion or assumption already discussed, that existence is in some sense one, and does not fundamentally contradict itself, inasmuch as we see that "birth proceeds and things subsist." We are forced, therefore, to conclude that this argument, from necessity through possibility to reality, is more specious than sound, seeing that it passes from a unity and harmony which, as necessary, are purely abstract, to a unity and harmony which, as real, are understood to imply the concrete "perfection" of a single Being, and to include the "consummation"

of "the main tendencies of our nature" (p. 148). It is, to all intents and purposes, an argument based on our ignorance of the possibilities, coupled with the general conviction that things must get along together somehow; since it is plain that existent fact contains all opposites within itself, and still exists. This is certainly "a faith as vague as all unsweet"; but I greatly fear that all conclusions about the universe which it is logically impossible to doubt will be found, on examination, to partake of a similar tautology, and to be of no more real value in proving the universe a harmonious and perfect system.

Lest I should seem to exaggerate the vagueness of the result, I will add here a few quotations from Mr Bradley's Second Book, a selection from a larger anthology. These passages seem to me to bear out the contention that, instead of solving the contradictions of the First Book, the Second Book is mainly devoted to "laying them to rest in the Absolute" with a large draft upon our metaphysical faith. "*Somehow* an identical self must be real," said Mr Bradley in Book I., "but then the question is *how?*" And accordingly the identical self was curtly dismissed, as riddled with contradictions. But "somehow" is the very word which has inscribed itself on page after page of Book II., with an almost pathetic frequency of repetition. Or, if the word itself does not occur, there is the admission that "we do not know how" the reconciliation is effected; but still "we may be sure" that the reconciliation is a fact.

We may say that everything, which appears, is *somehow* real in such a way as to be self-consistent (p. 140).

The bewildering mass of phenomenal diversity must hence *somehow* be at unity and self-consistent (p. 140).

We know what is meant by an experience, which embraces all divisions, and yet *somehow* possesses the direct nature of feeling (p. 160).

If we can realise at all the general features of the Absolute, if we can see that *somehow* they come together in a way known vaguely and in the abstract, our result is certain (p. 160).

We cannot understand how in the Absolute a rich harmony embraces every special discord. But, on the other hand, *we may be sure* that this result is reached (p. 192).

As with error, even our one-sidedness, our insistence and our disappointment, *may somehow* all subserve a harmony and go to perfect it (p. 201.)

Then follows the significant passage already quoted as to the possibility of collision and strife being an element in some fuller realisation:—

We do not know how this is done. Such a perfect way of existence *would*, however, reconcile our jarring discords (p. 202).

All differences, we have urged repeatedly, come together in the Absolute. In this, *how we do not know*, all distinctions are fused, and all relations disappear (p. 203).

We do not know how all these partial unities come together in the Absolute, but *we may be sure* that the content of not one is obliterated (p. 204).

To explain time and space, in the sense of showing how such appearances come to be, and again, how, without contradiction, they can be real in the Absolute, is certainly not my object. Anything of the kind, I am sure, is impossible (p. 205).

Hence we are led to the conclusion that subject and predicate are identical, and that the separation and the change are only appearance. . . . They *somehow* are lost except as elements in a higher identity (p. 220).

The plurality of presentations is a fact, and it, therefore, makes a difference to our Absolute. . . . And the Universe is richer, *we may be sure*, for all dividedness and variety. Certainly in detail *we do not know how the separation is overcome*. . . . But our ignorance here is no ground for rational opposition. *Our principle assures us* that the Absolute is superior to partition, and *in some way* is perfected by it (p. 226).

The collision is resolved within that harmony where centre and circumference are one (p. 229).

We have no basis on which to doubt that all content comes together harmoniously in the Absolute. . . . All this detail is not made one in any way which we can verify. *That it is all reconciled we know, but how, in particular, is hid from us* (p. 239).

The Reality, therefore, must be One, not as excluding diversity, but as *somehow* including it in such a way as to transform its character (p. 241).

We laid stress [he says in his "Recapitulation" (p. 242)] on the fact that *the how was inexplicable.*

The material world is an incorrect, a one-sided, and self-contradictory appearance of the Real. . . . In other words it is a diversity which, as we regard it, is not real, but which *somehow*, in all its fulness, enters into and perfects the life of the Universe. But, *as to the manner in which it is included*, we are unable to say anything (p. 266).

Certainly, in the end, to know *how* the one and the many are united is beyond our power. *But in the Absolute somehow, we are convinced, the problem is solved* (p. 281).

How these various modes come together into a single unity *must remain unintelligible* (p. 457).

We have seen that the various aspects of experience imply one another, and that all point to a unity which comprehends and perfects them. And I would urge next, that the unity of these aspects is unknown. By this I certainly do not mean to deny that it essentially is experience, but it is an experience of which, as such, we have no direct knowledge. . . . *In the end the whole diversity must be attributed as adjectives to a unity which is not known* (pp. 468, 469).

Mr Bradley's candour in this array of passages is obviously beyond all praise, but they surely amount precisely to the assurances of the mystic choir at the end of 'Faust': "*Das Unzulängliche, hier wird's Ereigniss; Das Unbeschreibliche, hier ist es gethan.*" Or in plain prose, so far as the result is metaphysically certain, it seems too vague to be of use; where it offers itself as more, it re-

mains the expression of a deep-seated faith, whose roots are ethico-religious and æsthetical rather than purely intellectual.

II.

That brings us, however, to an important turning-point in our investigation. It has been hinted more than once that Mr Bradley's volume seems the product of two conflicting tendencies or lines of thought. The first of these, the Spinozistic or Schellingian tendency, which is, on the whole, predominant, has been criticised in the preceding pages. It shapes, perhaps unconsciously, the general view of the Absolute. In his second line of thought, Mr Bradley stands much more closely under the influence of Hegel. I propose, in what follows, to examine this second line of thought, and to consider the relation of Mr Bradley's theory as a whole to the Hegelian philosophy, and also to the limitations of human knowledge.

The Spinozistic tendency, I have said, is, on the whole, the predominant tendency; but the second line of thought appears in some important chapters, and also in the author's statement, towards the close, of the purpose he had in view in writing the book. The chapter which seems to me most fully to represent the second point of view is that on "Degrees of Truth and Reality." According to the Spinozistic view, appearance is throughout illusion; and the nature of the Absolute is to be reached by passing beyond appearances to a wholly different mode of being. But this Being, above or behind appearances, we naturally find to be entirely predicateless, for in abstracting from appearance we cut ourselves off from all positive knowledge. According to the second view, which I have called for convenience the Hegelian, appearances are not con-

trasted in a body with the Absolute, and branded as untrue or illusory; on the contrary, it is recognised that, except in the world of appearances, we have, and can have, no clue to the nature of the Absolute. Attention is concentrated, therefore, in Hegelianism upon the world of appearances, with the result that this world is shown to be a graded or hierarchical system. In this system as a whole, the Absolute is said to be realised or revealed. But appearances only become a safe guide, when regard is had to the systematic or hierarchical character of the revelation.

This doctrine of degrees belongs unquestionably to the abiding essence of the Hegelian philosophy; and, although we have seen that Mr Bradley's speculations often convey another impression, it would appear from his account of the purpose of his volume (given in the concluding paragraphs) that this is the lesson his pages were meant to enforce. The immense importance of the Hegelian position, as against a twofold error, could not in fact be more forcibly put than is done by Mr Bradley in these sentences:—

> It is a simple matter to conclude . . . that the Real sits apart, that it keeps state by itself and does not descend into phenomena. Or it is as cheap, again, to take up another side of the same error. The Reality is viewed, perhaps, as immanent in all its appearances, in such a way that it is, alike and equally, present in all.[1] Everything is so worthless on one hand, so divine on the other, that nothing can be viler or can be more sublime than anything else. It is against both sides of this mistake, it is against this empty transcendence and this shallow Pantheism, that our pages may be called one sustained polemic. The positive relation of every appearance as an adjective to Reality; and the presence of Reality among its appearances in different degrees and with diverse values—this double truth we have found to be the centre of philosophy (p. 551).

[1] "As full, as perfect in a hair as heart," according to a line which Hegelian writers are fond of putting in the pillory.

This view is most consistently maintained, as I have indicated, in the chapter on "Degrees of Truth and Reality" (chapter xxiv.), and those that follow. It is recognised as the ideal of a system of metaphysics "to show how the world, physical and spiritual, realises by various stages and degrees the one absolute principle" (p. 359). In another place he sketches the task of a "philosophy of Nature" thus:—

> All appearances for metaphysics have degrees of reality. We have an idea of perfection or of individuality; and, as we find that any form of existence more completely realises this idea, we assign to it its position in the scale of being. And in this scale (as we have seen) the lower, as its defects are made good, passes beyond itself into the higher. The end, or the absolute individuality, is also the principle. Present from the first, it supplies the test of its inferior stages, and, as these are included in fuller wholes, the principle grows in reality. Metaphysics, in short, can assign a meaning to perfection and progress—

though, as he immediately explains, there would, in setting out the various kinds of material phenomena "in an order of merit," be no reference to the scientific questions of genesis and progress in time.

> In a complete philosophy [he proceeds] the whole world of appearance would be set out as a progress. It would show a development of principle, though not a succession in time. . . . On this scale pure Spirit would mark the extreme most removed from lifeless Nature. And, at each rising degree of this scale, we should find more of the first character with less of the second. The ideal of spirit, we may say, is directly opposed to mechanism. Spirit is a unity of the manifold in which the externality of the manifold has utterly ceased (pp. 497, 498).

And in the opening of the final chapter he returns to emphasise this hierarchical aspect of appearances: "In the end no appearance, as such, can be real. But appear-

ances fail of reality in varying degrees; and to assert that one on the whole is worth no more than another, is fundamentally vicious" (p. 511).

Yet, all through these chapters too, Mr Bradley is still bent upon reaching an esoteric existence of the Absolute, *as such*, in contradistinction to its existence in the system of its appearances. And if this quest does not lead him exactly to an "empty transcendence," it lands him in an abyss of Brahmanic indifference, which threatens to throw us back into the "shallow Pantheism" from which the doctrine of degrees was to deliver us. It prompts him to a series of utterances which, though the qualification of an "as such" may save them from the charge of direct verbal contradiction, are still the expression of two opposite philosophies. Thus, when he tells us (p. 486) with the aid of italics, "The Absolute *is* its appearances," and again, with the same aid (on p. 411), "The Absolute is *not* its appearances," he may perhaps claim with some reason to be enunciating two complementary half-truths. But when he declares emphatically in an eloquent passage (p. 550)—

> There is no reality anywhere except in appearance, and in our appearance we can discover the main nature of reality. . . . It is, really and indeed, this general character of the very universe itself which distinguishes for us the relative worth of appearances. . . . Higher, truer, more beautiful, better and more real—these, on the whole, count in the universe as they count for us—

or, again (p. 430), "Whether anything is better or worse does without doubt make a difference to the Absolute; and certainly the better anything is, the less totally in the end is its being overruled"; and when he yet says, at other times, that "The Absolute is perfect in all its details, it is equally true and good throughout" (p. 401);

that, "viewed in relation to the Absolute, there is nothing either good or bad, there is not anything better or worse" (p. 411); that "we may even say that every feature in the universe is absolutely good" (p. 412)—the burden of the contradiction threatens to become excessive. We feel that we are losing our hold upon the first view altogether, and drifting back into the gulf of absolute indifference which the poets of mysticism, Eastern and Western, have hymned. The passages last quoted all occur, it is perhaps worth noting, in the chapter on Goodness, in which Mr Bradley's zeal against what he calls "the common prejudice in favour of the ultimate truth of morality or religion" is perhaps not untinctured by counter-prejudice. His anxiety to expose what he quaintly calls "the radical vice of all goodness" betrays him into expressions which seem to take all vital meaning out of his first set of phrases, and make the doctrine of degrees itself an illusion, instead of reflecting, as he says elsewhere, "the essential nature of the world." The essential nature of the world for metaphysics turns out once more to be the identity in which all distinctions vanish—to which all things, therefore, are the same. This is brought out, with almost startling distinctness, in the description in this chapter of the kind of consummation which the finite attains in the Absolute:—

> In the Absolute everything finite attains the perfection which it seeks; but, upon the other hand, it cannot gain perfection precisely as it seeks it. For, as we have seen throughout, the finite is more or less transmuted, and, as such, *disappears in being accomplished.* This common destiny is assuredly the end of the Good. The ends sought by self-assertion and self-sacrifice are, each alike, unattainable. The individual never can in himself become a harmonious system. . . . *In the complete gift and dissipation of his personality,* HE, as such, must vanish; and, with that, the Good is, as such, transcended and submerged. . . . Most

emphatically no self-assertion nor any self-sacrifice, nor any goodness or morality, has, as such, any reality in the Absolute (pp. 419, 420).[1]

Comment would but weaken the audacious irony of phrases which make accomplishment tantamount to disappearance, and interpret the "gift" of personality as meaning the "dissipation" of the personality in question. But it is plain that, if every aspect of finite existence—if all appearances, even the highest—cease or disappear, "as such," in the Absolute, and we have no knowledge whatever of the Absolute as such, in which it is said to be preserved ("transmuted," "merged and recomposed," p. 306), then surely the Absolute is for us, in the Kantian phrase, as good as nothing at all. To say we know that it is experience, when it is not like any experience that we know, does not seem greatly helpful. Mr Bradley tells us himself that "an absolute experience for us, emphatically, could be nothing" (p. 550); and again he says more explicitly in a passage which has been already quoted: "The unity of these aspects is unknown. By this I certainly do not mean to deny that it essentially is experience, but it is an experience of which, as such, we can have no direct knowledge. . . . *In the end the whole diversity must be attributed as adjectives to a unity which is not known*" (pp. 468, 469).

The last passage certainly carries us very near the perilous verge of Agnosticism, if indeed it does not take us well over it. What becomes of the sustained polemic against "empty transcendence" (of which Agnosticism is the most accentuated expression) if we are forced to admit

[1] In this short passage it will be observed the phrase "as such" occurs no fewer than four times; it would be interesting to calculate how often it occurs in the course of Mr Bradley's volume. It exactly corresponds to Spinoza's *quatenus*, which has been described as the magic formula which makes all things possible in his system.

that, though the Absolute engulfs, and in engulfing harmonises, all we know, it is itself not known? We have no reason to suspect either the good faith or the accuracy of the account which Mr Bradley gives of the purpose of his book. Much of the polemic of the latter part of the book *is* directed against empty transcendence and shallow Pantheism; and when this polemic is going on, and Mr Bradley is insisting that the Absolute *is* its appearance ("there is no reality at all anywhere except in appearance," p. 550), then he is also found teaching the doctrine of degrees, and insisting that our scale of worth discovers to us the main nature of reality. But when he is engaged in his favourite occupation of dissolving finite experience in contradictions, and insisting that the Absolute is *not* its appearances, the other half-truth seems entirely forgotten. In discarding appearance, he falls back himself into an empty transcendence which, by the very energy with which it repudiates all the distinctions of finite existence, reduces all the aspects of experience to a dead level of indifference, and thus strikes round once more into that shallow Pantheism, from which we were promised a deliverance—the Pantheism to which "nothing can be viler or can be more sublime than anything else." For empty transcendence and shallow Pantheism are two sides of the same mistake, and although Mr Bradley makes a strenuous effort, in his second or Hegelian line of thought, to combat and disavow the error, he cannot cut himself loose from the implications of his Spinozistic logic. The result is, that what I have called the Hegelian passages have the air of being more or less inconsequent disclaimers in a book which, as a whole, expresses an essentially Brahmanic attitude of mind.

Nevertheless, Mr Bradley seems to me to have rendered a very important service to philosophy in this book. I

will endeavour shortly to indicate what I consider that service to be. Mr Bradley has attempted to supplement Hegel, or to make an advance upon Hegel, in one important particular. Hegel's philosophy is notoriously a philosophy of immanence, and a vindication of the validity of knowledge. Its polemical emphasis is directed against the agnostic relativism of the Kantian "Critique," with its doctrine of the thing-in-itself, and against the easy mysticism of the Schellingian *Identitätsphilosophie*, which are both expressions, in different directions, of an empty transcendence. By exposing the impossible nature of the ideals which underlie these doctrines, and vindicating the omnipresence of difference, as woven into the very fibre of existence, Hegel closed one long chapter of philosophical thought—although his results in this respect may doubtless not have been assimilated, even yet, by many of our popular leaders of opinion. But in reaction against this error, Hegel's gift of forcible statement led him into expressions which seem to imply a no less questionable extreme. In preaching the truth that the nature of the Absolute is revealed in the world of its appearances, not craftily concealed behind them, he seems to pass to a sheer identification of the two. Now it is unquestionably true that the two aspects must be everywhere combined: an Absolute which does not appear or reveal itself, and an appearance without something which appears, are correlative abstractions. But that is not tantamount to saying that the appearance of the Absolute *to itself* is identical with the appearance which the world presents to the Hegelian philosopher. Hegel, however, tends to put the philosopher in the place of Deity, and literally to identify the history of humanity with the development of the Absolute. It was this aspect of the Hegelian system which called forth Lotze's sarcastic reference to the dialectical idyll of an Absolute whose spiritual evolution

was confined to the shores of the Mediterranean. I do not think the presence of this tendency in Hegel can fairly be denied. It is an overstatement, as I hold, and as I may partly be able to show, of a great truth; but, to my mind, the deification of humanity only requires to be clearly stated in order to condemn itself. This aspect of the Hegelian system found an inadequate counterpoise in the logical dialectic of the categories, from which standpoint the time-process is reduced to a projection of thought-distinctions in a series of dissolving views, and the ultimate reality of existence seems to be placed in a timeless system of abstract conceptions. The logical strain in Hegelianism had been showing some signs of vitality in England, when Mr Bradley, in his 'Principles of Logic' (1883), uttered his memorable protest against the reduction of the universe to an "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories." Since then, it may be said to have fallen into the background, much as it did in Germany, and the school has mainly devoted itself to the historical development of God. Sometimes this is done, as it is by Hegel himself, with an attempt, either unconscious or deliberate, to keep out of view the ultimate implications of the position, as bearing on the doctrine of the being and nature of God. At other times, the identification of man with God is made with an undercurrent of negative polemic, resulting in a phase of thought which may fairly be described as Hegelian positivism.

If I read Mr Bradley aright, he has clearly realised that neither of these positions can be entertained for a moment, as literal and ultimate truth. Life is more than logic, and God is more than man. The categories—that is to say, the structure of reason—may be said to constitute the essence of God, the ground-plan of the world; we can understand such a statement and recognise the truth it expresses. But "neither gods nor men are in very truth

logical categories." And again, God is in history without doubt; but yet we trust He has a richer outlook than He enjoys through any pair of human eyes. Realising, then, these twin defects of the Hegelian position, Mr Bradley, in this volume, has made a strenuous attempt to treat the life of the Absolute as a reality. With the instinct of the true thinker, he recalls us from a too narrow humanism to an insight into the vastness of the sustaining life that "operates unspent" throughout the universe. This insight is no doubt as simple as it is profound; and it is sufficiently strange that man should forget his position as a finite incident in the plan of things, and measure himself with the immeasurable Spirit of the Universe. Still the fact remains, that the most elementary truths are sometimes most easily forgotten, in the eagerness of a polemic against some particular error. We become so preoccupied with the ideas which we perceive to be true in that particular reference, as against the error we are combating, that we forget the essentially limited nature of the truth we are defending. We forget the limited sphere within which both affirmation and denial have relevancy. Indeed, we become so jealous on behalf of the truth for which we fight, that we cannot brook the least criticism upon it. We confound in a common condemnation the man who denies its legitimate truth, because he lags at the standpoint of exploded error, and the man who, having got beyond these controversial issues, calls attention to the modifications which the principle must submit to, before it can be advanced as the absolute verity.

Elemental, therefore, as the truth is, the stress which Mr Bradley lays, throughout his volume, upon the necessarily superhuman character of the Absolute—its inexpressible and incomprehensible transcendence of human conditions of being and thinking—is a salutary correction to a good deal of current speculation. After all, if it

comes to a question of reality, the Absolute is the great and only Reality. *We* have reality only within its all-comprehensive bounds. True, therefore, as it is, in the proper reference, to say that the Absolute realises itself in human self-consciousness, it becomes fundamentally absurd if the saying is taken to mean that the Absolute exists, so to speak, by the grace of man, and lives only in the breath of his nostrils. Is it not both absurd and blasphemous to suppose that the Power which cradles and encompasses all our lives is not itself a living fact, and that it is reserved for man to bring the Absolute, as it were, to the birth? A moment's reflection convinces us that it is so, and also that it must be essentially impossible for a finite being to realise the manner of that Absolute Life.

But Mr Bradley has not been content simply to restore to us this fundamental insight. He is a metaphysician, and his book, if not presenting a complete system of philosophy, yet contains a pretty definite theory of the Absolute. And the curious thing is that, based as it is upon an important truth, and aiming at correcting an undoubted defect in the Hegelian statement, the theory turns out to be further from the truth—turns out, at all events, to be more misleading—than the theory it attempts to improve. But I perhaps exaggerate the strangeness of the phenomenon, for the result is, in the circumstances, inevitable, as soon as we proceed to a constructive account of absolute experience. As water cannot rise higher than its source, so our speculative grasp cannot transcend the experience which is ours in this seed-plot of Time. The higher may comprehend the lower, but how shall the lower reach out to comprehend the higher? Denying, therefore, that the life of the Absolute can be construed in terms of our actual human experience, even in its highest reaches, Mr Bradley

is obliged, as we have seen, to fall back upon the analogy of a lower life, out of which our conscious experience seems to rise—the life of feeling.

It would be trite to dwell here on the ambiguities of the term "feeling" and the varieties of usage in its regard. It will be sufficient if we understand the meaning Mr Bradley intends to convey. Mere feeling, he would probably acknowledge, is a state which we never actually realise, though we seem to approximate to it at times, and conceive it to be approached asymptotically in the lowest forms of organic life. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that feeling, in Mr Bradley's usage, represents one feature—one fundamental aspect—of our actual experience. All our experience is rooted in the immediacy of perception; and feeling names this perceptual or immediate aspect, as opposed to the conceptual or abstract world, which we rear on the basis of inner or outer perception, and offer as its explanation or interpretation. I foresee the outcry that will be raised, in certain quarters, against this way of stating the fact, and I hasten to add that this in no way implies the separability of these two aspects in actual experience. Our actual perceptions are full of the distinctions of thought; a state of pure perception, entirely without the shaping presence of the conceptions of the understanding, can only be regarded as a *πρώτη ὕλη*, a vanishing-point or limitative conception, essentially unrealisable within experience. The notion from which empiricism started, that the object of perception is given, as we perceive it, without any activity of thought—the notion that thought simply analytically assorts the objects of which we thus passively become aware, doing them up into classes and discovering their laws of combination—this complete severance of perception from thought we are surely at liberty to treat nowadays as an exploded fiction. But

the amplest acknowledgment of the victory of transcendentalism in this controversy leaves the immediacy of perception untouched, and leaves the difference as wide as ever between the concrete world of fact, which reveals itself in perception (inner and outer), and the abstractions of conception as such.

Conception deals wholly with *abstracta*, with isolated aspects or points of view. Such are the discrete or abstract units which, from its very nature, it cannot fuse into continuity, and the multiplicities which it cannot resolve into unity. It can never, therefore, express the facts of experience as they exist; in trying to do so, it inevitably falls into contradictions or antinomies. It then proceeds, on the basis of its own impotence, to impeach our whole experience as contradictory, and no better than an illusion. But if its impotence is perfectly intelligible—is seen indeed to be inevitable—then experience itself can hardly be called unintelligible. It may be unintelligible in a technical use of the word,—in the sense that it cannot be reduced to, or exhaustively expressed in, the abstractions which the isolating touch of understanding frames. But this is merely to say that understanding is not itself life, but a useful instrument in the service of life. In the only reasonable sense of intelligibility, life or experience is itself the norm of intelligibility. We find united there all the aspects which, merely by detecting and naming them, understanding tends to fix in isolation and mutual repugnance. Take the typical instance of unity and multiplicity, which furnished forth Mr Bradley's whole First Book. The unity of the self and its states is the sufficient, and the only possible, answer to the so-called contradiction. True, you cannot *name* unity and multiplicity in the same indivisible moment of time; you must get your breath, as it were, after articulating the one, before you

go on to the other. And what applies to the articulation of the words applies to the mental thinking of the thoughts. If you think of the unity of the Self, you necessarily pause upon that aspect, before supplementing it by turning round the eye of the mind to the other aspect, multiplicity. In conception, the mind rolls a sun, as it were, from the one to the other, and so the two come to appear separate. Then dialectic supervenes and tells us that A is A, and, consequently, these two can never be brought together, whereas we have simply looked at one fact from two sides. That one fact—our own inmost experience—exhibits the two sides indissolubly united, and, accordingly, instead of calling this a contradiction, we adopt it as the norm of all our explanations.

All our experience, then, is rooted in the immediacy of perception, and experience, from the perceptive side, is a continuum to which we make distinctions. As we do not "make" them in an arbitrary sense, we may also be said to find them. They were not there, for us all we made them; but, in making them, we hold ourselves to be analysing more exactly what was implicit in the presentation from the first—to be acquiring, in short, a fuller and truer knowledge of the fact. The whole progress of knowledge appears, therefore, as the breaking up of what is given as a vague mass of feeling or undefined consciousness, which can hardly as yet be described even as general awareness. Inasmuch as this state is assumed to come in the experience of some individual creature, and to constitute the whole sense of the creature in question, it may be permissible to speak of it (with Mr Bradley) as an undifferentiated unity, an undivided whole. This inexhaustible background of "feeling" constitutes for us the tone of the world (including ourselves), and, in that sense, it is the ultimate subject of all predication; but, obviously, it is

only so far as it becomes determined or formed that we can say anything about it. In its character of unexhausted remainder, it is not anything we actually realise; it cannot itself be properly spoken of as experience, although it is that out of which all experience seems to arise. It is essentially a limitative conception, and, as such, it is the necessary implicate of our experience; but again, as such, it cannot be constructed within experience. We approach it *per viam negativam*, only approximating towards it by throwing out one determination after another; and, if we examine our supposed realisation, we find that we have merely thrown our negatives into a positive form.

But what is itself describable only by negatives, and what, if realisable, would mean a lapse into unconsciousness, cannot be expected to throw any valuable light upon the nature of an absolute experience. That experience, as we have seen, is to be a whole in which the distinctions elicited in the progress of knowledge are again to be merged in such a way that thought returns to the immediacy of feeling; but it is added that, "in that higher unity no fraction of anything is lost" (p. 182). We have already examined this notion, and come to the conclusion that, though Mr Bradley *says*, and is bound to say, that all the "richness," all the distinctions, of the world we know are somehow conserved for the Absolute, the main principle on which his criticism depends points directly to the collapse of all distinction whatever; and he seems himself continually impelled in that direction. Here we need only add that, if the utter unity of feeling, out of which our experience seems to take its rise, is an utter unity into which all distinctions collapse, and so a purely negative conception, it will be equally negative when transferred to the other end of the scale, and used to illustrate the

transcendent unity in which all the differences of finite experience are resolved. In short, in the one case as in the other, we are dealing with a limitative conception, which it is sheerly impossible for us positively to construct, or, in any true sense, to conceive. Our experience has the stamp of incompleteness upon it; it has the appearance of moving from an unknown source to an unknown goal. This incompleteness is expressed in the two limitative conceptions we have had before us, the unity below and the unity above experience, the extreme of mere sense and the extreme of omniscience. *Within* experience we may approximate to one extreme or the other, but any attempt positively to realise either leaves us baffled, with nothing in our grasp. Beyond experience, in short, all is and must be, for us, absolute emptiness; and whatever "sail-broad vans" we spread for flight, we drop at once plumb down, like Milton's Satan, in a vast vacuity.

It is impossible, therefore, to construct for ourselves, even in outline or vague generality, the nature of an absolute experience. Our general descriptions are seen, on examination, to be either purely formal, and as I have argued, identical propositions; or they are postulates of faith, realised, we believe, somehow, but always with this for an afterword, that the "how" is hidden from us. And this is so for the simplest of all reasons, because we are men and not God. We are ourselves immersed in the process of the universe. We can only live our own life, and see through our own eyes. If we could do more, that would mean that we ourselves had vanished from the universe; the place which had known us would know us no more, and there would be, as it were, a gap created in the tissue of the world.

Take the crucial case of time. "If time is not unreal," says Mr Bradley, "our Absolute is an illusion" (p. 206).

But, however "contradictory" we may find the infinite progress which time involves, can we even adumbrate to ourselves what "a timeless reality" would be? I am quite certain, for my own part, that the utmost we can attain is the idea of something permanent *in* time, lasting unchanged through time; but that leaves us with all the difficulties of the infinite series still on our hands. Mr Bradley's suggestion that there may be many time-series in the Absolute, unrelated to one another, seems to me to throw no light on the subject whatever. The notion of many "times" seems to me one of these empty possibilities—inconceivable verbal combinations—which Mr Bradley elsewhere, I think, discourages. All our notions of reality being drawn necessarily from our own experience, and all our experience being in time, a timeless reality remains for our minds as inconceivable as wooden iron. Besides, the difficulty of passing from the timed to the timeless remains just as great, whether the times be many or one.

Mr Bradley's attempt to determine the Absolute "as such"—*i.e.*, the Absolute as beyond or more than the process of human experience—has the unexpected result, therefore, which I indicated a few pages back. It proves an unexpected vindication of the real strength of the Hegelian position. The cloud of negations in which the attempt involves us, the abstract and empty character of the Absolute supposed to be reached, are a fresh and involuntary confirmation of Hegel's wisdom in refusing to step beyond the circle of knowledge and the process of history. I have said, and I repeat, that Hegel's identification of the Absolute with human experience is indefensible. Nevertheless, his refusal to seek the character of the Absolute elsewhere than in its appearances—*i.e.*, in human experience—was entirely justified. As we have no predicates save those drawn from this experience, the

attempt to determine the Absolute, so far as it is something more than this experience, necessarily throws us back upon the purely indeterminate, and we drift easily towards the doctrine of the Unknowable. Professor Royce has already accused Mr Bradley of this tendency.[1] The fruitfulness of Hegel's philosophy lay in his repudiation of this barren search. The real is revealed in its appearances, and is not to be sought behind or beyond them. Extension of experience will bring increased and deepened knowledge of the Absolute—

> "For all experience is an arch wherethrough
> Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move."

But as we shift our margin and enter that untravelled world, however far we go, the new is still an extension of the old on the same plane—the plane of finite experience—not a passage to another species of insight. Along with this resolute correlation of the real with its manifestations, there goes in Hegel the organisation of the phenomenal world itself. Relieved from an impossible quest, he devotes himself to the exposition of experience as the only possible revelation of the Absolute for us, and he finds it to be not an indifferent congeries, but a graded system. The significance of this doctrine of degrees I have already dwelt on, in commenting upon what seem to me two conflicting lines of thought in Mr Bradley's book. The result for Hegel of this doctrine, taken together with his fundamental correlation of the real with its manifestation, was, not unnaturally perhaps, a theory which identified, or seemed to identify, the Absolute with the culminating aspects of human experience in art, religion, the State, and

[1] Philosophical Review, vol. iii. p. 217.

philosophical system. The theory is false only so far as it is taken to confine the Spirit of the universe to these earthly tabernacles. So understood, it cabins the spirit of man within a narrow and self-sufficient positivism. It undermines the sentiment of reverence, and dulls our sense of the infinite greatness and the infinite mystery of the world. But it is profoundly true, so far as it asserts that, only by predicates drawn from these spheres, can we determine the Absolute at all, and that, moreover, such determination is substantially, though doubtless not literally, true:—

> "So weit das Ohr, so weit das Auge reicht,
> Du findest nur Bekanntes, das ihm gleicht,
> Und deines Geistes höchster Feuerflug
> Hat schon am Gleichniss, hat am Bild, genug."

The dangers that lurk in any attempt to determine the Absolute as such are well exemplified, I think, in the negations to which Mr Bradley is driven. Thus "morality cannot (as such) be ascribed to the "Absolute" (p. 197). "Goodness as such is but appearance, and is transcended in the Absolute" (p. 429). "Will cannot belong as such to the Absolute" (p. 413). In the Absolute even thought must "lose and transcend its proper self" (p. 182). "If the term 'personal' is to bear anything like its ordinary sense, then assuredly the Absolute is not merely personal" (p. 531). "The Absolute is not personal, nor is it moral, nor is it beautiful or true" (p. 533). What is the inevitable effect upon the mind of this cluster of negations? Surely it will be this: Either the Absolute will be regarded as a mere Unknowable with which we have no concern, or the denial of will, intellect, morality, personality, beauty, and truth will be taken to mean that the Absolute is a unity indifferent to these higher aspects of experience. It will

be regarded as non-moral and impersonal in the sense of being below these distinctions; and our Absolute will then remarkably resemble the soulless substance of the materialist. Nothing is more certain than that extremes meet in this fashion, and that the attempt to reach the superhuman falls back into the infra-human. Now Mr Bradley, of course, intends his unity to be a higher, not a lower unity. "The Absolute is not personal, because it is personal and more. It is, in a word, super-personal" (p. 531). But he is not blind to the danger that lurks in his denials. "It is better," he even warns us, if there is a risk of falling back upon the lower unity, "to affirm personality than to call the Absolute impersonal." But there is more than a risk, I maintain; there is a certainty that this will be the result. And therefore the conclusion deducible from Mr Bradley's discussion seems to me to be that the attempt, metaphysically, scientifically, or literally[1] to determine the Absolute as such, is necessarily barren. Where the definition is not tautologous, it is a complex of negations, and if not technically untrue, it has in its suggestions the effect of an untruth. Our statements about the Absolute—*i.e.*, the ultimate nature of things —are actually nearer the truth when they give up the pretence of literal exactitude, and speak in terms (say) of morality and religion, applying to it the characteristics of our own highest experience. Such language recognises itself in general (or, at least, it certainly should recognise itself) as possessing only symbolical truth, as being, in fact, "thrown out," as Matthew Arnold used to say, at a vast reality. But both religion and the higher poetry—just because they give up the pretence of an impossible exactitude — carry us, I cannot doubt, nearer to the meaning of the world than the formulæ of an abstract metaphysics.

[1] I use these for the moment as equivalent terms.

Such a conclusion may be decried as Agnostic, but names need frighten no one. The Agnosticism which rests on the idea of an unknowable thing-in-itself—the Agnosticism which many of Kant's and Spencer's arguments would establish—is certainly baseless; but there are regions of speculation where Agnosticism is the only healthy attitude. Such a region I hold to be that of the Absolute as such. If it be objected that the mere mention of such an Absolute is an acknowledgment of the Thing-in-itself, I must allow myself Mr Bradley's privilege, and simply "doubt if the objector can understand" (p. 183). It is, in a word, not an Absolute-in-itself, but the Absolute-for-itself, of which we are speaking. It is the nature of the existence which the Absolute has or enjoys for itself. This is incomprehensible, save by the Absolute itself. Because it is incomprehensible by the finite mind, it does not, however, follow that such an all-embracing experience is not a Reality; and the denial of such a possibility would seem to be more than presumptuous. So far, therefore, as the Hegelian philosophy disregarded this wider outlook, and implicitly identified the Absolute with the process of finite experience, its scheme of things is out of proportion, and the ineffable transcendence of the Absolute as such required reassertion. But this reassertion must not be construed to mean that our own existence is a vain show which throws no light on the real nature of things. Rightly Agnostic as regards the nature of the Absolute as such, no shadow of doubt need fall on our experience as a true revelation of the Absolute for us. Hegel was right in seeking the Absolute within experience, and finding it too; for certainly we can neither seek it nor find it anywhere else. The truth about the Absolute which we extract from our experience is, doubtless, not the final truth. It may be taken up and superseded in a wider or fuller truth; and in this way we

might pass, in successive cycles of finite existence, from sphere to sphere of experience, from orb to orb of truth. But even the highest would still remain a finite truth, and fall infinitely short of the truth of God. Such a doctrine of relativity in no way invalidates the truthfulness of the revelation at any given stage. The fact that the truth I reach is the truth for me, does not make it, on that account, less true. It is true, so far as it goes; and if my experience can carry me no further, I am justified in treating it as ultimate, *until it is superseded.* Should it ever be superseded, I shall then see both how it is modified by being comprehended in a higher truth, and also how it and no other statement of the truth could have been true at my former standpoint. But *before* the higher standpoint is reached, to seek to discredit our present insight by the general reflection that its truth is partial and requires correction—this is a perfectly empty truth which, in its bearing upon human life, may easily come to have the effect of an untruth. We hear much in denunciation of the practice of testing truth by its supposed consequences. And no doubt the argument is often a weapon in the hands of obscurantism and timid conservatism. Yet, in the long-run, truth and life are not dissevered, and there is a line of Goethe's which expresses, with his usual calmness and breadth, the insight of which the popular doctrine is a superficial distortion, *Was fruchtbar ist, allein ist wahr.*

While Mr Bradley's main thought, therefore, undoubtedly possesses a real importance as emancipating us from the too narrow humanism of a dogmatic Hegelianism, the impression produced by his volume upon an unbiassed mind will be, I fancy, to foster a wise Agnosticism in regard to assertions about the Absolute as such. Human experience, not as itself the Absolute "bodily," but as constituting the only accessible and authentic revelation

of its nature to us, is the true subject-matter of Philosophy. And here, as Mr Bradley says, "the doctrine of degrees in Reality and Truth is the fundamental answer to our problem" (p. 487). Mr Bradley, as we have seen, acknowledges his special indebtedness to Hegel in this part of his discussion; but, in its general form, the doctrine is no exclusive property of any philosophical school. Rather it has always been

> "Der Völker löblicher Gebrauch
> Dass jeglicher das Beste was er kennt,
> Er Gott, ja seinen Gott, benennt."

We speak most truly, most in accordance with the real nature of things, when we thus characterise the Absolute in terms of the best we know.

But that Hegel has given systematic expression to this old world-wisdom gives his system a place in history quite beyond the brilliant but arbitrary speculations of individual genius, and ensures for it an abiding influence upon modern thought. It must be acknowledged, however, that, in his hands, the doctrine of degrees tends to assume a too purely intellectual and formalistic character. If we look simply at his own methodic statement, the scale seems to resolve itself into a series of repetitions of the fundamental formula of the One and the Many. As we rise in the scale, we get more comprehensive wholes—wholes, too, which include a more intricate complexity of detail, and which embrace their detail in a more intimate union. We have thus a series of types (different powers or *Potenzen*) of the same formula. But the realisation of this abstract scheme possesses in itself no interest or importance. It is the content of any experience which makes it "higher" in any vital sense, and makes it of decisive importance in an inquiry as to the meaning of experience as a whole. Hegel's results in this connection

are substantially true, just because they are based not upon the mere application of a formula, but upon an implicit reference to the content of experience and the judgments of value which that legitimates. The formula itself is derived, in fact, from the self-conscious life of man, and to Hegel, in even a wider sense than to Kant, man in his typical activities is an End-in-himself.

The life, that is to say, which is guided by the ideals of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, and which partially realises these, possesses an absolute and indefeasible worth. It is only in such judgments of value that we can be said to possess "an absolute criterion." Mr Bradley says in more than one place that we possess such a criterion, but he also, like Hegel, confines himself too exclusively throughout his book to the intellectual necessities of all-inclusiveness and internal harmony, which, we found, did not carry us so far as he supposed. Our idea of what the Absolute must be is founded on the ideal necessities which our nature compels us to acknowledge. But the ideal necessities in question are not merely intellectual; they are æsthetical, ethical, and religious as well. For "we must believe" (to quote Mr Bradley's own words) "that reality satisfies our whole being; our main wants—for Truth and Life, and for Beauty and Goodness—must all find satisfaction (p. 159). The necessity of our belief is not due, however, to any esoteric assurance on the point which we possess direct from the Absolute. It is an absolute certainty in the sense simply that it is an ultimate judgment on our part. It represents our deepest conviction as to absolute and relative worth—a conviction which does not admit of being supported, and therefore does not admit of being assailed, by argument.

MR BALFOUR AND HIS CRITICS.[1]

THERE is some danger that the philosophical importance of Mr Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' may be obscured by the very circumstances which gave the book for a time such an extraordinary prominence. The tide of reviews and criticisms, which flowed so high in the weeks and months immediately following its appearance, has, for the time at least, completely ebbed; and the volatile curiosity of the general public has doubtless been transferred to other themes. But the book appeals to deeper interests and a more permanent audience. To that audience I venture to submit the following reconsideration of the subject. The multifarious and divergent estimates of the book may themselves serve, I think, by the very misapprehensions they reveal, to set its essential argument in a clearer light. And in the second place, I desire to call attention to an important change, an important advance, as it seems to me, in Mr Balfour's philosophical position, since the publication of his earlier volume. No critic, so far as I know, has commented on this change, although it serves, in great measure, to explain the conflicting judgments of Mr Balfour's argumeut; and the author himself seems hardly aware that he has in

[1] Reprinted from the 'Contemporary Review' of August 1896.

any way shifted his ground. But however insensible the advance may have been, and however closely the two positions may still seem at times to approach one another, the difference between them, from the point of view of philosophical construction, is vital.

Reviews and criticisms always indicate the personal equation of the reviewer. But in Mr Balfour's case the divergence of the critical voices had in it some of the elements of surprise. It was to be expected that naturalists and theologians would judge the book by different standards, and take diametrically opposite views of its value; and it is true that in general the Naturalist denounced it as "a plea for supernaturalism," or as "written in the interest of the powers that be and the established creed." But theologians themselves were found as widely at issue with one another. It would have been natural, again, to find reviewers of a Radical tendency inclined to pick flaws in the book, and those of a Conservative colour inclined to bless it altogether. And no doubt such a stream of tendency may be traced in some of the less important notices of the daily and weekly press. But perhaps the most acrid and unsympathetic notices that were written appeared in the Tory columns of 'Blackwood' and the 'Saturday Review.' The contrast of opinions was fairly typified in the titles given in the same week to their articles by two of our prominent weeklies. "Mr Balfour as a Christian" was the one headline; Mr Balfour the Sceptic" was the other. Both are written avowedly from an orthodox Christian standpoint; yet the one finds "the last hundred pages of the book," that is to say, the constructive suggestions towards a provisional philosophy, "almost unreadable." "We are supposed," says the critic, "to be taught theories of 'beliefs and realities'; but we find the beliefs qualified out of existence, and the reality attenuated till it is slighter than a shadow." The other

reviewer is of opinion that Mr Balfour writes in these sections of his book "with amazing freshness and interest"; and he concludes by saying that "preachers will find much in it to repay their study, and to contribute to their work." If we confine our attention to theologians who write above their own signature, Principal Fairbairn confesses to deep "disappointment." "Pleasure turned to pain, as the underlying philosophy was seen to be shifting sand rather than solid rock; the farther the reading proceeded, the less satisfactory the argument appeared." Professor Marcus Dods, on the contrary, declares that "if Mr Balfour's volume is the result of his enforced absence from the helm of the State, it is a strong argument for the continuance of the Liberal Government." He compares the book to Butler's 'Analogy,' and adds that "there are many who have read the older master with dissatisfaction, who will find in the teacher of to-day the conviction and help they seek."

Looking at another part of the field, we find Mr Alfred Benn, who writes in the main from the Naturalistic standpoint, confidently recommending the book to Roman Catholic believers "as bringing water to their mill." But Dr Barry, who is doubtless more entitled to speak for the Roman Catholic theologians, pronounces, in the 'Dublin Review,' that "the foundation is not true and will never stand." "Universal doubt, rather than religious dogma, will gain by the stroke that smites reason to the ground." "Montaigne had said all these things before, with infinite vivacity and eloquence, but to the praise of a dissolving and pernicious doubt rather than to the gain of Christianity." For Montaigne, the writer in 'Blackwood' substitutes Pilate and Mephistopheles. "God forbid," he ejaculates, "that religion should ever be led to rest its case on pleadings like these!"

In sum, it may be said that while many representatives

of the Churches accept the new champion with acclamation, and without too narrow a scrutiny of his weapons or methods of warfare, an important section will have none of such a defender. They are more afraid of what they take to be the sceptical premisses of the book, than grateful for its orthodox conclusions. "*Non tali auxilio*," they seem to say; "we prefer to fight with our own weapons, and take the chances of the war."

Which of these two last-named parties is the better advised, and what is the truth about the scepticism which is said to pervade the book, and to defeat what was avowedly the author's intention in writing it? In general, is there any explanation to be found in the book itself of these contradictory estimates of its contents and result? If, as I am convinced, the volume is much more than the *tour de force* of an eminent statesman and the wonder of a literary season, this is a question which it will well repay us to consider. I do not speak here of the classical graces and felicities of the style, which have been on all hands sufficiently acknowledged. Whether the argument, moreover, is in all points consistent with itself, whether all the positions advanced are equally tenable, these are questions on which we may easily differ; but to fail to recognise the vitality of the discussions, the mastery with which the great philosophical debate is handled, is to show a mind which either cannot shake off long-incrusted prejudice, or cannot recognise truth save in the technical dialect of its own philosophic sect.

What then, let us ask, does the book itself profess to be? It is an inquiry into "the foundations of belief," and the sub-title ("Notes introductory to the Study of Theology") indicates at once the practical, or perhaps one might rather say more broadly the human, interest that

underlies and prompts the investigation. Throughout the book, nothing is more remarkable than the spirit of intellectual detachment which it exhibits, the perfect freedom, at times one might say the airy freedom, with which the discussion is conducted. Yet we are made to feel that it has not been undertaken for the mere delight of dialectic fence. The book is inspired by a keen human interest, which breaks through, from time to time, in passages of deep feeling or indignant irony. The author conceives the spiritual heritage of mankind to be endangered by certain current assumptions of a would-be philosophic nature. He submits these assumptions, accordingly, to scrutiny (and with them the assumptions that underlie the whole fabric of human knowledge), in order to discover whether we are really under an intellectual obligation to surrender the beliefs in question—beliefs as to the cause of the world and man's place in it, which form the basis of all theological teaching, and which constitute what may be called the spiritual view of the world.

Mr Balfour's attitude, it will be seen from what has been said, is to a large extent the same as when he wrote his 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt' in 1879. The fact that the earlier work is described, in a sub-title, as "an Essay on the Foundations of Belief," indicates the amount of ground which the two volumes occupy in common; and the second part of the present work ("Some Reasons for Belief") is largely a more popular restatement of some of the criticisms contained in 'Philosophic Doubt.' The motive of the two books is also the same; for, in his first publication also, the avowed occasion of Mr Balfour's attack was the aggressive attitude assumed towards religion by "advanced thinkers," who claimed to speak in the name of science. But though the two books have much in common, it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr Balfour has, in the second, simply repeated, with

variations, the theme of the first. The many resemblances of the two volumes have fostered the impression that this is the case; and I cannot but think that injustice has been thereby done to the scope of the argument in the 'Foundations of Belief.'

Under this impression, the sceptical criticism of Empiricism and Transcendentalism, and the laudation of Authority, have assumed an undue importance overshadowing what I take to be the substantive thesis of the book and its more enduring contribution to philosophical thought. Some have maintained, indeed, that 'The Foundations of Belief' is a misnomer (like the chapter on snakes in Iceland), inasmuch as the whole purpose of the book is to show that belief has no foundations. This, as I hope to show, is true of the more recent argument only in a technical sense which robs the assertion of its sting. But it might claim to be a fairly accurate description of the position in which we are left at the conclusion of the earlier volume. The 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt' is really an exposition of the purest scepticism. It is, according to the author's own description, a piece of purely destructive criticism, directed against the foundations of scientific knowledge, or what claims to be such. The argument is conducted, it is true, with an *arrière pensée* in the shape of "practical results" which it is supposed to yield in the interests of religious truth. But the actual conclusion drawn is, that *both* the creed of religion and the creed of science are equally baseless, in the sense of being "incapable of any rational defence." Hence Mr Balfour concludes that "religion is at any rate no worse off than science in the matter of proof" (pp. 315-319). We have as much right to believe the one as the other. "I am content to regard the two great creeds by which we attempt to regulate our lives as resting in the main *upon separate bases*. So long, therefore, as neither of

them can lay claim to philosophic probability, discrepancies which exist, or may hereafter arise, between them cannot be considered as bearing more heavily against the one than against the other" (p. 322). Both science and theology have "claims on our belief," but these claims are not to be construed as reasons.

> Whatever they may be, they are not rational grounds of conviction. . . . It would be more proper to describe them as a *kind of inward inclination or impulse*, falling far short of —or I should perhaps rather say, altogether differing in kind from—philosophic certitude, leaving the reason, therefore, unsatisfied, but amounting, nevertheless, to a practical cause of belief, from the effects of which we do not even desire to be released (p. 317).

If it be objected that this "impulse" is not universal, Mr Balfour rejoins that to build upon the universality of the impulse would be to erect the impulse to believe into a reason for believing, and so entirely to misread the situation. The contention expressly is that there is no reason for belief in either case; and where the impulse is wanting in any number of individuals, we simply note its absence in their case, as we note its presence in other individuals. But there can be no argument in such a matter from one individual to another.

> I and an indefinite number of other persons, if we contemplate religion and science as unproved systems of belief standing side by side, feel a practical need for both. . . . But as no legitimate argument can be founded on the mere existence of this need or impulse, so no legitimate argument can be founded on any differences which psychological analysis may detect between different cases of its manifestation. We are in this matter, unfortunately, *altogether outside the sphere of Reason* (p. 320).

Such passages are obviously a formulation of the purest scepticism which can well be conceived. To find their

parallel we must go back to Hume—the Hume of the 'Treatise,'—who also concludes that

> after the most accurate and exact of my reasonings, I can give no reason why I should assent to it, and feel nothing but a *strong propensity* to consider objects strongly in that view under which they appear to me. . . . I may, nay, I must yield to the current of nature in submitting to my senses and understanding; and in this *blind submission* I show most perfectly my sceptical disposition and principles. . . . If we believe that fire warms or water refreshes, it is only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise (part iv. section 7).

Moreover, the earlier volume contains no indication, or next to none, of the precise nature of the theological beliefs by which the author would supplement the creed of science. Mr Balfour apparently identifies himself with "the ordinary believer" (p. 325). His language seems to imply an uncriticised acceptance of the traditional creed as a whole. It can hardly, however, be argued with any plausibility that the impulse to religious belief extends to the details of a dogmatic scheme like that of historical Christianity. Hence, the man who believes on such terms seems to have no course open to him but unquestioning submission to authority and tradition.

The impression, therefore, produced by the earlier volume—and I think not unnaturally produced—was that it was essentially a new version of the often-repeated attempt to aggrandise authority by sapping the foundations of all rational certainty; an attempt, therefore, to found religious faith upon intellectual scepticism. Taken barely thus, and as historically exemplified in writers like Pascal, Newman, and Mansel, such an attitude obviously surrenders all claim to rational criticism of the dogmas offered for acceptance, and offers no safeguard against the re-invasion of the grossest superstition. A more dangerous defence of religious truth cannot, I think, be imagined.

And if this is supposed to be the sum of Mr Balfour's contribution in the 'Foundations of Belief,' I can understand Principal Fairbairn's "deep disappointment" with the volume, and his comparison of the author's method to that of "the blind Samson who sacrificed himself, in order that he might the more effectually bury the Philistines under the ruins of their own temple." As Dr Barry puts it, "Universal doubt, rather than religious dogma, will gain by the stroke that smites Reason to the ground." But, in this respect, the two books do not appear to me to stand upon the same level. It is not without significance that the title of the first has for its leading word "doubt," while the leading word of that of the second is "belief." Although the later volume takes up into itself the distinctive theses of the earlier, and elaborates them in some cases with far greater resources of irony and felicitous illustration (for example, in Part III. on "Some Causes of Belief"), the second work is undoubtedly to be understood, in the main, as the constructive complement of the first. Its principal line of argument, that from needs to their satisfaction, is implied in a few phrases in the concluding pages of the 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt'; but it is here developed in such a way as to overshadow, and, indeed, to place in a new light, the sceptical argumentation with which it is associated. The first and the last of the four parts into which the book is divided are, in this respect, completely new, and could almost be read—perhaps, I might say, they would retain their substantive value—without the intervention of the sceptical analysis contained in Parts II. and III. At all events, when the argument of the volume is considered as a whole, and in its logical sequence, Mr Balfour's "scepticism" is seen to be of a strictly limited and hypothetical character. If its scope has been exaggerated, that is largely due to the influence of an unfortunate terminology. But the

majority of the critics, coming to the book with the current idea of the author's position derived from the previous volume, were not prepared to catch the true perspective of the argument. Those parts of it with which they seemed to be already familiar bulked more largely in their eyes than the more fundamental, but perhaps more unassuming, line of thought upon which Mr Balfour here depends for his positive conclusions.

Mr Balfour has himself also partly to blame for the misconception. In the chapters on "Philosophy and Rationalism" and on "Reason and Authority," he has devoted himself, with manifest relish, to the task of exposing the ineptitude of much of the language habitually indulged in by the devotees of pure reason. In this part of the book he has given the reins to his powers of epigram and irony, and he displays an almost wilful pleasure in shocking the reader by the audacity with which he tears to pieces the most respectable commonplaces. The outcome of these chapters, taken by themselves, appears to be a depreciation of reason which verges on cynicism, and a corresponding glorification of authority as the principle of coherence and continuity in human life and society. The very choice of the obnoxious term "authority" to designate the group of causes which Mr Balfour here opposes to "reason" may be looked upon as part of the "delight of battle" which so plainly inspires this section of the book. The defence of authority might have been supposed in these days to be limited to those whom Professor James lately described—with more force than politeness—as "the stall-fed officials of an established Church." Yet, meeting it here in Mr Balfour's pages, the exasperated critics, after the first impulse of indignation, determined that it was the natural and becoming attitude of the Tory leader, and communicated this to the British public as the gist of the book. It has to be added, however, in extenua-

tion of this misapprehension, that the chapters in question are so brilliantly written, and, in spite of apparent paradoxes, so full of the wisdom of life, that they cannot but dwell in the memory of most readers, when they come to give an account of the book.

But for my own part, sorry as I should be to miss these brilliant and suggestive dissertations, taken as such on their own merits, I am so far from regarding them as the essence of the book that, looking merely to the coherence of the main argument, I have sometimes been inclined to echo Dr Barry's complaint that Mr Balfour has interposed these sections "almost wantonly, between his criticism of the Naturalist and his apology for the Theologian." Such a drastic "cut" is, of course, not seriously to be thought of. The author in these chapters unquestionably advances positions which are much too important to be treated merely as incidents; and their elimination would greatly alter the character of the book. I refer especially to the limitation of Reason to conscious ratiocination, and the treatment of Rationalism as undeveloped and inconsequent Naturalism. Both these propositions, if understood in the sense which has been commonly put upon them, appear to me philosophically untenable, as well as inconsistent with Mr Balfour's own argument. But a closer examination of the sections in question, in their relation to the rest of the book, has convinced me that the general impression of their meaning is largely a misapprehension caused by Mr Balfour's terminology, and that, when taken in their true intention, they bear a much more harmless, indeed, a perfectly defensible, sense. Without proposing to defend his terminology, I am prepared, therefore, to do more justice to the logical sequence of Mr Balfour's thought than is implied in Dr Barry's stricture. But I have no hesitation in saying that *if* it were necessary to put upon these chapters the interpretation put by Dr Barry and

many other critics, it would be impossible to reconcile this part of the book with the constructive philosophy suggested in Part IV. This, as I take it, is the explanation of the divergences of critical opinion, to which reference was made at the outset. Failing to detect the coherence between these two parts of the book, the critic is, in a manner, obliged to choose between them; and, according as he chooses the one or the other, he effects a corresponding change in the centre of gravity of the volume.

A short review of the course of the discussion will, I think, substantiate this view of the true perspective of the argument. It will at the same time furnish evidence of the change which has, to some extent unconsciously, effected itself in Mr Balfour's own position.

The book is divided, it will be remembered, into four parts, called respectively "Some Consequences of Belief," "Some Reasons for Belief," "Some Causes of Belief," and "Suggestions towards a Provisional Philosophy." Mr Balfour begins, that is to say, by drawing out the implications of Naturalism[1] in the domain of ethics and æsthetics, and exhibiting the general aspect which the world presents according to "this theory of the non-rational origin of reason." The substance of current morality, he points out, is taken for granted by the naturalistic evolutionist, as it is, curiously enough, by the most various schools of moralists. But, in this case, there is a fundamental "incongruity between the sentiments subservient to morality and the naturalistic account of their origin." Nature's sole aim, according to the theory, is the survival of the individual or the race in the struggle for existence. There can be no ground, therefore,

[1] For a discussion as to the legitimacy of Mr Balfour's use of this term see Note A., p. 203.

for drawing a distinction in favour of any of the processes, physiological or psychological, by which the individual or the race is benefited. . . . We can hardly doubt that the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty and sacrifice are nothing better than a device of nature to trick us into the performance of altruistic actions. . . . It is because, in the struggle for existence, the altruistic virtues are an advantage to the family, the tribe, or the nation, but *not* always an advantage to the individual; it is because man comes into the world richly endowed with the inheritance of self-regarding instincts and appetites required by his animal progenitors, but poor indeed in any inbred inclination to the unselfishness necessary to the wellbeing of the society in which he lives; it is because in no other way can the original impulses be displaced by those of later growth to the degree required by public utility, that Nature, indifferent to our happiness, indifferent to our morals, but sedulous of our survival, commends disinterested virtue to our practice by decking it out in all the splendour which the specifically ethical sentiments alone are capable of supplying (pp. 16, 17).

In a world, indeed, in which we recognise that "our conduct was determined for us by the distribution of unthinking forces in pre-solar æons," the emotions with which we are wont to contemplate virtuous actions become entirely unmeaning. Moreover, there is the same want of harmony "between the demands of the ethical imagination and what naturalism tells us concerning the final goal of all human endeavour" (p. 26). "We desire, and desire most passionately when we are most ourselves, to give our service to that which is universal and to that which is abiding." But man, according to Naturalism, is "no more than a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets;"[1] and as this lesson is

[1] Did space permit I would fain transcribe the whole of the striking passage in which Mr Balfour depicts the ultimate issue of Naturalism

driven home, "we may well feel inclined to ask whether so transitory and unimportant an accident in the general scheme of things as the fortunes of the human race can any longer satisfy aspirations and emotions nourished upon beliefs in the Everlasting and the Divine." We may expect, in short, in the case of those holding the naturalistic creed, "that the more thoroughly the intellect is saturated with its essential teaching, the more certain are the sentiments violently and unnaturally associated with it, to languish or to die."

The obvious objection that among the professors of naturalism are to be found some of the most shining examples of unselfish virtue, is met by the parable of the parasites. "Biologists tell us of parasites which live, and can only live, within the bodies of animals more highly organised than they." Similarly, the spiritual life of such men is "sheltered by convictions which belong not to them but to the society of which they form a part; it is nourished by processes in which they take no share." The argument based upon such examples would not hold, therefore, of a society completely impregnated by naturalistic principles.

But the further and apparently more radical objection has been raised, that Mr Balfour has presented the world with a caricature of Naturalism, even in its purely theoretical aspect. He is fighting, it is said, with a man of straw, with a bogey of his own creation. There are no Naturalists, in Mr Balfour's sense of the term; existing Naturalists would disclaim, with one accord, the creed which he puts in their mouth. The disclaimer has, as a matter of fact, been made in many quarters since the appearance of the volume, with considerable display of

—a passage in which speculative imagination and intense human feeling have combined to add a page of rare and moving eloquence to English literature.

indignation; and I think we may readily admit the sincerity of those who make it, without concluding, on that account, that Mr Balfour has been terrifying himself and his readers by a fancy sketch. Few persons take the trouble to connect their various opinions into a coherent system of belief; many points have commonly been left vague, others have been qualified by inconsistent admissions. Hence they fail to recognise the lineaments of a system which they have never consciously surveyed as a whole, much less embraced, and from which, when stated with rigorous consistency and remorseless clearness, they shrink with unaffected horror. But this constitutes no impeachment of Mr Balfour's method. Only by the development of a system into all its consequences can the true features of the system be discerned, and judgment passed upon its adequacy. And, for my own part, I cannot admit that Mr Balfour's picture is too highly coloured.

The distinction between Naturalism and Science has also to be kept carefully in view at this point. Many critics have fallen into the mistake of supposing that Mr Balfour has a quarrel with Science, and that his object is to discredit its methods and results. They have accused him of identifying Naturalism and Science, of treating the former creed as the inevitable inference from scientific facts and theories, and of attributing it accordingly to all scientific men. Many honest protests have been made, from the side of Science, against this supposed identification. On the other hand, the Naturalists, less ingenuously perhaps, have sedulously fostered the same impression. As no one can seriously hope to prevail in a contest with Science, they have put it about that the whole attack is no more than a display of dialectic fireworks, of which nobody is a penny the worse. They have pursued in this their accustomed tactics; it has been long their practice to

seek shelter behind the ægis of Science. But, on the present occasion, it is not Mr Balfour's fault if the stratagem succeeds; he has denounced it in advance. In concluding his criticism of "The Philosophic Basis of Naturalism," he is at special pains to expose

> the speculative, but quite illusory title by which the empirical school have endeavoured to associate Naturalism and Science in a kind of joint supremacy over the thoughts and consciences of mankind. . . . With empirical philosophy [he says in a characteristic passage] considered as a tentative contribution to the theory of Science, I have no desire to pick a quarrel. That it should fail is nothing; other philosophies have failed. Such is, after all, the common lot. . . . But that it should develop into Naturalism, and then, on the strength of labours which it has not endured, of victories which it has not won, and of scientific triumphs in which it has no right to share, presume, in spite of its speculative insufficiency, to dictate terms of surrender to every other system of belief, is altogether intolerable. Who would pay the slightest attention to Naturalism if it did not force itself into the retinue of science, assume her livery, and claim, as a kind of poor relation, in some sort to represent her authority and to speak with her voice. Of itself it is nothing. It neither ministers to the needs of mankind, nor does it satisfy their reason (p. 135).

It is not with Science, or with scientific results as such, that Mr Balfour has any quarrel. I do not know any modern philosophical book which indicates more unqualified acceptance of these results, or which is more pervaded by the atmosphere of the most recent science. It is *the naturalistic interpretation of science* which he attacks, the attempt to make Science do duty for philosophy, to substitute the history of a process for a theory of its ultimate ground and source. There is not a proposition of science, even the most materialistic in seeming, which may not be unhesitatingly accepted, if combined with Bacon's acknow-

ledgment of "a divine marshal." And this is a question on which Science, dealing only with secondary causes and the sequences of phenomena, is necessarily dumb.

Having thus in Part I. reduced Naturalism to its essentials, and developed it into its consequences, Mr Balfour proceeds (in Part II.) to examine the philosophic basis of the theory, and the rational justification which it has to offer of its first principles. For such a justification he naturally turns first to empirical philosophy. He begins, however, by remarking most truly, upon the comparative neglect by all schools (at least before Kant) of a philosophy of science, or to put it more broadly, of a theory of knowledge, and in particular upon the tendency of the empirical school to substitute psychology for philosophy—to deal "with the origins of what we believe rather than with its justification." "A full and systematic attempt, first to enumerate, and then to justify, the presuppositions on which all science finally rests, has, it seems to me, still to be made." And he lays down the unquestionably sound position that "no general theory of knowledge has the least chance of being successful, which does not explicitly include within the circuit of its criticism, not only the beliefs which seem to us to be dubious, but those also which we hold with the most perfect practical assurance." "Nothing stands more in need of demonstration than the obvious."

After effectively contrasting the common-sense view of the world, based upon the immediate judgments of perception, with the scientific account of material reality, and contrasting both with the train of psychical sequences from which they are supposed to be deduced, he proceeds to apply to empirical philosophy his test of a satisfactory theory, securely grounded and firmly concatenated. Does it admit of being stated "as a series of premisses and conclusions, starting from those which

are axiomatic—*i.e.*, for which proof can be neither given nor required—and running on through a continuous series of binding inferences until the whole of knowledge is caught up and ordered in the meshes of this all-inclusive dialectic network?"

The argument proper is compressed here within small compass, partly because Mr Balfour is able to refer to his more detailed and technical treatment in 'Philosophic Doubt,' partly because it is, in reality, so easy to show that Hume's is the only legitimate conclusion that can be drawn from any philosophy "which depends for its premisses in the last resort upon the particulars revealed to us in perceptive experience alone." As he pointedly says:—

> Nothing in the history of speculation is more astonishing, nothing, if I am to speak my whole mind, is more absurd, than the way in which Hume's philosophic progeny, a most distinguished race, have, in spite of all their differences, yet been able to agree, *both* that experience is essentially as Hume described it, *and* that from such an experience can be rationally extracted anything even in the remotest degree resembling the existing system of the natural sciences.

> The whole fabric of the sciences depends upon the principle of universal causation, but it is impossible to extract from particular experiences anything more than the habit of expecting

> among sequences familiar to us in the petty round of daily life the recurrence of something resembling a former consequent, following on the heels of something resembling a former antecedent. . . . When we come to the more complex phenomena with which we have to deal, the plain lesson taught by personal observation is not the regularity, but the irregularity, of Nature. . . . This apparent irregularity of Nature, obvious enough when we turn our attention to it, escapes our habitual notice, of course, because we invariably attribute the want of observed uniformity to

the errors of the observer. And without doubt we do well. But what does this imply? It implies that we bring to the interpretation of our sense-perception the principle of causation ready-made. It implies that we do not believe the world to be governed by immutable law, because our experiences appear to be regular; but that we believe that our experiences, in spite of their apparent irregularity, follow some (perhaps) unknown rule, because we first believe the world to be governed by immutable law. *But this is as much as to say that the principle is not proved by experience but that experience is understood in the light of the principle* (pp. 132, 133).

With this important conclusion Mr Balfour passes to the consideration of "Transcendental Idealism." This chapter is printed by the author in smaller type than the rest of the book, and the general reader is recommended to omit it. I propose on this occasion to claim the privilege of the general reader for a variety of reasons. In the first place, the position which Mr Balfour has himself assigned to it indicates that it stands to some extent apart from the main argument of the book, which is intelligible and sufficiently complete without it. Moreover, it is limited, for the most part, to a criticism of the idealistic theory as it appears in the works of the late Professor Green. As a matter of fact, I am in agreement with most of the criticisms which Mr Balfour here makes upon Green's formulæ. But the weaknesses of Green's version of Idealism have (thanks largely to Mr Balfour's criticisms of earlier date) come to be pretty widely acknowledged, even by Idealists themselves, and his specific doctrines do not occupy, therefore, the position of authority in the school which they held when Mr Balfour began to write. It may be said also, that in pressing his critical advantage over Green, Mr Balfour, in this chapter, is disposed to put out of sight the larger aspects of idealism, and to forget the real affinities of the ideal-

istic theory to his own constructive doctrines. I will try to show, before I close, that these affinities have been underestimated, both by Mr Balfour himself and by his idealist critics.

In what follows, we enter upon the most questionable part of Mr Balfour's speculations, a part in which his use of terms has proved, and could hardly fail to prove, misleading. The sections to which I refer, the last two chapters of Part II. and the whole of Part III., begin by drawing from the foregoing investigations the ill-omened, and purely Humian, conclusion that "Certitude is found to be the child, not of reason, but of custom." "If this be true," continues Mr Balfour, "it is plainly a fact of capital importance. It must revolutionise our whole attitude towards the problems presented to us by science, ethics, and theology." Obviously, we must refuse "arbitrarily to erect one department of belief (the scientific) into a lawgiver for all the others."

Here Mr Balfour, for the moment, does not advance beyond the attitude which he inculcated as the "Practical Result" of 'Philosophic Doubt.' Both creeds, he there argued, the creed of Science and the creed of Religion, being equally without rational foundation, it is quite indefensible to make one the norm of the other. Later on in the present volume, Mr Balfour expressly discards the remedy which "consists in simply setting up, side by side with the creed of natural science, another and supplementary set of beliefs which may minister to needs and aspirations which Science cannot meet" (p. 186). He recognises how impossible it is "to acquiesce in this unconsidered division of the 'whole' of knowledge into two or more unconnected fragments" (p. 187), and accepts as a necessary ideal, and one which, at least in part, he attempts himself to realise, "the unification of all belief into an ordered whole, compacted into one coherent

structure under the stress of reason" (p. 233). But, in the sections we are considering, he continues to work the earlier sceptical vein. This is exemplified in the account of reason and rationalism which follows, certain passages of which are among the most unguarded in the book, and have given offence in quarters where, it is certain, they were never intended to do so. Mr Balfour, it will be remembered, repeatedly connects rationalism and naturalism, treating the latter as the logical outcome of the former, the former as merely a half-way house to the latter, occupied by thinkers too timid or too inconsequent to realise their proper destination. "Naturalism," he says, "is the completed product of Rationalism" (p. 173); again he speaks of "rationalising methods and naturalistic results" (p. 174); "Rationalism," he repeats, "is the high road to naturalism" (p. 175); "Rationalism is Naturalism in embryo" (p. 185).

Now if Reason is used here in the large, philosophic sense of the word, and if by Rationalism is understood any system of thought which builds unreservedly upon Reason, and involves no other organ for the apprehension of truth, then it must be admitted that these propositions are among the most insidious and subversive which it is possible to conceive. It must have been such statements that Mr Benn had in view when he recommended the volume to Roman Catholics as bringing water to their mill. So interpreted, they would compel us to class the systems of Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, as Naturalism in embryo, because they build throughout upon the rational nature of man, without feeling it necessary to invoke, without, indeed, leaving any place for, the supernatural in the ecclesiastical sense of the term. Mr Balfour explains, however, at the outset that he proposes to "employ the word in a much more restricted sense." He will use it, he says, to indicate

a special form of that reaction against dogmatic theology which may be said with sufficient accuracy to have taken its rise in the Renaissance, to have increased in volume during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and to have reached its most complete expression in the Naturalism which has occupied our attention through the first portion of these Notes (p. 168).

Even this definition, as it stands, is too wide, if we are to acquiesce in the censures heaped upon Rationalism, and in the account which Mr Balfour gives of its necessary goal. For the definition would naturally include the whole movement of modern thought—Descartes and Leibniz, as well as Hobbes and Hume, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, as well as Comte, Mill, and Spencer. And, in that case, it cannot easily be distinguished from similar dicta of Newman and other Catholic theologians. But, in point of fact, Mr Balfour uses the term in a still more special and restricted sense than his own definition might lead us to expect. He understands by it, he says, "a view of the universe based exclusively upon the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception" (p. 170); it involves "the assumption that the kind of 'experience' which gave us natural science was the sole basis of knowledge" (p. 171). His definition would therefore apply, at most, to the empirical or sensationalist philosophies; and the course of the discussion makes it plain that he has in view, not so much the systems of philosophers,[1] as the body of thought occupied largely with theological and social discussion, which arrogated to itself, in the second half of the eighteenth century, the prerogatives of reason and common-sense. To this widespread movement in England and Germany—a movement characteristic of the eighteenth century, though doubtless having its origin in an earlier period, and continuing its influence into the following century—the name Rational-

[1] "Rationalists," he says, "as such, are not philosophers. . . . They judge as men of the world" (p. 171).

ism, in a specific sense, is very frequently applied in philosophical and theological writing. It is the period which Hegelian writers commonly designate as that of the *Aufklärung* or Enlightenment. That these are the discussions and this the temper of mind which Mr Balfour intends to condemn, is proved, to my mind, beyond doubt, by the chapter on "Rationalist Orthodoxy," which concludes this part of the book. It has often been remarked that the orthodox defenders of Christianity were as completely under the influence of the dominant spirit as its assailants. The presuppositions and methods of both parties were the same. The attack was delivered and the defence conducted with the same weapons. Mr Balfour accordingly turns, in this chapter, to the defenders of the faith, and condemns unsparingly the inadequacy both of the systems of "Natural Religion" and of the "Christian evidences" which were then so much in vogue. By this method of treatment, he declares, theology becomes

> a mere annex or appendix to Science, a mere footnote to history. . . . We are no longer dealing with a creed whose real premisses lie deep in the nature of things. . . . We are asked to believe the Universe to have been designed by a Deity for the same sort of reason that we believe Canterbury Cathedral to have been designed by an architect; and to believe in the events narrated in the Gospels for the same sort of reason that we believe in the murder of Thomas à Becket (p. 178).

Professor Wallace is one of the critics who censures most severely Mr Balfour's dealings with Reason and Rationalism; but in a chapter of his recent Prolegomena to Hegel's 'Logic,' entitled "Two Ages of Reason," he comments in a similar strain upon the period and spirit in question, and even while emphasising the larger use of Reason, his language acknowledges the frequent appropriation of Reason and Rationalism (but especially of the latter) in a narrower or lower sense:—

The eighteenth century, it has been often said, was a *rationalising*, unhistorical age. . . . To simplify, to level, to render intelligible and self-consistent, was the task of enlightenment in dealing with all institutions. It was assumed that the standard of adjudication was to be found in the averagely educated and generally cultured individual among the class of more or less "advanced thinkers" who asked the questions and set up the aims. . . . They took themselves as the types of humanity, and what *their* understandings found acceptable they dubbed rational: all else was a survival from the ages of darkness.

But, in course of time, he proceeds,

it was made apparent that intelligence, with its hard-and-fast formulæ, its logical principles, its keen analysis, was not deep enough or wide enough to justify its claim to the august title of reason. . . . There are more things in heaven and earth than are heard of in the philosophy of the logical intellect.

This phrase, "the logical intellect," or as he elsewhere varies it, the "merely intellectual and abstract intelligence," exactly covers the old Rationalism which Mr Balfour attacks. Professor Wallace contrasts it with "the Reason of German Idealism," which he describes as "intelligence charged with emotion, full of reverence, reverent above all to the majesty of that divinity which, much disguised and weather-beaten, like Glaucus of the sea, resides in common and natural humanity." But these words might have been written as a description of the provisional philosophy which Mr Balfour sketches in his concluding chapters, and proposes to substitute for Naturalism and abstract Rationalism. They dwell, at any rate, with felicitous emphasis on its leading characteristics; and, on this showing, Mr Balfour's 'Suggestions,' no less than German Idealism, might fairly be styled a doctrine of the larger Reason.

In the substance of his contention, therefore, Mr Balfour may claim to have powerful philosophical support from a

quarter sufficiently free from the suspicion of clericalism or supernaturalism; and even his terminology, when examined, is found not to stray so far from common usage. Rationalism is, I think, most commonly used in the hard and narrow sense he attributes to it. At the same time, the usage is undeniably open to misconception; and it was a thousand pities that it was not more carefully fenced about with explanation.[1] Moreover, what a man may safely do often depends on his own past record. Mr Balfour's antecedent reputation for scepticism (not undeserved, as we saw) made it almost certain that, in his case, an attack on Rationalism would be interpreted in the worst sense. And when to this was added the glorification of authority at the expense of reason, in the chapters which immediately follow, this interpretation became inevitable.

The dissertation on Authority and Reason may be best understood as a supplement to the criticism of Rationalism which precedes it. After denying the competency of the logical intellect to solve the philosophical problem, Mr Balfour proceeds to show, by reference to everyday experience, how few human beliefs have been reached by a conscious process of ratiocination in the minds of the individuals who hold them. He amplifies, that is to say, the Humian dictum quoted above, that certitude is the child not of reason but of custom. The vast majority of our beliefs, of our ethical, social, and religious beliefs in particular, are in this sense without a logical substructure; they have been generated in the individual by "custom, education, public opinion, the contagious convictions of countrymen, family, party, or Church." Immense tracts of human life thus lie apparently altogether outside the purview of the abstract reason; indeed, so far from the

[1] In his eighth revised edition (1901) Mr Balfour states (p. 179) that he has modified the historic description of Rationalism in view of the foregoing criticism.

mass of our fundamental beliefs depending on the reasoned assent of the individuals who entertain them, we know from history that when men do begin to analyse their beliefs and usages, their abstract theorising is apt to be purely disintegrative in its tendency. Stated in this form, Mr Balfour's contention is so obviously true that it is difficult to imagine any one dissenting from it. But he has chosen to express his meaning by opposing Authority to Reason, and contrasting its beneficent and all-pervading influence with "the comparative pettiness of the *rôle* played by reasoning in human affairs."

> To Reason we are in some measure beholden, though not, perhaps, so much as we suppose, for hourly aid in managing so much of the trifling portion of our personal affairs intrusted to ourselves by nature as we do not happen to have already surrendered to the control of habit. By reason also is directed, or misdirected, the public policy of communities within the narrow limits of deviation permitted by accepted custom and tradition. . . . (But) if we are to judge with equity between these rival claimants, we must not forget that it is Authority rather than Reason to which, in the main, we owe, not religion only, but ethics and politics; that it is Authority which supplies us with essential elements in the premisses of science; that it is Authority rather than Reason which lays deep the foundations of social life; that it is Authority rather than Reason which cements its superstructure (pp. 227-229).

Mr Balfour must have foreseen that round phrases like these there would gather at once a hubbub of excited and ill-informed controversy; and the love of mischief would seem to have had some share in prompting their use. Both the terms are, in this respect, unfortunate. In the case of "Reason," Mr Balfour remarks, in a note, that the term is used "in its ordinary and popular, not in its transcendental sense; there is no question here of the Logos, or Absolute Reason;" and the course of the dis-

cussion makes it plain that he uses it as strictly equivalent to "reasoning," or conscious logical ratiocination. The two terms, "reason" and "reasoning," sometimes cross and recross one another several times in the course of the same page, with no distinction between them. Now, this usage is no doubt common among the older English thinkers; but it is certainly not the ordinary sense of the term in recent philosophic writing. Reason, if it does not always explicitly convey a larger meaning, at least constantly tends to assume that sense, and by no means only with thinkers of a transcendental cast. Mr Balfour himself speaks of Naturalism as deposing "Reason from its ancient position as the ground of all existence" (p. 75); he speaks of Reason as "the roof and crown of things"—of the universe as "the creation of Reason" (p. 72), and of all things as working together "towards a reasonable end" (p. 83). Clearly, when he uses these expressions, he has something more in view than the "intellect," or "discursive reason," which is only "permitted to have a hand in the simplest jobs" (p. 72). It is the limited range of the latter which he intends to contrast with the omnipresent action of authority; but by insisting, as he does repeatedly, on the "non-rational" character of the causes which he groups under that name, he conveys the impression that they have no relation to Reason in the larger sense—that they are really what he calls in one place "utterances of unreason."

Then, again, the use of the term Authority in this connection has even less excuse. It has no justification in ordinary usage; on the contrary, owing to the fixed associations of the word, it is a use which *invites* misconception. What are the causes which Mr Balfour groups under this head? He enumerates them variously, but they include "custom, education, public opinion" (p. 213), "the contagious convictions of countrymen, family, party,

or Church," and, not least, "the spirit of the age," producing a certain "psychological 'atmosphere,' or 'climate,' favourable to the life of certain modes of belief, unfavourable, and even fatal, to the life of others" (p. 206). Habit, in the management of our personal affairs, is also contrasted with Reason, as we have seen, in the same way as "accepted custom and tradition," in the direction of the public policy of communities; and both are apparently included under the head of authority. Authority, he says in the passage which most nearly approaches to a definition, "Authority, as I have been using the term, is in all cases contrasted with Reason, and stands for that group of non-rational causes, moral, social, and educational, which produces its results by psychic processes other than reasoning" (p. 219). This appears to me to involve a complete departure[1] from ordinary usage. Newman, it is true, gives a similar extension to the term in a note to his 'Apologia,' but he acknowledges that he is using the word "in a broad sense"; and even there the reference seems to be, not to *the unconscious action* of the forces referred to, but to the conscious use of them as sanctions. Certainly in ordinary usage the term is limited—conveniently and intelligibly limited—to the conscious adoption by the individual of the beliefs of some other person, or of some historical organisation, without personal examination of the beliefs in question. Mr Balfour refers to this usage, which he distinguishes from his own. He rightly points out that in this sense Authority "becomes a species of Reason," but a reason which can in no case furnish us with the *foundation* for a system of belief, seeing that

[1] Mr Balfour in a note to his revised edition (p. 246) cites a number of expressions in ordinary use which approximate in meaning to his own usage. It is going too far, therefore, to speak of "a complete departure" from ordinary usage, but I still think that the use of the terms authority and reason in this connection is one peculiarly open to misconception.

there is always involved a prior reason for submitting individual belief and conduct to the particular authority in question. But however inconsistent it may be to appeal to Authority as a logical foundation for a system of beliefs, the fact remains that the term Authority has been appropriated, by almost universal usage, to designate this attitude of *conscious* submission on the part of the individual reasoner; and Mr Balfour can hardly fail, therefore, to be misunderstood when he uses it in a sense so widely different. He uses it to cover the manifold forces that unconsciously mould the belief and conduct of the individual—his own training in the past, his social environment, the historic life of the community and the race to which he belongs—above all, the influence of history. As it is put by a German reviewer, otherwise sympathetic, who objects to the misleading implications of the term Authority: "What Mr Balfour says may all be covered by the proposition that we men, in our higher spiritual life, are the products of history before we are its producers, and that in this double relation of ours to history the weight is permanently to be placed upon the first member, upon our dependence on the historical factors which surround and determine us."[1]

But if this is so, it disposes at once of the absolute opposition supposed to exist between these two groups of causes. Habits are, as it were, the deposits of reason. An action is first performed consciously, with minute supervision of every step or detail; but, according to the beneficent provision of nature, the action goes more smoothly the oftener it is repeated, and the active supervision of consciousness is no longer required. The action has become habitual, and the higher energies of the living creature are set at liberty for the performance of new tasks, the acquirement of other dexterities. This applies

[1] Professor Kaftan in the 'Preussische Jahrbücher,' vol. lxxxii.

to the humblest bodily exercises; but we have only to recall Aristotle's definition of virtue as a habit, to recognise that it holds equally in the highest reaches of the ethical life. Habit, being thus the creation of reason, cannot be opposed to it as an alien force. And the same is true of custom, tradition, public opinion, the spirit of the age. They are non-rational, certainly, in the sense that their determining influence over the individual does not depend on a conscious process of ratiocination on his part—a progress from premisses to conclusion. But customs and institutions are themselves originally the product of the conscious activities of human beings. They constitute, in their first intention, the objective realisation of a rational system; and so long as they continue to hold society together at all, they still are this in their degree. Doubtless, no customs or institutions are the adequate or final embodiment of Reason; and hence they are subject to progressive modification, or, if you like, rationalisation. In this way, the old comes to be opposed to the new, and to be regarded as a mere obstruction on the path of Reason. But tradition and custom are opposed to Reason, only as the good is opposed to the better. They have their birth from Reason originally, and they continue throughout accessible to its transforming influence.

In fact, it does not seem too much to say that Mr Balfour, continuing in these chapters his attack upon the abstract, or, as he afterwards calls it, the "unassisted Reason" of the rationalists, is really vindicating, in his own way, that larger sense of Reason which recognises that thought becomes formal and empty, just in proportion as it cuts itself adrift from the historical development of mankind. To take only the case of ethics, the advance of historical study has long lifted us above the notion of an abstract conscience promulgating to all

men the same perfect moral law. The content of the moral law grows every way from age to age. The progress of man upwards, from 'the ape and tiger' to the civilisation of the present day with its altruistic and humanitarian ideals—this whole ethical process with the customs and institutions in which it embodies itself, its laws, its public opinion, its shifting but ever deepening and widening ideals of honour and chivalry, of heroism or saintly life, of justice and self-control—all this development can only be rightly understood when regarded as the progressive revelation from within of an ideal of goodness, which in itself is the most real of realities. From this development we derive the substance of the ethical code. If, like Kant, we neglect to root the individual in the corporate life of humanity, the categorical imperative remains a form void of specific content—a command which refuses to translate itself into any concrete duty. In ethics, as in other spheres, the advance of speculative thought since Kant has mainly consisted in surmounting the abstract and unhistoric individualism of preceding philosophy. Hence, as Professor Wallace eloquently puts it, in its modern conception, "Philosophy is not the work of abstract or 'unassisted' Reason. The pure reason of philosophers is a reason which has been purified of dross, corruption, and sluggishness by the discipline of the sciences, by the heroism and conscientiousness of religion, by the fair and noble intuitions of art; otherwise it is little worth."[1]

To this view of Reason, to this interpretation of the historical process, Mr Balfour seems to be working his way, even in those sections which seem at first sight, owing to their unfortunate terminology, most uncompromisingly opposed to it. The sheer distinction between Reason and Authority, or, as we may agree to put it,

[1] Fortnightly Review, April 1895.

between Reason and History, is not in the end adopted as true. It is employed as a weapon with which to destroy Naturalism and the barren Rationalism whose offspring Naturalism is represented as being. It is in this sense an *argumentum ad hominem*. If we limit reason to the discursive intellect in its conscious exercise, *and if we refuse to take a theistic view of man and the world*, then undoubtedly the beliefs and practices which fill out our life must appear as the products of non-rational causes, just as our existence as living and conscious beings is itself, on these terms, the outcome of unreasoning material forces. But the whole aim of the demonstration is to impress upon the reader the necessity of the theistic postulate. That this is the real significance of Mr Balfour's argument, and the true place of this discussion in the sequence of his thought, is proved by the account he gives of it himself, in retrospect, in his concluding chapter. The fundamental difficulty of Naturalism, he says, the difficulty the book is designed to press home, is

> the ineffaceable incongruity between the origin of our beliefs, so far as these can be revealed to us by Science, and the beliefs themselves. This it was that, as I showed in the first part of this Essay, touched with the frost of scepticism our ideals of conduct and our ideals of beauty. This it was that, as I showed in the Second Part, cut down scientific philosophy to the root. And all the later discussions with which I have occupied the attention of the reader, serve but to emphasise afresh the inextricable confusion which the naturalistic hypothesis introduces into every department of speculation and practice, *by refusing to allow us to penetrate beyond the phenomenal causes, by which, in the order of Nature, our beliefs are produced*. . . . When once we have realised the scientific truth that at the root of every rational process lies an irrational one; that reason, from a scientific point of view, is itself a natural product; and that the

whole material on which it works is due to causes, physical, physiological, and social, which it neither creates nor controls, we shall be driven in mere self-defence to hold that, behind these non-rational forces, and above them, guiding them by slow degrees, and, as it were, with difficulty, to a rational issue, stands that Supreme Reason in whom we must thus believe, if we are to believe in anything (pp. 321-323).

The last sentences carry us already far into the heart of Part IV., in which the author passes from criticism to the more difficult task of construction. If the preconception of Mr Balfour's misology and scepticism still lingers in any reader's mind, it should be effectually dispelled by his language here. He expressly denies "that the object aimed at in preceding discussions is to discredit reason" (p. 246), and declares that "the unification of all belief into an ordered whole compacted into one coherent structure under the stress of reason is an ideal which we can never abandon" (p. 223). But, as he truly adds, "Reason is not honoured by pretending that she has done what, as a matter of fact, is still undone"; "the best system we can hope to construct will suffer from gaps and rents, from loose ends and ragged edges. It does not, however, follow from this that it will be without a high degree of value."

> If we have to submit, as I think we must, to *an incomplete rationalisation of belief*, this ought not to be because, in a fit of intellectual despair, we are driven to treat Reason as an illusion; nor yet because we have deliberately resolved to transfer our allegiance to irrational or non-rational inclination; but because Reason itself assures us that such a course is, at the lowest, the least irrational one open to us (p. 234).

What is this but an acknowledgment in fitting terms of the incompleteness and imperfection of any finite synthesis? I do not understand, and I do not envy,

the state of mind of the thinker who is not prepared to make a similar confession.

Proceeding, then, to "rationalise," to "unify," or "co-ordinate," as far as may be, our various beliefs, Mr Balfour begins by setting the Naturalistic theory aside as inherently irrational. Naturalism had been condemned, in the first part of the volume, because it did not satisfy the demands of our ethical nature. He here pronounces more generally that, inasmuch as the Whole of which we desire a reasoned knowledge includes human consciousness as an element, we must refuse to "regard any system which, like Naturalism, leaves large tracts and aspects of that consciousness unaccounted for and derelict as other than, to that extent at least, irrational" (p. 250). Moreover, it was shown in Part II. that the body of beliefs about the material world which we take for granted in ordinary experience, and which science presents us with in an elaborate form, cannot themselves be exhibited as a series of logical conclusions for which the particulars of sense furnish the premisses. It had to be regarded rather as an assumption which we found it necessary to make in practical life; as Mr Balfour here expresses himself, it is essentially the satisfaction of a need. Doubtless the belief in question possesses an "inevitable" and "coercive" character not shared by other beliefs; but that constitutes no logical justification for erecting the judgments of sense-perception into a norm or standard, by which all other beliefs must be judged. To do so would be to substitute "psychological compulsion for rational necessity." Universality and necessity, as here exemplified, may be "marks of the elementary and primitive character of the beliefs," but hardly "badges of pre-eminence." It is the plain dictate of reason that our scheme, "though it be founded on the last resort upon our needs, shall at least take

account of other needs than those we share with our brute progenitors." And on this point Mr Balfour appeals to the example of the great masters of speculation.

> Though they have not, it may be, succeeded in supplying us with a satisfactory explanation of the Universe, at least the Universe which they have sought to explain has been something more than a mere collection of hypostatised sense-perceptions, packed side by side in space, and following each other with blind uniformity in time (p. 243).

The argument from needs to their satisfaction, here generalised, is the constructive principle on which Mr Balfour depends, and furnishes, I think, the key to a true understanding of the book. The author himself recognises that the argument is one which requires to be applied with great caution, if the wish is not to be father to the thought; and he apparently lays no stress on this particular way of formulating it.

> Whether this correspondence is best described as that which obtains between a "need" and its "satisfaction," may be open to question. But, at all events, let it be understood that if the relation described is, on the one side, something different from that between a premiss and its conclusion, so, on the other, it is intended to be equally remote from that between a desire and its fulfilment. That it has not the logical validity of the first, I have already admitted, or rather asserted. That it has not the casual, wavering, and purely "subjective" character of the second, is not less true. For the correspondence postulated is not between the fleeting fancies of the individual and the immutable verities of an unseen world, but between these characteristics of our nature which we recognise as that in us which, though not necessarily the strongest, is the highest; which, though not always the most universal, is nevertheless the best (pp. 247, 248).

Instead of further abstract debate as to the scope and

legitimacy of the argument,[1] let us see how Mr Balfour applies it. Its true nature will be best shown by the concrete examples of its use, and we shall then be better able to form a judgment as to its legitimacy. It is first applied, in the intellectual sphere, to demonstrate the implications or presuppositions of the scientific view itself, or of the mere fact that we know. Mr Balfour had already pointed out, in dealing with our belief in the uniformity of nature, that this belief cannot be *proved* by the facts, seeing that it is a postulate implied in the very idea of investigating facts. In these constructive chapters, he amplifies this thought in a remarkably fresh and striking way. After dealing instructively with some of the usual arguments for Theism, he proceeds to push the question a stage further back. But "something may also be inferred *from the mere fact that we know*, a fact which, like every other, has to be accounted for." And after some luminous pages, in which he presses home the fundamental inconsequence of Naturalism, in requiring us "to accept a system as rational, one of whose doctrines is that the system itself is the product of causes which have no tendency to truth rather than falsehood, or to falsehood rather than truth,"[2] he concludes: "I do not believe that any escape from these perplexities is possible, unless we are prepared to bring to the study of the world the presupposition that it was the work of a rational Being, who made *it* intelligible, and at the same time made *us*, in however feeble a fashion, able to understand it" (p. 301). Theism is thus a "presupposition," "not only tolerated but actually required by Science" (p. 321). It is "forced upon us by the single assumption that Science is not an illusion." As he put it before, we are "driven in mere self-defence" to the belief

[1] See Note B., p. 214.

[2] The very notion of truth, indeed, is an inexplicable excrescence or inconsequence in a world where everything simply is or happens.

in a Supreme Reason directing the apparently non-rational forces of nature; we "must" believe in Supreme Reason, "if we are to believe in anything." But this admission, if once made, cannot stand alone. If we "postulate a rational God in the interests of Science, we can scarcely decline to postulate a moral God in the interests of Morality." And, in the light of this presupposition, the whole process by which the ethical code and the moral sentiments have been slowly developed appears in a different setting, as "an instrument for carrying out a divine purpose," as a divine education of the human race.

Such, without following them into details, are the important conclusions which Mr Balfour reaches by the method of argument he follows. When they are thus stated summarily, and detached from some of the discussions which accompany them, the philosophical student can hardly fail to remark the striking resemblance of Mr Balfour's mode of argument to the transcendental method of Kant, and the affinity of his conclusions to those of Kant's idealistic successors. In saying this, it is far from my intention to depreciate the freshness and independence of Mr Balfour's treatment; on the contrary, he has, I think, accomplished a remarkable feat in working his way from a different starting-point, and to a large extent by a different route, to this fundamental argument. And he has made it doubly his own by clothing it in pellucid English, which he who runs may read. It is the transcendental argument stated with a luminous simplicity, as it might have been stated by Hume, had he returned in maturer life to the metaphysical meditations of his youth. But the argument itself is in substance identical with that which Kant patiently dug from the *débris* of rationalism, and built into a system, so artificial in many of its details and so cumbrous in its terminology, that the philosophical

world has been engaged ever since in quarrelling over its interpretation. When we penetrate beneath the portentous phrases to the comparatively humble truth which they labour to express, Kant's "objective unity of apperception," as the supreme condition of the possibility of experience, is simply the assertion that the idea of "a nature" or a rational system is not a conclusion from particular facts, but is involved, as a postulate or presupposition, in there being any experience of facts at all. And when, at the close of his investigation, he emphasises the adaptation of phenomena to our faculty of cognition, as proof of a harmony between sense and understanding, that is to say, ultimately, a harmony between the world and the mind; when he argues that this adaptation justifies us in treating reality as everywhere rationalisable, and therefore *as if* it were the product of a supreme reason; this, in more scholastic form, and with Kant's well-known reservations as to the merely regulative character of the Ideas of Reason, is neither more nor less than the argument *from the mere fact that we know.*

Mr Balfour himself does not seem to be aware how closely the general attitude of mind he recommends in Part IV. corresponds to the transcendental proof from the possibility of experience. In the earlier part of his work, he emphasises the impossibility of reaching a satisfactory foundation by means of "inferences of the ordinary pattern" (p. 186). He recognises that, in his own argument, the relation between needs and their satisfaction is "something different from that between a premiss and a conclusion" (p. 248); and at the close of the theistic argument which we have just examined (from the mere fact that we know), he seems to hesitate whether the term *proof* can be properly applied to it. "Theism," he says, "whether or not it can in the strict meaning of the word be described as proved by Science, is a principle

which Science . . . requires for its own completion. . . . Our knowledge of that system is inexplicable unless we assume for it a rational Author" (p. 302). In such passages, it seems almost as if the writer were feeling his way to a new point of view, and were hardly aware of the strength of his own method. It is unduly to disparage the nature of his argument to contrast it with logical procedure, or to hesitate to call it a proof. It implies, certainly, the abandonment of the old ideal of a philosophical system, "as a series of premisses and conclusions, starting from those which are axiomatic—*i.e.*, for which proof can neither be given nor required, and running on through a continuous series of binding inferences, until the whole of knowledge is caught up and ordered in the meshes of this all-inclusive dialectic network" (p. 105). If by premisses, in other words, we understand either isolated intuitions or the particulars of sense, then it may be said that the transcendental argument neither starts from premisses nor arrives at a conclusion. Yet, in a more vital sense, experience itself, as a concrete fact demanding explanation, constitutes the premiss from which we advance (or rather regress) to its implied conditions. The postulate or presupposition thus reached is, from one point of view, a conclusion; from another, it is the ultimate premiss on which all our conclusions in a certain department —or, in this case, all conclusions whatever—depend. If we can speak, as Mr Balfour himself does, of the presupposition as "actually required by science," as "forced upon us by the mere assumption that Science is not an illusion" —as a necessary assumption, "if we are to believe in anything"—then it seems to me a merely technical question whether we agree to call the process of reaching it an inference or not. We have, at all events, the elements of logical necessity in its most unequivocal form.

The Kantian terms, postulates, presuppositions (implica-

tions also, I think), are used from time to time by Mr Balfour, either as nouns or verbs. As a general term, postulate seems to me much the best. Need and satisfaction are probably words of too everyday a character to express a fundamental speculative position; they are too coloured by the associations of life to express a philosophical meaning with precision. No doubt the word "need" often appeals to us, just by its breadth and simplicity, and in some connections no word would seem so appropriate. But to many it seems little more than a glorified wish; and although this is unjust, it cannot be denied that the associations of the word are too predominantly emotional. Now when we speak even of ethical or religious needs, it is not only the emotional disappointment, the collapse of hope and joy, that is referred to, but the fact that the denial of the postulated reality inverts the whole proportions of our life, irrationalises the whole scheme of things presupposed by our ordinary experience. The word postulate seems to express admirably both this element of intellectual necessity in the argument, and, at the same time, the subjective element, which is undoubtedly also present. For universal scepticism admits of no refutation; a man must admit certain aspects of experience before any argument can be founded upon them.

But no nice question of terminology need affect our sense of the importance and fundamental truth of the argument itself. The acknowledgment of rational necessity which it involves—rather, I should say, the insistence on rational necessity—constitutes the advance in Mr Balfour's thought on which I have desired to lay stress. Although at times his phraseology may waver, and we may catch the echo of passages in 'Philosophic Doubt' which identify "needs" with "non-rational impulses," yet, on the whole, the difference of tone is marked. The needs are here presented as the needs

of reason itself. In the case of the intellectual argument, this may perhaps be allowed to be obvious. But it is no less so in the case of the ethical. Whereas he had formerly said—"I and an indefinite number of other persons feel a practical need for [ethical and religious beliefs], but no legitimate argument can be founded on the mere existence of this need or impulse. We are on this matter, unfortunately, altogether outside the sphere of Reason,"—he now condemns the Naturalistic theory as "irrational," and claims that his own is founded on "the plain dictates of reason." From the former standpoint argument is impossible, and is admitted to be so; but in the present volume we are no longer "outside the sphere of Reason." The whole scheme of construction implies that we have passed from "psychological compulsion" to "rational necessity." Mr Balfour may be said to be trying, throughout the volume, to establish a definition of truth or of Reason which shall be at once more comprehensive and more self-consistent than that which limits it to the facts and laws of physical Science. The truth, if fully known, must include, he argues, a satisfactory explanation of our ethical, æsthetical, and religious ideas and sentiments. The self-styled truth that fails to do this is a fragment which men have mistaken for the whole—a fragment, moreover, which cannot even supply its own foundation. Such a system arrogates to itself unjustly the august name of truth, for truth cannot land us in an open contradiction between equally fundamental constituents of our nature. But if this is so, the appeal of the volume is not from truth to authority, but from a partial to a fuller truth, from man conceived as mere abstract intellect to human nature as a whole.

In his method, as I have said, Mr Balfour resembles Kant, and, like Kant, he passes from the intellectual to

the ethical domain. But, in his conclusions, he approaches more nearly the general position of Hegel. In the metaphysical application of his thought, he enforces the dependence of the subjective reason of the individual on the objective reason of the historic process, and recognises a cosmic or Absolute Reason as the ground of the whole development. What distinguishes all three alike is (in one way of putting it) the unwavering humanism of their point of view, as opposed to the naturalism of those who would crush the spirit of man by thrusting upon it the immensities of physical nature, of infinite space and endless time. Mr Balfour, in some searching pages, has exposed the fallacy of such a mode of argument: material grandeur and moral excellences, as he well says, are incommensurable quantities. And in the age-long debate which has divided thinkers since the time of Democritus and Plato, this has been the essential import of all the great idealistic systems—*πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον ἄνθρωπος*. This thesis, first formulated by scepticism, is in point of fact, when properly interpreted, profoundly true. Our own nature is, from the very circumstances of the case, the only measuring rod which we can apply to the universe. "A harmony of some sort between our inner selves and the universe of which we form a part is a tacit postulate," as Mr Balfour says, "of every belief we entertain about phenomena." Our intellect is, after all, as much *ours* as any other part of our being, and in accepting the account of science as true, the Naturalist is involuntarily postulating harmony, to that extent, between himself and the universe. But why should this harmony be limited to the intellectual activities of sense-perception? It is impossible to show that this limitation is other than arbitrary, and that we have not as good a right to use as our touchstone of reality those inspirations of goodness

which are the spur of all our endeavour, and those visions of beauty and of harmonious truth which are a master-light of all our seeing. Man must be anthropomorphic. What we ask is simply that his anthropomorphism shall be deliberate, consistent, and critical, instead of being unconscious, partial, and arbitrary.

But if, in these latter remarks, I have emphasised the affinity of Mr Balfour's thought to those systems of the larger Reason of which Hegel's is the most convenient example, the affinity is obviously not to be understood in any narrow or rigid sense. His whole intellectual temper is different; some might say it is more sceptical, others might say it is more human, by which I mean more cognisant of the limitations of humanity. There is one important Hegelian doctrine at least with which Mr Balfour is strenuously at one—the doctrine of "degrees of truth,"—the insight that all truth is a matter of approximation, that no error is wholly false and no finite truth is wholly true. This doctrine, recently re-expounded by Mr Bradley with so much force, is an integral part of Hegelian thought, but a part strangely forgotten in the claim of the system to represent absolute truth, to be indeed the insight of the Absolute Being into his own essence and history. The temper of Mr Balfour's book is well exhibited by contrast in a characteristic passage, with which this long review may fitly close:—

> I like to think of the human race, from whatever stock its members may have sprung, in whatever age they may be born, whatever creed they may profess, together in the presence of the One Reality, engaged not wholly in vain, in spelling out some fragments of its message. All share its being; to none are its oracles wholly dumb. And if, both in the natural world and in the spiritual, the advancement we have made on our forefathers be so great that our interpretation seems

indefinitely removed from that which primitive man could alone apprehend, and wherewith he had to be content, it may be, indeed I think it is, the case that our approximate guesses are closer to his than they are to their common Object, and that, far as we seem to have travelled, yet, measured on the celestial scale, our intellectual progress is scarcely to be discerned, so minute is the parallax of Infinite Truth.

NOTE A.

THE USE OF THE TERM "NATURALISM."

ONE of the results of Mr Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' has been to bring to light some serious, and even remarkable, divergences of view as to the meaning and precise application of current philosophical terms. This was particularly the case in regard to the term Naturalism, which is so prominent in Mr Balfour's argument. Much of the criticism of the book took, in fact, the form of an indignant repudiation of the author's use of names. It may perhaps, therefore, contribute to the fixing of philosophical usage in this case, and in the case of some other terms frequently conjoined with it, if, starting from Mr Balfour's definitions, we examine his usage in the light of some of the chief objections taken to it.

In his introductory chapter, Mr Balfour thus indicates the system of thought against which his book is directed:—

> Whatever the name selected, the thing itself is sufficiently easy to describe. For its leading doctrines are that we may know phenomena and the laws by which they are connected, but nothing more. "More" there may or may not be, but if it exists we can never apprehend it; and whatever the World may be "in its reality" (supposing such an expression to be otherwise than meaningless), the World for us, the World with

which alone we are concerned, or of which we alone can have any cognisance, is that World which is revealed to us through perception, and which is the subject-matter of the Natural Sciences. Here, and here only, are we on firm ground. Here, and here only, can we discover anything which deserves to be described as knowledge. Here, and here only, may we profitably exercise our reason or gather the fruits of Wisdom (p. 7).

In another passage he speaks of "the two elements composing the naturalistic creed: the one *positive*, consisting, broadly speaking, of the teaching contained in the general body of the natural sciences; the other *negative*, expressed in the doctrine that beyond these limits, wherever they may happen to lie, nothing is, and nothing can be, known" (p. 92); and again of "the assumption that the kind of 'experience' which gave us natural science was the sole basis of knowledge," and "the further inference that nothing deserved to be called Knowledge which did not come within the circle of the natural sciences" (p. 171). "After all," he says in another place, "Naturalism is nothing more than the assertion that empirical methods are valid and that no others are so" (p. 134). In these passages the theory is defined by reference to its presuppositions or method; when we look at the resulting body of doctrine, we find that the theory attempts "the impossible task of extracting reason from unreason" (p. 301). It involves the

> deposition of Reason from its ancient position as the ground of all existence to that of an expedient among other expedients for the maintenance of organic life; an expedient, moreover, which is temporary in its character and insignificant in its effects. An irrational Universe which accidentally turns out a few reasoning animals at one corner of it, as a rich man may experiment at one end of his park with some curious "sport" accidentally produced among his flocks and herds, is a Universe which we might well despise, if we did not ourselves share its degradation (p. 75).

And, finally, the naturalistic catechism which he elaborates at the conclusion of the first part of the volume clearly identifies Naturalism with consistent Materialism (pp. 83-85).

To the system whose substantive doctrines he thus indicates, Mr Balfour applies throughout his volume the term Naturalism. "Agnosticism, Positivism, Empiricism," he says, "have all been used more or less correctly to describe this scheme of thought, though in the following pages, for reasons with which it is not necessary to trouble the reader, the term which I shall commonly employ is Naturalism." This passage and the usage it indicates have called forth emphatic disclaimers from the patrons or representatives of the views which are here practically identified. Each objects to be identified with any of the others, and they all disclaim responsibility for the system of doctrines attributed to them in common. Professor Huxley, not unnaturally jealous for the honour of the term which he invented, objected "to making Agnosticism the scapegoat, on whose head the philosophic sins of the companions with whom it is improperly associated may be conveniently piled up;" while Mr Frederic Harrison, as a Positivist, is still more wroth to find himself identified with the Agnostics, against whom he has so often gone forth to war in the Reviews. "The passage just quoted," he says, "is a coagulated clot of confusion and misstatement"—from which it is easy to see that Mr Harrison is very angry indeed. Professor Wallace, on the other hand, though himself accepting in the main an Idealism of the Hegelian type, puts a lance in rest for Naturalism, which he seems to think has been hardly treated in being identified with its own extreme consequences. "Its faults," he says, "spring from a creditable motive. It is the desire to be honest, to say only what you can prove, to require thorough continuity and con-

sistency in the whole realm of accepted truths.[1] Naturalism was a reaction from the follies of Supernaturalism."

> Naturalism [he says again] was at the outset and in essence a negation, not of the supernatural in general, but of a supernatural conceived as incoherent, arbitrary, and chaotic; a protest against a conception which separated God from the world, as a potter from his clay, against the *ignava ratio* which took customary sequences of events as needing no explanation, and looked for special revelation from portents and wonders.[2]

Understanding Supernaturalism in this sense, Professor Wallace regrets "that some recognition of the inner aims of Rationalism and Naturalism is not vouchsafed," and he would evidently prefer to rehabilitate the term Naturalism and follow that banner, rather than be suspected of any complicity with a discredited Supernaturalism. To this Mr Balfour might easily retort, that his purpose was not an historical review of the progress of opinion, but an attempt to deal directly with current ways of looking at the universe, using terms as nearly as possible in the sense which is most general in philosophic usage, and which they tend to bear in the vocabulary of educated people. And although Naturalism, as a matter of etymology and history, may have taken its rise as merely the denial of an external

[1] I cannot help remarking the striking similarity between this account of Naturalism and Professor Huxley's strange definition of Agnosticism as consisting essentially "in the application of a single principle, which is the fundamental axiom of modern science. Positively, this principle may be thus expressed: in matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: in matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable." On this showing, we should all desire with one accord to take service under the Agnostic flag, for Agnosticism, so defined, is another name for intellectual honesty. Similarly, on Professor Wallace's showing, no self-respecting person would permit himself to be called anything but a Naturalist.

[2] These quotations are from an article by Professor Wallace in the 'Fortnightly Review' for April 1895.

and arbitrary Supernaturalism, I think there can be no reasonable doubt that the name has since acquired the signification which Mr Balfour gives it, and that it has, indeed, of late been gradually supplanting other terms as the most fitting designation for the system of beliefs in question. Naturalism, in accepted phraseology, is a name applicable to any system which, as Mr Balfour expresses it, finds the metaphysical or permanent reality of the universe in "the world which is revealed to us through perception and which is the subject-matter of the Natural Sciences." Naturalism is, therefore, practically identical with Materialism, though it may not pretend to explain the origin of the phenomena of consciousness from matter in motion, but may content itself, in that regard, with a doctrine of concomitance. In any case, the fundamental explanation—the central fact—of the universe is to be found, according to the theory, not in the phenomena of consciousness with their rational and ethical implications, but in the mechanical system of causes and effects of which consciousness seems to be the outcome or accompaniment. If that is so, any attempt to re-define Naturalism in such a way that absolute Idealism might reasonably be included under it, could only result in still further confusing the issues. The "New Naturalism," of which Professor Wallace constitutes himself the champion, would have, as he says, "to repair the defects of the Old." But when repairs are so extensive as to alter the whole structure and outlook of the building, the question as to the identity of the edifice becomes a point of casuistry. Naturalism, in ordinary usage, is the antithesis not merely of the Supernaturalism which finds its support in supposed divine "interference," but also of every spiritual or idealistic theory of the universe. The wide influence of Mr Balfour's book must have largely contributed to stereotype this use of the term; and, from

the point of view of philosophical terminology, I cannot regard this as other than a fortunate result.

As a standing designation, it is distinctly preferable in point of accuracy to any of the terms which Mr Balfour mentions as currently, but somewhat loosely, in use as synonyms. The absence of God and immortality from the Positivist scheme may well seem to the ordinary man to leave no practical difference between that doctrine and the theory of Naturalism. Yet, from a philosophical point of view, the difference is not unimportant. Though, in its denials, Positivism makes common cause with Naturalism, its constructive doctrine is borrowed from Idealism, or, as some would say, from Christian thought. In the stress which Positivism lays upon man, even to the extent of calling itself the religion of Humanity, Positivism echoes the thought of Pascal, that man—the dying reed—is greater than the universe by which he dies, that there is no common measure for the immensities of the physical universe and the spring of love, of thought, of reverence that wells in a human heart. To this Positivism owes its vitality, for the germ of the higher religions is this sense of the truly infinite, the truly adorable, as revealed in man alone. "Comtianism," Dr Hutchison Stirling has aptly said, "bears to Hegelianism a relation very similar to that of Mahometanism to Christianity" (Schwegler, p. 464). If we generalise the statement, we may, I think, recognise in Positivism an idealism *manqué*—an idealism with strange defects and inconsistencies—but still a doctrine in spirit and intention widely removed from mere Materialism. It is well, therefore, not to ignore this difference, but to continue to use the term in a narrower and specific sense, as applicable to the different sects which appeal to Comte as their founder and claim to represent the Religion of Humanity.

Naturalism seems also more accurately descriptive than

Agnosticism; for the theory in question is essentially a negative dogmatism, whereas Agnosticism, according to its etymology and according to the intention of the inventor of the term, is meant to convey only an expression of ignorance, a balance of the intellect, a refusal to pronounce upon ultimate problems either in one sense or in another. "A plague o' both your houses" is, in effect, the language held by Professor Huxley to the partisans of Idealism and Materialism alike, in his well-known essay "On the Physical Basis of Life," in the essay "On Descartes," and in many other places.

> The materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of Materialism, like those of Spiritualism and most other "isms," lie outside the limits of philosophical inquiry, and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are.— (Collected Essays, vol. i. p. 162.)

No doubt it is difficult constantly to keep oneself correctly balanced upon the razor-edge of agnostic orthodoxy. Professor Huxley tells us that "the further Science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of Nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols"; and though he enters his protest against the error of mistaking the symbols for real entities, he admits, in doing so, that it is a mistake only too easy to fall into. The Agnostic, like David Hume, who is here invoked as patron of the creed, is apt to reserve his denials for "divinity or school metaphysics," while he views with something like equanimity the materialistic conclusions drawn from the advance of science. He is certain that he knows nothing of spiritual realities or agents; theoretically, he should be equally certain of his ignorance of reality or agency in the case of natural phenomena.

But, as he is constantly occupied with the latter, his hand becomes subdued to what it works in. As man, moreover, is not a creature of pure reason alone, the senses assert their imperious sway over his practical beliefs, and his position becomes indistinguishable from Materialism pure and simple. Still, in spite of the fatal facility with which the one may glide into the other, we have in strictness no more right to identify the two, than a naturalist would have to deny the difference between two species because of the existence of intermediate forms in which they continuously approach one another. Definition in such cases must be by type. The typical Agnostic, like Huxley, is clearly distinguished from the typical Materialist. It would be an unjustifiable and quite unnecessary removal of landmarks, therefore, to use the two terms indiscriminately. No one in these days will allow that he is a Materialist; but Naturalism supplies exactly the term needed to enable us to surmount this verbal difficulty, while Agnosticism may be conveniently retained to designate the quasi-sceptical position which it etymologically suggests.[1]

The only legitimate objection to this use of the term Naturalism is that urged by Professor Wallace. Naturalism, in a certain context, appears as the antithesis of Supernaturalism; and he who attacks Naturalism may accordingly be supposed to do so in the interest of "miracles" and other "supernatural" adjuncts of theology. Some parts of the discussion in Mr Balfour's concluding chapters certainly seem to favour this view of his argument. But there are others which suggest a larger interpretation, as where he expressly discards what he

[1] Empiricism may be disregarded in this connection, as a term which is no longer much in popular use. It tends to become restricted to the technical discussions of the schools, and even there it suggests, perhaps, a more or less obsolete formulation of the issues.

calls "the common division between 'natural' and 'supernatural.'"

> We cannot consent [he says] to see the "preferential working of Divine Power" only in those religious manifestations which refuse to accommodate themselves to our conception (whatever that may be) of the strictly "natural" order of the world; nor can we deny a Divine origin to those aspects of religious development which natural laws seem competent to explain. The familiar distinction, indeed, between "natural" and "supernatural" coincides neither with that between natural and spiritual, nor with that between "preferential action" and "non-preferential," nor with that between phenomenal and noumenal. It is perhaps less important than is sometimes supposed.

Quite in keeping with this is the fine passage which follows on Inspiration, as "limited to no age, to no country, no people" (pp. 330, 331).

But whatever Mr Balfour's personal attitude may be towards the supernatural in the ordinary theological sense of that word (and that is a matter which does not concern us here), it is sufficiently plain that this is not the kernel of the argument. Even when he comes to deal with the central article of the Christian faith, it is not on the extra-naturalness of certain facts that the emphasis is laid, but upon the adaptation of the doctrine to the needs of man —upon what might be called, therefore, in the highest sense, its "naturalness." The antithesis which runs through the volume, and which must impress itself upon any candid reader, is not that between the natural and a so-called supernatural, but that between the natural and the spiritual—between nature, as "revealed to us through perception," and that higher nature in nature which makes us men and gives us an earnest of the Divine. This antithesis also has the sanction of usage on its side. Both in theological and in philosophical writing, the natural and

the spiritual are as currently and intelligibly opposed to one another as the natural and the supernatural. The moral world of persons is constantly contrasted with the natural world of things. What other interpretation is to be put upon Leibniz's "Kingdom of Nature and Kingdom of Grace," upon Kant's opposition of the Sensible and the Intelligible World? "Nature," says Jacobi, "conceals God. Man reveals God." "Man Supernatural" is the title chosen by Professor Campbell Fraser for one of his recent Gifford Lectures. "As a merely sentient being man is wholly, or almost wholly, an event in the orderly natural system. In his moral acts man appears to exemplify that final principle on which natural order ultimately depends."[1] "Nature," says Green, concluding his long argument for a spiritual principle, "implies a principle which is non-natural."[2] I quote these prominent expressions of widely different thinkers, not because I regard them all as equally sound, or any of them perhaps as beyond criticism, but simply to prove how widely current is the narrower sense of "Nature" which is embodied in Mr Balfour's use of Naturalism. In not one of the passages quoted is there the least suggestion of the supernatural in the mechanical and external sense of popular theology. The contrast is substantially between the material and the ideal, the natural and the spiritual. If we turn to the histories of philosophy and their classifications of philosophical doctrine, we find also that the usage is no innovation. When Schwegler applies the term Naturalism to the doctrine of Democritus, when Ueberweg uses it as an equivalent to Materialism in his account of the French Encyclopædists, and employs it again to describe the transformation which the Hegelian system underwent at the hands of Feuerbach, both apparently appeal to accepted

[1] The Philosophy of Theism. First Series, p. 269.
[2] Prolegomena to Ethics, p. 56.

usage. No apology is offered for the introduction of the term, nor does the reader feel that any explanation is required of a terminology so appropriate. The conjecture is permissible that Mr Balfour's usage would also have been accepted without cavil but for the sub-title of the volume, which seems to make the whole discussion ancillary to the study of theology. The air of England is charged with ecclesiasticism, and this was sufficient to create an inveterate prejudice in many minds, and to rouse in many more the suspicion of an *arrière pensée*. For there are many, unfortunately, who are more jealous of the encroachments of the supernatural than alive to the conservation of the spiritual truths of which it has been the vehicle.

NOTE B.

THE LEGITIMACY OF THE ARGUMENT FROM CONSEQUENCES.

Mr Balfour's general mode of procedure has been unsparingly condemned in many quarters, on the ground that his inquiry is avowedly undertaken in the interest of certain beliefs as to the course of the world and man's place in it. The motive of the investigation, it is said, discredits its results in advance. It is not a disinterested quest of truth, but a piece of special pleading in support of beliefs whose truth is assumed without investigation, on the strength of certain supposed "needs" of the individual and the race. But the needs of the race, still more of the individual, have no relevance, when the question is one of the facts of existence. Proud man has long enough indulged himself in this comforting but fatuous course of reasoning, and imposed his own image upon the world. Man's needs must bend before nature's necessities. It is time for him to accept his true place in the cosmic scheme. If science teaches us our insignificance and evanescence, we have no option but to accept that teaching, however wounding it may be to our pride or lacerating to our emotions.

Thus, in familiar accents, with a measure of right on

their side, and a still greater measure of plausibility, we can hear the devotees of "truth" exclaim. And their indignation is naturally redoubled when Mr Balfour, in the first part of his book, deliberately proceeds to test the doctrines of "Naturalism" by their consequences—that is to say, by the consequences, or supposed consequences, to morality and life of their general adoption as a working creed. Here at least, we can hear them say, is a method of polemic which it might have been supposed was obsolete. Mr Balfour himself admits that his procedure is not the most logical; but he blandly adds that he has adopted it in order to arrest the attention of "the general reader." Could there be a more unblushing admission or a more demoralising mode of argument?

This line of objection, which rests upon the same notion of truth, has even more show of reason than the first; and it may be freely admitted that the argument *in terrorem*, from the supposed consequences of a doctrine, is peculiarly liable to abuse, and also that it has frequently been idly invoked in the past. Beliefs which were held to be essential to the religious life or the stability of the social fabric have been abandoned without any signs of injury to either, and doctrines which were declared to strike at the roots of both religion and society have become part of our common teaching; and yet the heavens have not fallen, as it was confidently prophesied they would. Nothing, in short, is more wonderful than the power of adaptation which experience shows man to possess in the matter of belief. Yet while this is both true and reassuring, we must remember that experience only proves its truth within certain limits. Profound as the changes of belief have been in the past, the doctrines that have been from time to time abandoned or embraced must still be pronounced to be concerned with details, as compared with the fundamental issue between Materialism or Naturalism

and a spiritual or idealistic view of man's place in the universe. This, it may be fairly argued, is not an issue between different forms of an ethical or social creed, but between belief and no-belief; inasmuch as the materialistic scheme affords no legitimate basis for ethical endeavour or ethical precept. No human society has ever been based upon the conclusions of materialism, and wherever this negative creed has become widely spread among individuals (in cultivated society under the Roman empire, for example, or in the same circles in France before the Revolution), the result has been visible in moral deterioration and social disintegration. The teaching of experience, therefore, does not discourage the application of the argument from consequences in an ultimate resort, however much it may cast ridicule upon misguided attempts to invoke this *ultima ratio* for any of the changing forms in which mankind have embodied their spiritual experience. For the *ultima ratio* of every creed, the *ultima ratio* of truth itself, is that it *works;* and no greater condemnation can be passed upon a doctrine or system than that, if it were true, human life, as it has been lived by the best of the race, would cease to be reasonable, or rather, would become a phenomenon whose emergence it was impossible to explain.

This consideration tends also to rob the previous objection of a good deal of its plausibility. "Truth" has become in these days a kind of Juggernaut, whose car is periodically dragged abroad in triumph by its self-immolating worshippers. There is much question-begging done under cover of devotion to "truth." The ethical life also has its certainties and its postulates; and a man is not necessarily evading truth, when he rejects a creed, because it has no place within it for those postulates of the ethical or spiritual life which to him are the most fundamental certainties of all. Nor is he convicted of prejudice, because he avows that the

defence of these postulates is the motive of his speculative inquiry. Mr Balfour, as has been argued in the preceding essay, may be said to be trying throughout his volume to establish a definition of truth or of Reason, which shall be at once more comprehensive and more self-consistent than that which limits it to the facts and laws of physical science. But if this is so, then the appeal of the volume is not from truth to authority, or from truth to subjective cravings, but from a partial and fragmentary truth to a fuller truth; and the argument may fairly claim to be judged on its merits, without any importation of the *odium anti-theologicum*.

THE VENTURE OF THEISM.[1]

THE University of Edinburgh was well advised in appointing to its Gifford Lectureship its own venerable Emeritus Professor. It was in 1856 that Professor Campbell Fraser succeeded to the chair of Sir William Hamilton; it is more than fifty years since he began to teach philosophy in Edinburgh, and began also to be known to the philosophical world by his articles in the then active 'North British Review.' For half a century Professor Fraser has maintained the best traditions of Scottish Philosophy, with, it may perhaps be added, a wider intellectual horizon and more Catholic sympathies than distinguished the earlier representatives of the school. His editorial labours, in which historical interest and literary skill are aptly combined with philosophical insight, have enriched the world with classical editions of two of our greatest English thinkers. But the time thus ungrudgingly and congenially spent has had the natural effect of limiting Professor Fraser's original contributions

[1] 'Philosophy of Theism,' being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1894-96, by Alexander Campbell Fraser, D.C.L., Oxford, Emeritus Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. First and Second Series. William Blackwood & Sons, 1895 and 1896. The essay which follows is reprinted with Mr Murray's kind permission from the 'Quarterly Review' of January 1898.

to philosophy. If exception is made of his early essays, his mature views on the perennial problems of human thought have hitherto found little more than incidental expression in the prolegomena and notes to his editions of Locke and Berkeley, and in the expository and critical chapters in his biographies of these philosophers. But he has now used the opportunity afforded him by the Gifford Lectureship to give to the world, in outline at least, the result of his lifelong meditations on the greatest of all themes.

The first volume of his 'Philosophy of Theism' discusses, with the aid of historical examples, the chief types of theory that have been advanced as to the nature of God and his relation to the world of men and things, thus illuminating by comparison and contrast the "moral faith" in which the author finally rests, as the only tenable solution of the problem from the human point of view. The second volume, in more directly systematic form, elaborates the grounds on which this theistic interpretation of the universe rests, and deals in the concluding lectures, in a striking way, with the difficulty presented by the existence of evil in a divine universe. The two volumes taken together, according to their author's intention, as a continuous piece of reasoning, form a notable and a very timely contribution to philosophical and religious thought. While handling his subject with all the knowledge and resources of the professional philosopher, Professor Fraser has been singularly successful in lifting the argument out of the technicalities of the schools into a larger and more intensely human atmosphere. Refusing to be led away into the discussion of side issues or the quest of merely dialectical triumphs, he holds up before the reader the fundamental issues of speculative thought with a quiet persistence and a breadth of handling that become ex-

ceedingly impressive. There is also, it may be added, an air of reality about the discussion which is not always present in academic dissertations. The question is to the lecturer a supremely practical one, and one that touches every department of human thought and action:—

> Is our environment essentially physical and non-moral, or is it ultimately moral, spiritual, and divine? Is the maintenance of the bodily organism the condition and measure of the continuance of each man's conscious and percipient moral personality? These two final questions underlie human life.

So he states the alternatives in the unpretentious but interesting Preface to the second volume.

> I think it may be granted [he says elsewhere] that the conception of the final meaning and purpose of life that is (consciously or unconsciously) adopted in fact by each man, mainly determines what the man is, and what he does. (I. 34.)

And throughout his discussion there is perceptible an accent of intimate personal conviction and a certain indefinable sense of ripeness which adds greatly to its interest and importance.

But the nature of the argument and the conclusion reached are also significant, as enabling the reader to estimate the drift of spiritual or theistic philosophy at the present time. Along with Dr Martineau,[1] Professor Fraser is the most eminent living representative of the spiritual tradition in British Philosophy, as that is found in Locke and Berkeley, no less than in Coleridge or in Reid and Sir William Hamilton. And while the campaign against our native growth of empiricism and agnosticism has been mainly conducted during the last thirty years by thinkers of the so-called Neo-Hegelian School, who have submitted themselves perhaps too

[1] In 1897, when this was written, Dr Martineau was still with us.

exclusively to German masters, these writers have shown themselves stronger in criticism than in construction; and the absolute idealism which they propose to prove by absolutely cogent demonstration has seemed to many to promise more than it actually performs for the spiritual interests of mankind. Be that as it may—and it would be ungracious to depreciate the work of men like Green and Dr Caird—a special interest and importance attaches to the conclusions of a thinker whose methods and results are not all made in Germany, one who approaches the question in an independent and characteristic way, and whose general habit of thought is perhaps more in harmony with the moderation and caution of our national spirit. It may be that Professor Fraser's position, as he hints, might not differ greatly from what he calls "Hegelianism humanised," but in any case comparison between the two points of view must be instructive. In the suggestive and closely packed chapter with which he concluded the sketch of Berkeley in Blackwood's 'Philosophical Classics' in 1881, Professor Fraser had already indicated "a philosophy grounded on Faith" as, in his judgment, the true *via media* between an agnosticism which would limit knowledge to the phenomena of sense and an absolute idealism or gnosticism (as he proposed to call it by way of contrast) which "seems to claim as attainable philosophy, an intuition of the rational articulation of the universe of things and persons in the unity of the creative thought," and thus to "eliminate mystery from our physical and moral experience, and convert philosophy into absolute science." In the two volumes before us he repeatedly returns to the same ultimate differentiation of philosophical theories, substituting, however, frequently for agnosticism the nescience or universal scepticism in which, as he contends, it consistently issues.

> Pantheistic Reason, Universal Nescience, and Theistic Faith are the three philosophies now before Europe and America, with some educated and more half-educated thought oscillating between the first and the second. Of these three, which is the most reasonable, because the fittest to provide for man, in the fulness of his physical and spiritual being, a true home in needed moral as well as intellectual satisfaction? (I. 156.)

The contrast between the first and the third—between "absolute idealism" and "the intermediate position with which I am satisfied"—is elaborated chiefly in the two chapters of the second volume on "Divine Necessity" and "Philosophical Faith," and will occupy our attention in the sequel, together with Professor Fraser's reasons for declining to recognise the former as a satisfactory, or indeed a possible, solution.

In describing his position as theistic *faith*, the author indicates that, in his opinion, the conditions of the problem do not admit of demonstration or absolutely coercive proof. In a sense, the solution to be hoped for is moral rather than intellectual. Nevertheless, belief in God is not reduced to the level of a subjective emotion or desire. It is, on the contrary, Professor Fraser contends, the only hypothesis which stands between us and a scepticism in which the very idea of truth or knowledge would disappear. For a proof of this we need go no further than the procedure of science itself. The postulate which underlies every scientific induction is the intelligibility of nature—the belief, in other words, that we are living in a cosmos, not a chaos; the belief that the Power at work in the universe will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion. Science (as well as our most everyday knowledge and action) thus reposes upon an ultimate trust, which is not susceptible of demonstration. We may rightly speak of this trust as progres-

sively verified or justified by every step we take in the intellectual conquest of the world; but, however legitimate our confidence, at no conceivable point in that progress, or in any future progress, can the thesis be said to be, in a scientific sense, *proved*.

The parallel in this respect between scientific procedure and the moral and religious life of man is pressed home by Professor Fraser with great force and felicity. The postulate of science is to be regarded as itself a theistic postulate, so far as it goes; but it seems to recognise only the attribute of intellectual consistency. This trust in the uniformity of nature is ultimately, however, a belief in a morally trustworthy universe—that is to say, in a Being who will not capriciously or wantonly deceive those who put their trust in him. The inductive faith thus rests on a deeper ethical faith. This faith, more fully developed, forms the presupposition of the moral and spiritual life. The presupposition is again, precisely as in the case of the scientific postulate, progressively verified in ethical and religious experience, but is never lifted into the region of scientific demonstration. In either case, to demand proof as the preliminary to action would mean to be cut off from the possibility of verification, and, indeed, to be condemned to absolute inaction and sceptical despair.

This may be said to constitute Professor Fraser's central contention. The verities of the moral life thus become for him the real key to the whole enigma of the universe. Morality itself rests for him on the postulate of human freedom—

> "This main miracle, that thou art thou,
> With power on thine own act and on the world."

Man, in this sense "supernatural," reveals to us the true meaning of causation, namely, free responsible agency;

and this insight enables us to see in so-called natural causes only the connections of phenomena established by an ever-active divine Will. On such a view of God as the real Agent in nature and in all natural evolution, the supposed conflict between religion and science, of which so much has been heard, vanishes into thin air. The mechanical deism which fostered the misunderstanding gives place to a rational theism. Finally, the conception of human freedom is applied in two of the most impressive chapters of the second volume to reconcile the existence of moral evil with the perfect moral purpose of God. Such are the broad outlines of an argument whose simplicity is not the least of its merits. Its persuasiveness as a whole, and its points of contact with recent speculation, will become more apparent on closer examination.

After stating the problem in his first lecture, Professor Fraser proceeds to articulate it by reference to the three postulated existences of common belief — the Self or Ego, the material world and God. The relations of these three to one another form the principal part of the Philosophy of Theism, and monistic systems have repeatedly attempted to resolve the three into one. "We may even say that unbalanced recognition of one of the three over the other two, in thought, feeling, or action, is the chief source of error and moral disorder." According as over-emphasis is laid on one or another of the three existences there results—first, a system of universal materialism; or, secondly, a philosophy of Immaterialism and Panegoism, in which, if consistent, we may become subjective idealists and solipsists; or, thirdly, the various schemes of Pantheism, Impersonalism or Acosmism, in which the world and the ego are identified with God. The lectures which immediately follow elaborate these three positions, in the first instance with much sympa-

thetic insight into the motives which underlie the different conceptions, and a due acknowledgment of the element of truth in their contention which gives them their vitality from age to age. As he truly says, in summarising the first course of lectures:—

> If you would convince another, who really loves truth, of defect in conception, you must try to see the side at which things are looked at by him, for on that side his view of them is probably true: by seeing a truth common to him and to you, he may more readily recognise with you what is wanting in his own conception.

The materialistic theory is handled in Lecture III. with a power of sympathetic realisation reminiscent of Lucretius and recalling at times the sweep of Tennyson's "Vastness." The immaterialistic or Berkeleian conception is presented by way of contrast in the following lecture, not so much as an actual danger of speculative thought, or even as having ever formed an accepted philosophical system—rather as supplying an easy solvent of the confident dogmatism of materialistic theorisers. According to the one view, the universe of reality is "at last only a universe of molecules in motion"; according to the other all reality is reduced to the succession of my individual conscious states. But neither atoms nor states of consciousness seem to give us the final unity and self-sufficingness which we conceive to belong to the ultimate reality; and accordingly Pantheism, the third of the monistic theories, regards them both "as necessitated modifications of the One Infinite Reality, called God, in which the universe is consubstantiated." The ambiguity of the term Pantheism leads to some interesting passages of discrimination, in which deism and pantheism are contrasted as opposite extremes, and theism presented as the intermediate conception which embraces the truth of both.

Under a gross deistical conception, God is imaged as living in a place apart, determined at a certain date to create the aggregate of things and persons that have since appeared in space—these all, after creation, being left in a vague way by the external deity to the implanted forces in nature, God at a distance either doing nothing, or occasionally interfering with the natural order by miracle or extraordinary providence; a wholly transcendent and, in this sense, alien God, in short—an individual being among other individuals, instead of Being absolutely unique.

As opposed to this mechanical conception,

the idea of God as the ever-present life of the world, operating in and through natural laws, is common to philosophic theism with pantheism, and is part of what modern theism owes to pantheistic exaggeration.

The essential difference between Pantheism and Theism arises on the question of the will and moral freedom. The essence of Pantheism, in the obnoxious sense of the term, is the conception of the universe as an absolutely necessitated manifestation—the eternal involuntary evolution of the One Infinite Reality—in which, therefore, the ideas of duty, of wrong-doing, of imperfection, can have no place. Spinoza is taken as the classical representative of this type of thought, and a separate lecture is devoted to the discussion of his system in this reference. Time being an illusion of the human imagination, nothing really happens; and neither cause nor purpose has any place in his abstract geometrical construction of the universe *sub specie æternitatis*. Contingency is similarly excluded, for whatever is is divine. The logical elaboration of Pantheism thus brings us face to face with an ultimate dilemma.

Either we reduce the universe of individual things and persons to shadows of reality, and then the undetermined substance or Deity of Spinoza comes in as an abstract featureless

unity; or we must assume that the presented data of our temporal experience are real, so far as they go, and that God is signified, not modified, in the finite universe.

Only facts can decide; and if facts oblige us to admit that what experience brings us into contact with is not shadows and dreams, but individual realities, and a real succession of events, then we must decline to entertain the Spinozistic hypothesis. Such facts are found in the moral experience of responsibility and remorse, which form an insurmountable barrier in the way of Spinoza's logic. If, again, we are told that individual persons cannot possess a real or substantial independence, because this is inconsistent with the definitions of substance and reality, it may fairly be answered that in so arguing we are drifting into a dispute about words. "Life implies that in point of fact they are as if they were distinct substances, for we so treat them in our moral judgments and in our actions." The Pantheistic system, on the contrary, tends to become "a logical evolution of what is contained in the connotation of certain words of extreme abstraction." To seek to override our most intimate convictions because they do not accommodate themselves to a speculative construction of existence, as supposed to be seen from the divine centre, is emphatically to begin philosophising at the wrong end.

The three attempted monistic solutions having thus broken down under examination, we may be finally tempted to relinquish the speculative problem in despair, and relapse into agnosticism, which when thought out, as by Hume, results in universal scepticism. Professor Fraser accordingly, before proceeding to his own constructive suggestions, devotes a lecture to the attitude of "universal nescience" as represented by Hume. Hume and Spinoza, he says in his Preface, were seldom

absent from his mind as types of the two extremes of speculative thought. If, as Hume assumes, momentary sensation is the measure of reality, the very notion of "truth" falls to the ground; as Plato long ago proved, a consistent sensationalism must be speechless. But Professor Fraser finds that Hume himself, in the account which he gives of Custom, falls back upon a species of faith or trust, as the only way of extricating himself from the sceptical dilemma. Moreover he contends that this faith, attenuated though it be, carries in it the rudiments of the three commonly postulated existences—self, the outer world, and God. Professor Fraser's interpretation of Hume at this point is both novel and suggestive, and should claim the attention of philosophical students. Hume's appeal to irrational or non-rational custom has generally been treated by his expositors and critics as an integral part of his scepticism, indeed as its culmination. But Professor Fraser sees in it rather the suggestion of a constructive principle, which only requires to be developed in order to lift us clear of scepticism altogether. In support of this view, he is able to refer to some of Hume's own expressions in regard to it, which are sufficiently remarkable, but which have been somewhat unaccountably neglected in preceding accounts of his thought. Custom, according to Hume, is "a species of natural instinct" which generates expectations in conformity with the behaviour of facts in the past. This "belief or faith" (as Hume also calls it) is in effect, Professor Fraser urges, a recognition of the practical trustworthiness of the universe—a faith in the interpretability of nature; and is not this interpretability of nature, he asks, another expression for its immanent divinity? Hume himself talks of the correspondence that appears between our trust in natural order and the facts of that order as "a kind of pre-established harmony" between nature and the

succession of our ideas. "Though the powers and forces by which the universe is governed be wholly unknown to us, yet our thoughts and conceptions have still, we find, gone on in the same train with the other works of nature." He even suggests in his half-ironical, half-serious vein, that "those who delight in the discovery and contemplation of final causes" have here a supreme example ready to their hand. For "'the wisdom of nature' has implanted in us an instinctive faith which carries forward the thought in a correspondent course to that which she has established among external objects, though we are ignorant of those powers and forces on which this regular course or succession of objects totally depends."

"The three primary postulated existences," Professor Fraser concludes, "are virtually implied, each in a thin, attenuated form, in these notable words, 'self' and 'outward things,' distinguished, yet in an established harmony with each other; and, withal, a rudimentary faith in order and purpose embodied in the whole, but with ignorance otherwise of the Power to which the order and purpose are due." But can we stop here? The starting-point —it might even be said, the central thought—of the constructive theory of the Lectures is found in the challenge to the scientific agnostic with which the lecture on Hume concludes. "Is the religious 'leap in the dark' more irrational than the inductive?" Current agnosticism makes no scruple of treating physical science as completely certain, and any deeper interpretation of life as vain imagination. But such agnosticism does not escape from the necessity of faith or trust. It only proposes to arrest it arbitrarily at a certain point.

In thus pressing home the theistic implications of scientific procedure, Professor Fraser's argument offers many undesigned, and on that account all the more

interesting, points of coincidence with Mr Balfour's reasoning in the 'Foundations of Belief.' Both argue that all scientific reasoning as to the causation of events rests on a fundamental presupposition which is not itself proved, and is not susceptible of proof, inasmuch as all proof takes it for granted. The belief in natural law—the conviction that we are living in a cosmos and not in a chaos—is essentially an act of faith or trust. It cannot be proved by any accumulation of inductions, for the very intention of making an induction presupposes it, and each individual induction depends for whatever cogency it possesses upon this assumption. Mill's laboured confusion of logic and psychology, in his struggle to remain true to the principles of a pure empiricism, served only to bring to light the manifest circle in which attempts at empirical proof involve themselves. We bring the belief with us to the facts, and when we do so, we find that we are able to interpret the facts in the light of the belief; in that sense, and in that sense alone, may the progress of science be regarded as a cumulative proof or justification of the soundness of the trust by which the whole advance has been inspired. This immovable belief in cosmical law, or the intelligibility of the universe, is rightly regarded both by Professor Fraser and Mr Balfour as, *pro tanto*, a belief in God; for it treats nature as a rational system, and therefore as the product of an intelligence akin to our own.

> Natural Science [says Professor Fraser] is a product which depends for its existence upon the fact of intellectual affinity between man and his surroundings.
>
> I do not believe [says Mr Balfour] that any escape from a purely sceptical position is possible, unless we are prepared to bring to the study of the world the presupposition that it was the work of a rational Being who made *it* intelligible, and at the same time made *us*, in however feeble a fashion, able to

understand it. . . . Theism, then, whether or not it can in the strict meaning of the word be described as proved by science, is a principle which science requires for its own completion.[1]

This is, again, the true sense of the circular argument (a *circulus* when regarded as an argument) in which Descartes makes the veracity of God the primal condition of all certainty. "If I do not first know that there is a God," he says, "I may suppose that I have been so constituted by mere nature as to be deceived, even in matters which I apprehend with the greatest seeming evidence and certitude;" so that "without the knowledge of God it would be impossible ever to know anything else." As Professor Fraser points out, Descartes is here simply giving reflective expression to the faith that is at the root of all other faith; the existence of God is presupposed in the reliableness of experience. It is in all essentials the same position at which Kant also arrives when he calls attention to the harmony which exists between the forms of our intelligence and the matter with which they are furnished by the world of reality. The Knowability of the world *in any degree* would be impossible, he points out, but for a pre-established harmony between the knower and the world he comes to know.

On a higher plane Kant thus offers us the same thought of pre-established harmony which Professor Fraser has signalised in Hume, and to which he seeks to give a deeper and more far-reaching interpretation. For if the belief in natural causation is not a conclusion from the facts, but a governing idea in the light of which we find the facts interpretable, other ideas may justify themselves on similar terms. It cannot then be an objection to the teleological interpretation of the world that the

[1] Foundations of Belief, pp. 303, 304.

idea of purpose is brought with us to the facts, if the teleological point of view enables us to reach a better understanding of the whole. In that respect, it is exactly on the same footing as the belief in causal order. Why, in brief, should we stop short with a merely physical interpretation of the world, when there are moral or spiritual facts which are only interpretable if we regard the universe as "at last the supernatural manifestations of supreme moral purpose"? The larger moral faith includes the more meagre physical faith, and though neither is in a strict sense proved, both are justified by their works. Such is the ethical teleology in which Professor Fraser, like Kant, finally casts anchor.

In reality, the orderly sequence of physical facts which we call Nature cannot stand by itself. It only becomes intelligible in the light reflected upon it from the conscious spirit of man. For natural causation does not explain anything finally; natural causes are only metaphorically called causes, if by cause is meant agency, real power to originate the effect. "The final meaning of cause is reached through conscience." In our moral activity we are conscious of ourselves as the real agents in respect of all these acts for which we feel ourselves to be responsible. "Man thus shows in his own personality what a cause is that is really a cause." Power or real causality in this sense can belong only to persons; a free cause is the only true cause. So-called natural causes are only the established signs of changes, whose occurrence we are thereby enabled to predict. Natural causation is really sense-symbolism—a divinely instituted order of procedure, by deciphering which we are able with practical safety to direct our lives. The laws of Nature which science formulates are simply rules of connection; the Agent in all natural changes must be a Power in the only sense of the word Power known to us.

That is, all natural causation is really divine. This is Berkeley's vital thought, and, as may be supposed, it is expounded by Professor Fraser with peculiar authority and a loving sense of proprietorship. "It pervades," he says, "the thought which I have given to the world in the last five-and-twenty years, for it is implied in six volumes in which Berkeley was the text, and in three in which I have essayed a critical reconstruction of Locke."

This conception of the secondary or caused causes of natural science, it may be added, does not depend for its truth upon the too purely subjective idealism of the Berkeleian theory. It depends only upon the distinction between persons and things. Power and purpose can reside only in the former; they alone really *act*, that is to say, originate or create; and they alone therefore are responsible for their actions. The changing world of things can be no more than the instrument of active will or conscious purpose. In this sense,

> conscious life is the light of the world. . . . It is the revelation that is involved in the self-consciousness of man that supplies the key to this deeper or spiritual interpretation of nature. Apart from this the outer world, with all its laws and ends, is darkness; for *external nature in itself, or apart from the contents of moral life in man, conceals the God whom it nevertheless reveals when it is looked at in the light of spiritual consciousness.*[1]

In the words here italicised there is an obvious reference to the famous saying of Jacobi which Sir William Hamilton was fond of quoting—"Nature conceals God; man reveals God." Taken by itself, the aphorism has the air of a paradox; for it would seem to make Nature the expression of a wholly undivine and alien power. But a dualism of this kind is a philosophically impossible

[1] First Series, p. 247.

position. Professor Fraser's statement happily expresses the truth which Jacobi intended to convey, namely, that our central principle of interpretation must be found in our own self-conscious experience, apart from which the visible system of causes and effects would cease to have either meaning or value. He recurs to the subject in a similar passage in the second volume, which is also an excellent expression of the whole conception on which we have been dwelling.

> External nature conceals God, only if God is not revealed through the moral and religious experience of man. After this revelation, external nature *becomes for man* constantly symbolic of the divine; each fresh discovery of a natural cause is then interpretable as only a further and fuller revelation of the supernatural Power, of which all natural "agency" is the effect or expression. *After* God has been found in the *moral* experience of man, which points irresistibly to intending Will as the only known Cause that is absolute, the discovery that this is the natural or provisional cause of that, is recognised as only the discovery that this is the divinely constituted sign, or constant antecedent, of that. The whole natural succession becomes the manifestation of infinite Spiritual or Personal agency: the universe in its temporal process is seen to be reasonably interpretable as finally the constantly manifested moral activity of God, incarnate in the Whole and in every part; in a way to which some may think they find a faint analogy, when they contemplate their own bodily organism, in its dependence on their own governing and responsible will—this microcosm thus the symbol of the infinite Macrocosm.[1]

In this passage we begin to see the strength of the theistic position, as contrasted with the deism of eighteenth century theology. There can be no conflict between the religious and the scientific interpretation of Nature on this view of natural causation. Some people write and

[1] Second Series, p. 51.

talk as if the discovery of the natural cause of an event meant the withdrawal of the event from the sphere of divine agency. According to this way of thinking, the gradual success of science in reducing all phenomena to natural law is tantamount to the banishment of God from the universe. He becomes a hypothesis that is not required, or if any room is left for his action, it must be at some point in "the dark backward and abysm of time," when the orderly system of the universe is supposed to have been set a-going. But to see God only in supposed acts of incalculable interference is superstition, not rational theism. The supersession of God by natural law is a grotesque inversion of the truth.

The truth seems to be that the more successfully scientific inquiry is applied to the sequences presented in experience, the more fully God is revealed; and that if we could realise the scientific ideal of a reasoned knowledge of the natural cause of every sort of event, we should then be in possession of the entire self-revelation given in outward nature of the infinite moral Person, of whom the natural world is the symbol and adumbration.

This "constant divine determination of Nature is the truth which theism may be said to have received from pantheism." The weakness of the old cosmological argument was its failure to recognise "the constant miracle of God in Nature," and to treat God merely as an *antecedent* cause of the world-system. But so to understand the divine causality is to reduce God to a phenomenon or event, supposed to be reached in the course of the causal regress from one phenomenal antecedent to another. There is no stopping, however, in the infinite regress which the conditions of thought impose upon us; the pursuit of a "first cause" in this sense is the attempt to realise a contradiction in terms. So far, then, as the cosmological argument reasons back from the present

existence of the world to an unbeginning Something which caused it, the supposed proof becomes, as Professor Fraser concludes, "only one form of a vague dissatisfaction with the idea of the finite in quantity." Moreover, no true cause can be reached in this way at all. It is not by proceeding backward in time, and refunding one natural phenomenon into another, that we can lay hold of God. The nature of true causality is revealed in our own moral experience; and applying this to the divine existence and the relation of God to the world, we are enabled to realise Him as a present fact — as the supernatural sustaining Power immanent in all existence and operative in all change. As Professor Fraser expresses it, "the eternal presence of providential Mind," recognised as the source and guarantee of cosmical order, is substituted for the pre-existence of an eternal Something.

In a similar spirit Professor Fraser criticises the weaknesses of the traditional argument from design, while defending the legitimacy of the teleological point of view and enlarging its scope. In some of its forms, the argument dwells too much on special instances of adaptation, and tends to treat them as due to isolated acts of contrivance on the part of the divine artist, supplementary to the normal working of the laws of Nature. But this is the same temper of mind which finds the evidence of deity in interferences with the natural order. Moreover, the argument, in its common form, is open to the general objection that it seems to make God the author of a difficulty in order that he may show his skill in overcoming it. "Why should adaptation of resisting material be part of the work of the omnipotence, on which the material with all its qualities and modes of behaviour must, on the divine hypothesis, absolutely depend?" Again, taken on its own ground,

the divine conclusion is infinitely in excess of the empirical premises; the largest collection of superhuman natural constructions can yield only a more or less probable finite inference. . . . To infer the existence of a Being of perfect power, wisdom, and mercy, *solely* from specimens of otherwise unexplained contrivance that occur empirically in our observation of the external world, is to beg a conclusion already presumed.

If we presuppose moral reason at the heart of existence, the adaptations observable in the natural world serve to bring vividly home to the ordinary mind the conception of purposive divine intelligence. This, Professor Fraser seems to say, is their main use; they are "illustrations for popular use." But their divineness is in no way diminished if it can be shown that the adaptations have been slowly evolved by what we call natural laws, for evolution is "divinely determined natural progress." Indeed, the larger conception of teleology, as we find it in recent philosophy, dwells rather on the evidence of

adaptation in the cosmical evolution *as a whole*, when viewed as a natural process that has been continuously leading on towards the evolution of Man with his spiritual or supernatural endowments. The universe in which we find ourselves does seem to be a universe which, as illustrated by this planet of ours, has been slowly making for the gradual development of *persons*, or moral agents, as its ideal goal.

And in another aspect, as we have already seen, the very existence of natural law or order may be regarded as the ultimate instance of adaptation which includes all the rest—the adaptation of the world to the intellectual constitution of man—reason without answering to reason within.

It will be evident from all that has been said that ethical experience forms the fulcrum of Professor Fraser's

thought. "Man supernatural," the title of one of his discourses, might stand as motto upon the title-page of both series of Lectures. "I find," he says, "the signal example of the divine in the spiritual being of man,"— in man, that is to say, not as purely intellectual, but as a moral and self-determining will.

> It is in the exercise of morally responsible will that man so rises, *as a person, above* all that is merely physical and impersonal, that the divine principle at the heart of existence seems to be illustrated in him. . . . Intelligent self-originated volition, under obligation of duty, is that in man which I call supernatural.

The contrast between the mechanism of Nature and supernatural agency is well illustrated by a familiar quotation from Wordsworth:—

> "Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
> Already half his race hath run;
> He *cannot* halt or go astray,
> But our immortal spirits *may*."

Man's freedom is treated, and rightly treated, not as something to be proved, but as an ultimate postulate. "Personal origination of acts, in freedom from the Power that operates in the natural uniformities, I assume," he says, "to be the fundamental postulate of personal responsibility." Responsibility itself is an irresistible conviction, and is testified to by remorse. "I ought, therefore I can," is the sole but sufficient argument for freedom, if argument it can be called. Kant, who uses the argument, and is its main sponsor in modern philosophy, seems hardly to have so regarded it, for he speaks of freedom as the one idea of practical reason that is a given fact.

In this connection, Professor Fraser shows commendable wisdom in refusing to allow himself to be entangled

in the difficulties which facts like those of heredity and unfavourable environment seem to place in the way of this conception of freedom. The precise scope of human freedom is not in question. It is not necessary that all our actions should be free, or that, in any, the possibilities of choice should be unconditioned; but it is perhaps not rash to assume that every human life-history affords at least some genuine opportunities of choice in which a man may cleave to the good or follow the evil. Professor Fraser's language is very carefully chosen to show that his argument rests only on those actions for which responsibility is undoubted.

> It is no doubt impossible for fallible men to determine with infallible certainty the exact line which separates overt acts for which an individual person is responsible, and phenomena which should be referred to the divine mechanism of nature—inherited by, or external to, his organism. But moral responsibility is conditioned and measured by absolute power to do or not to do, that for which there *is* moral responsibility. . . . So far as an individual person is properly a person—so far, that is, as there *are* events for which *he* alone is morally responsible—he is extricated from the mechanism of natural causation.

The self-determination thus exemplified furnishes us, as we have already seen, with our only type of real causality, and justifies the supposition that the universe in which we find ourselves is the expression of a Person, not of blind physical Fate; while the contents of the moral ideal, which man recognises as the supreme law of his life, represent the last word of human insight into the nature of the Power with whom we have to do. The sense of imperative obligation which attaches to the moral ideal, and the conviction of the incomparable value of the spiritual life involved in all ethical experience, are our warrant for making this experience our immovable *πού*

στῶ in seeking an interpretation of the riddle of existence. The view of the universe, which results from the recognition of the central significance of the ethical life, may fitly be described as a moral faith—the conviction, as Professor Fraser often puts it, that we are living in a morally trustworthy universe. It is not, any more than the inductive faith on which physical science depends, a matter of scientific demonstration; both are faiths or trusts, and each may be described as a leap in the dark. But as the one is the postulate of our most everyday sense-experience, so the other is the postulate of all moral action, and is indeed the ultimate foundation even of the merely physical faith. For unless the universal power is morally trustworthy—morally perfect—what guarantee have we that physical order may not, at any moment, give place to capricious disorder?

> If cosmic faith [says Professor Fraser] is the assurance that the material world will not in the end put to *intellectual* confusion those who rely on the universality of its natural order, this blended moral and religious faith not only guarantees the physical faith itself, but is the *absolute* assurance that the Supreme Power will not put to permanent *moral* confusion those who strive permanently to realise the ideals of truth and beauty and goodness, or who trust absolutely in infinite love in and through which all things somehow work together for good to those who thus live.

These "ethical postulates" "constitute theism." In a sense, as has been said, they are "logically unproved and unprovable." Professor Fraser, in common with some of the most influential thinkers at the present time, emphasises "the element of venture" which is necessarily involved in all limited knowledge. But as science and practical life may be regarded as a cumulative verification of the physical faith, so moral experience progressively verifies and deepens the moral faith which is its pre-

supposition. To insist on demonstration as a preliminary to action would be to arrest action altogether, and thus cut us off from the very possibility of evidence. Such scepticism is suicidal, defeating its own objects, for the law of the moral, as of the physical, world is—Act on this faith, and you will find that it is true; or, as it was said by One of old time, "if any man do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine." In a sense, then, this moral faith is incommunicable; it cannot be forced on any one. It implies the existence of responsive moral instincts; and Professor Fraser quotes Coleridge's saying, that while it is not in our power to disclaim our nature as sentient beings, it is more or less in our power to disclaim our nature as moral beings. This is the same difficulty which Mr Balfour had to face in arguing from man's permanent "needs." The higher or spiritual needs are neither so universally present, nor so inevitably coerceive, as the needs of our sensuous experience. Nevertheless, the existence of those in whom the moral insight is almost undeveloped, or of others in whom the eye of the soul has been wilfully put out, cannot be held to affect the validity of the argument from the permanent needs of man's higher nature. Judgment in such a question lies with those who represent man at its best and highest; in Aristotle's phrase it is a case in which we decide ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὁρίσειεν. Or we may recall, with Professor Fraser, "words long ago uttered in Palestine, which present in one aspect the moral foundation of theism: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

Such is the sense in which Professor Fraser adopts and enforces the formula, *Homo mensura*. "The Macrocosm in analogy with the microcosm—the supreme power in nature in analogy with what is highest in man, the *homo mensura*, when the *homo* means the moral and spiritual as well as the merely sensuous man—in this analogy, for

which the contents of consciousness supply the materials, we seem to have the best light within man's reach for the true philosophy of the universe." It is "man at his highest," "man in the fulness of his spirit"—not merely the senses and the intellect—that must be our key. If our conclusions are to be legitimate and in the largest sense reasonable, we must "submit understanding to the authority of human nature as a whole, which includes man emotional and man acting supernaturally in volition, as well as man thinking scientifically, and at last necessarily baffled in so thinking." If the stale charge of anthropomorphism is brought against his method and results, there is the ready reply that an anthropocentric position is in the nature of the case inevitable. It is a case of *homo mensura* or *nulla mensura;* for we can have no knowledge of the universe at all, save as revealed in our own experience and accommodated to the conditions of that experience. All we can do, therefore, is to see that our interpretation of experience is not uncritical and one-sided, that it does justice to its various elements and to what Butler called its economy or constitution.

But can we, then, be said to have reached a knowledge of God as He really is, or does our knowledge remain stamped with a fatal relativity? This question will no doubt be urged in view of what has just been said, and the answer to it brings into relief some of the most characteristic features of Professor Fraser's contention. If knowledge of God means an intellectual vision of divine perfection—a knowledge of reality as seen from the divine centre—the answer is clear: man does not and cannot possess such a knowledge. The conception of God as moral personality is put forward as the highest and therefore the truest—the most adequate—attainable at the human point of view, but it is not put forward as adequate to the infinite reality.

The human finality is not offered as the conception of God taken from the divine centre—only as the conception of God necessarily taken at a human standpoint away from the centre. It is only offered as the best conception possible at the intermediate position, *where man may nevertheless find what is eternally true for him.*

The last words suggest that the distinction between absolute knowledge as alone true, and relative knowledge as necessarily implying falsehood or distortion, is a crude antithesis which lends itself to serious misconception, and may be invoked in support of the most mischievous conclusions. It should be superseded by the conception of degrees of truth or adequacy. The recognition that all finite attempts to realise and name the Infinite are of necessity only reachings forth towards an object which it is impossible adequately to grasp or comprehend, should carry with it the insight that the conception man forms of God, though not the whole truth—though doubtless falling infinitely short of the whole truth—is not on that account to be stigmatised as false or misleading. Man's final conception of God is the truth of God *for man:* it represents the universe as it ought to be seen, and as it was intended to be seen, at the human point of view. For us, therefore, it is the absolute or eternal truth of things; and to import into it the *suggestio falsi* which lurks in the current use of the term relativity, is to set speculation upon a false track, and to work in the interests of an enervating scepticism. This appears to be Professor Fraser's position as indicated in the words which we have italicised. It is in harmony with his criticism on the one hand of Spencer's Agnosticism, and on the other hand of attempts to transcend the human point of view altogether and formulate a superconscious or super-personal Absolute. Those who make the latter attempt (exemplified recently in Mr Bradley's 'Appearance and Reality,' though Professor Fraser does

not specifically refer to the book) seem to suppose, he says, "that the superconscious God would be God in reality, and not God as reached in and through the highest ideal of man." That is to say, forgetting that the divine centre is once for all inaccessible, they vainly endeavour to transcend the human channels by which alone we can divine the nature of the Highest:—

> Superconsciousness is something that, divorced from what is highest in man, is for us below, while nominally above, all intellect, feeling, and will. The very attempt to conceive a "Mind" of this sort lands the human mind in contradictions.

Mr Spencer's enthronement of the Unknown and Unknowable, on the other hand, is criticised as inconsistent with what he himself says of the Power as *manifesting* itself in the universe:—

> Mr Spencer's Unknowable Power reveals itself in a way that, in his own showing, admits of a whole hierarchy of sciences being formed to represent the philosophical meaning of its experienced manifestations. It is so much manifested that he thinks he is able to generalise its evolutionary and involutionary laws, expressed in the history of its manifestations, and thus to describe one noteworthy characteristic of its customary behaviour.

But because when he endeavours to *think out* the physical universe on the physical plane, he finds that ultimate scientific ideas (in his own words) "pass all understanding" and involve a series of antinomies or contradictory propositions, Mr Spencer seems to forget or to cancel all his admissions as to the manifestation of the Power, and to conclude incontinently that nothing whatever can be known of its nature, either speculatively or practically. In any case, he nowhere reaches the conception of a world of moral persons as the most significant manifestation of the world-power;

and his philosophy seems to oscillate, as Professor Fraser puts it, between that phase of Pantheism which interprets the universe as finally non-moral Power, and a universal Nescience in which the Power is wholly unmanifested and undetected by reason.

Mr Spencer, it will be remembered, presents his theory as the legitimate application of Hamiltonian doctrine ; and in Hamilton's language, it must be confessed, there is much to justify the affiliation. Professor Fraser also, as becomes a pupil of Sir William Hamilton, dwells upon the antinomies or contradictions of finite thought, but his treatment of the subject leads him in another direction. While reminiscent of Hamilton and of Kant (and perhaps of Kant more than of Hamilton), it bears the stamp of profound personal meditation, and appears as an integral part of its author's general position. Space, time, and causation are the spheres in which this characteristic of human knowledge presses itself upon our notice. In general, it may be said that it is the "infinity or physical incompletableness" of the universe which baffles the scientific understanding. Each of the ideas mentioned is an avenue by which we are inevitably led to this negative idea of infinity, in which the category of quantity seems mysteriously to transcend itself.

> No addition of parts to parts brings one nearer to the absolute reality of Immensity, and no subtraction carries us farther away from it. In the light of reason, the spaces of sense and imagination, large or small, disappear in the Infinite Reality. But just as space at last passes into Immensity, so time at last passes into Eternity. Unbeginning time does not admit of addition, nor does unending time admit of subtraction. Endless movement, which is our concrete idea of time, thus always loses itself in the mysterious rest of the eternal.[1]

[1] First Series, pp. 174-177.

In each case we have a perfectly sufficient practical knowledge of the idea in question, if we are not required to follow it out to its ultimate implications.

One can demonstrate the geometrical relations of figures, although the Immensity towards which all finite places, shapes, and sizes inevitably carry thought is found to transcend human understanding; yet human understanding does not, on that account, reject Euclid as a bundle of unwarranted and illusory conclusions. Again, I am obliged to think of events as before and after, and I find that I can make reasonable use of a chronological table, while I cannot fathom the mystery of the two eternities into which I am necessarily carried, when I reflect upon the temporal evolution of the changes in which the supreme Power is revealed to me. So too the manifestations of natural causality that are presented in sense are treated as interpretable in science, and for practical human purposes; yet they are all at last involved in the impenetrable causal mystery of unbeginning regress and endless progress. In these instances I seem to say, "Si non rogas, intelligo." I sufficiently understand the manifested Power, if I am not obliged, as the condition of understanding its manifestations, to reduce to sensuous intelligence the mystery into which these resolve themselves.[1]

All our physical experience is thus rounded with mystery; the attempt to think out the world of physical sequences, or to relate it to the spaceless and timeless, leaves us in the end face to face with a scientifically insoluble problem. To this point Professor Fraser frequently returns. The universe, he says, is "physically unintelligible in the end"; our experience, conditioned as it is by place and time, must always leave us with "a sense of incompleteness and dissatisfaction." But everything depends upon whether this idea of the mysterious incompletability of existence is taken "by its theistic or atheistic handle." It may readily induce the agnostic or sceptical mood;

[1] Second Series, p. 30.

"yet, otherwise regarded, this final margin of mystery becomes the light of life, because the apology for the faith instead of perfect science, without which life cannot be lived." The fact, in other words, that the physical system cannot be thought out—that it swims, as it were, in an element of mystery—forbids our treating it as a closed system or as the sum-total of existence. It forbids, therefore, the dogmatic assumption that the postulates of ethical experience — free moral personality and a morally ordered universe—are ultimately in contradiction to the postulates of the physical order, even though they should appear incapable of reconcilement at our present point of view. Like Kant, Professor Fraser thus uses the antinomies of our sensuous experience to "make room" for the necessities of the moral life. The problem which is scientifically insoluble is found to be morally and practically solved. "The secret of the world, concealed in the inevitable mystery of physical causality, is revealed, as far as man is concerned with it, in the voice of conscience with its sense of eternally underlying righteousness alone."

Returning to the general question of theism, if we ask once more in what sense we can be said to know God—what is the nature of the certainty that belongs to our theistic conclusion, and what are the terms on which we hold it—Professor Fraser's reply is, that God is "known yet unknown; known for the ends of our moral and religious life; unknown because incapable of perfect intellectual comprehension: the one signal example of how human knowledge may be real, while the reality that is known passes out of knowledge." He is "infinitely incognisable while practically knowable" — a position which may be described, he claims, as Christian Agnosticism, being implied at least in the language of the great thinkers of the Church. Reason thus becomes

at the end moral faith. Moral faith is presupposed, in germ, in scientific induction; it is presupposed, in a developed form, in the moral experience of mankind. The foundations of all knowledge, it may be said, therefore, rest upon a faith or trust rather than upon perfect rational insight, "so that faith or trust is man's highest form of reason." Reason seems to rise out of faith in the beginning, in its efforts to comprehend the physical order underlying the impressions of sense; it seems at the end obliged to return into faith, in an improved form, as theistic or religious trust. When reflectively formulated and vindicated, this trust becomes the "philosophical faith" which, as we saw, Professor Fraser proposes as the human *via media* between nescience and omniscience, between complete scepticism and completely unmysterious insight.

A few words may fitly be added on the relation of this solution by faith to the position assumed by absolute idealism, or what is somewhat vaguely known as Hegelianism or Neo-Hegelianism. "He who is elaborating a science of *what must be* in thought is in danger of excluding from his regard not a little of *what is* in man." In these words of an early essay, published in 1852, Professor Fraser aptly hits the weak point of all *a priori* systems. In like manner here, in the chapters on "Divine Necessity" and "Philosophical Faith," his criticism of Hegelian thought consists substantially in pointing to two cardinal facts of experience which Hegelianism either has no room for in its necessary system of timeless reason, or, if it acknowledges their reality, leaves as mysterious as it found them. These two facts are the mystery of time and the mystery of morally responsible personality—"man's personal power to create acts that ought not to be acted, which are inconsistent with the perfect reason, and for which the human person, not the

Power at the heart of the universe, is responsible." They are not explained, but explained away, if time is treated as an illusion, and moral persons as modes of the activity of a universal consciousness. If, on the other hand, the Hegelian denies these implications, and asserts that Hegel meant his thought to be interpreted consistently with the actuality of the time process, and also with the moral personality of man, is the relation between man's time-consciousness and the eternally complete divine thought, or between man's freedom and the universal activity of God, really brought by the system into the clear light of necessary knowledge? Surely no one who realises what actual insight in such a matter would mean can honestly assert that such insight is placed within our reach by Hegel or any one else. The test is simple: show us this absolutely complete science—this intellectual analysis of experience without remainder —and the vision will suffice to strike the sceptic dumb. As this proof is not forthcoming, we are forced to conclude that, so far as the facts in question are not eliminated by being denied, the mysteries are merely "articulated in a fresh form of verbal expression." We are still at the position of a moral faith "sustained by what one may call *spiritual motive* as distinguished from *full intellectual insight.*" "Surely," Professor Fraser concludes, "the authority of final faith can be dispensed with only in the Omniscience which leaves no room for mystery or incomplete knowledge."

But if inadmissible claims are abated, there need be no radical divergence, he seems to say, between the Hegelian interpretation of the universe and the philosophy of faith. It may be a question of names, whether man's final attitude should be called knowledge or faith. "To call it 'knowledge' seems to claim too much, as long as there must be an *inevitable* remainder of mystery. To call it

'faith' may seem to mean that it is empty of objective rationality." Phrases again which assert the "organic unity" of the universe and man's "identity" with universal reason, may be taken only as "emphatic expressions of the conviction that men are not isolated physiological atoms, but members of a moral totality, in which the moral faith that is in us is sure to find sympathetic response in the incompletely comprehensible Divine Reason that is perpetually active at the centre of the Whole." In spite, however, of such attempts at sympathetic approximation, a fundamental difference of temper is perceptible between Professor Fraser and all forms of absolutism. From the latter the acknowledgment of an unexplained remainder of mystery is wrung, as it were unwillingly, under the pressure of controversy: to Professor Fraser, on the other hand, the fundamental mysteriousness of the universe is the thought most intimately present from the beginning to the end of his speculations. It determines his speculative mood. He sees in it the inevitable condition of our middle state; a condition, moreover, which has to be regarded not merely as intellectual defect but as the instrument of moral discipline, and as fostering the reverence and humility which are the condition of spiritual health.

> The final philosophy [he concludes] is practically found in a life of trustful inquiry, right feeling, and righteous will or purpose, not in complete vision; and perhaps the chief profit of struggling for the vision may be the moral lesson of the consequent discovery, the consciousness of the scientific inaccessibility of the vision.

This account of the general position defended in these Lectures would not be complete without reference to the two chapters, in the second volume, on "Evil: the Enigma of Theism," and "Optimism." In these, perhaps the strong-

est chapters in a work that is strong and helpful throughout, a really striking use is made of the conceptions of moral freedom to meet the formidable objection to theistic faith which lies in the existence of moral evil. When we contemplate what Butler calls the "very strange state" of the world as we know it in its mixed evil and good, the alternative, as it has often been argued, seems to be either doubt of God's omnipotence or doubt of his goodness. The difficulty has never been more trenchantly, and at the same time more fairly, put from the sceptical side than by Hume in his 'Dialogues on Natural Religion,' in a passage where he has probably Butler's argument in view:—

It must, I think, be allowed [says Philo, in the course of the discussion] that if a limited human intelligence, utterly unacquainted with the actual universe, were assured before trial that it was the production of a very good, wise, and powerful Being, he would in his conjectures form beforehand a very different notion of it from what we find it to be by experience; nor would he ever imagine, merely from those attributes of its cause of which he was previously informed, that the effect could be so full of vice and misery and disorder as it appears in this passing life. Supposing, indeed, that this person were brought into the world assured (on *a priori* grounds) that it was the workmanship of such a sublime and benevolent Being, he might perhaps be surprised at the disappointment, but would never retract his former belief, if founded on any solid argument; since such a limited intelligence must be sensible of his own blindness and ignorance, and must therefore allow that there *may* be many solutions of these phenomena which will for ever escape his apprehension. But supposing, which is the real case with regard to man, that this intelligent creature is not *antecedently* convinced of a Supreme Intelligence, benevolent and powerful, but is left to gather such a belief *solely* from the appearance of things, this entirely alters the case; nor will he ever find any reason for such a conclusion. He may be fully convinced of the narrow

limits of his own understanding; but this will not, in these circumstances, help him to infer the goodness of the omnipotent Power, *since he must form his inference from the facts he knows, not from what he is ignorant of.*

In endeavouring to meet the difficulty thus cogently put, Professor Fraser dismisses without more ado the hypotheses of Manichæan Dualism, of one Power partly good and partly evil, or of one absolutely indifferent Power, as being alike inconsistent with moral faith in the universe. He then turns to Liebniz's 'Théodicée' as containing the most celebrated defence of optimism on a theistic basis, and partly in connection, partly in contrast with that, proceeds to elaborate his own solution. The way in which the difficulty is stated, involves, he argues, an unproved assumption which makes any solution impossible. "It tacitly assumes that a *necessitated* absence of evil must be in itself good, or alone good, so that only impossibility of its ever making its appearance is consistent with the moral ideal of the universe." But such a universe would be a world of non-moral *things* or automata, and would exclude the existence of *persons*, who, as moral beings, must be *able to make themselves immoral.* The real question, therefore, is whether the existence of individual persons is itself inconsistent with the divine goodness. A person who is under an absolute necessity of willing only what is good is not a person in the sense of possessing morally responsible freedom, and God himself cannot give existence to a contradiction. "Would it enhance the perfection of the self-revelation of God in Nature that nothing supernatural should, in the form of good and evil human agency, appear in the course of Nature; or that evil should be excluded by also making goodness in the form of morally tried personal life impossible?" When the question is put in this way, only one answer is possible; and it will be

noted that the firmness with which the conception of freedom is held gives this reasoning a breadth and convincingness which does not belong to Leibniz's more laboured argument. Leibniz also presents evil as the means to a greater good, but he does not explain how, in the very conception of a moral person, the possibility of evil is implied. And again his argument tends to present evil as a necessity, and thus almost exonerates the evil-doer, who appears as the instrument by which the divine purpose is advanced. Moral evil seems thus transformed at a higher point of view into good. Professor Fraser's view, on the contrary, never loses sight of the fact that, whether from the human or the divine point of view, evil is that which "ought not to exist." The explanation he offers, therefore, is deeper and sounder, inasmuch as it neither minimises the eternal distinction between right and wrong, nor weakens in any way the central fact of human responsibility.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.[1]

I.

ATHEIST, Antichristian, and Immoralist are the titles with which Nietzsche most fondly decorates himself, and they do not of themselves suggest that the man who thus describes himself is worthy of serious attention. But though Nietzsche's paradoxes and epigrams are hardly likely to take an important or permanent place in the movement of modern thought, it cannot be denied that his literary gifts, combined with ethical and social conclusions so extreme as to pique even the most jaded appetite, make him, in some sort, what he claimed to be, a European phenomenon. In Germany he has succeeded to the vogue of Schopenhauer and the more temporary popularity of Von Hartmann; the sober occupants of philosophical chairs complain that he is at present the philosopher *à la mode*. Nietzsche began to write in 1872, and has been aggressively before the public since his attack on Strauss in 1873,

[1] The first part of this study appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' October 1897, the second part in the 'Contemporary Review,' May 1898.

but it is only since he became insane, in 1889, that he has become more widely known, and something like a "Nietzsche-cult" has sprung up among certain circles in Germany and France. In this country a knowledge of his bizarre genius is still more recent. But a complete translation of his works has been announced, and two volumes have already been published. The crass diatribes of Max Nordau's 'Degeneration' have doubtless also helped to introduce him to many readers, and his name has begun of late to flow from the pen of the ready writer. It would be rash, however, to assume that this measure of fame necessarily implies any very exact acquaintance with Nietzsche's ideas or their relation to the main currents of contemporary thought. An attempt at greater precision is made in the following pages, in the belief that, however preposterous Nietzsche's theories may be, his conclusions and the steps by which he reached them form an instructive chapter in the history of ideas.

The first volume of a Life of Nietzsche was published in 1895 by his sister, giving an account of his early years till his appointment to a classical professorship in Basel at the age of twenty-four (1844-68). A second volume continues the story till 1879, when ill-health compelled him to resign his professorship. Sisterly devotion to an idolised brother may be allowed to excuse the profusion of detail with which the incidents of a by no means very remarkable childhood and boyhood are here recorded. The main facts may be shortly stated. Friedrich Nietzsche was born on the 15th October 1844, in the village parsonage of Röcken, near Lutzen in Saxony. His father had been tutor to the princesses of the duchy of Altenburg, and owed his appointment at Röcken to the personal influence of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, whom he had met and favourably impressed.

The 15th of October, as coincidence would have it, was the king's birthday, and the happy father christened his eldest son Friedrich, in memory of the pious monarch who had been his patron.

The early years of the future "Antichristian" philosopher did not belie so exemplary a beginning. His father died in 1849, and the family removed to the little town of Naumburg on the Saale, where the family circle consisted of his mother and sister, his grandmother, and two aunts. In this exclusively feminine environment, Nietzsche developed into a pious and slightly "old-fashioned" child. Passages from an autobiography written in his fourteenth year confirm the general impression left by his sister's narrative. When he went to school he did not easily make friends with the boys. "From childhood," he says in his autobiography, "I sought solitude, and felt myself happiest when I was left undisturbed to my own devices." "The serious, thoughtful child with his dignified politeness was so strange to the other boys," says his sister, "that neither from his side nor from theirs were friendly approaches forthcoming." But they told wonderful tales of him at home: "He could repeat texts and hymns with such expression, that you could hardly help weeping." They called him the little parson, and in his presence would often instinctively repress a coarse remark. One of the older schoolboys writes in later years that Nietzsche used to make him think of the twelve-year-old Jesus in the temple. As he grew a little older, music and poetry became his chief interests. He cultivated music with passionate ardour and with much success: it was as a musical composer that he first hoped to make a name for himself.

In 1858, by invitation of the rector, the promising boy became a foundationer of the old grammar-school of

Schulpforta, where the arrangements for teaching and boarding the boys were not unlike those of an English public school. Here again, we are told, the boys found him rather too serious and reserved for his years. He remained at Schulpforta till 1864—from his fourteenth to his twentieth year. At fifteen he describes himself in his diary as "seized by an uncommon thirst for knowledge, for universal culture"; and another entry at the same time records how he saved his money to buy 'Tristram Shandy.' His comments are rather quaint. "I am now reading the first volume, and constantly read it over again. At first I did not understand the greater part of it; indeed, I regretted my purchase. But now it attracts me uncommonly, and I make a note of all the striking thoughts. I have not yet encountered such a universal acquaintance with the sciences, such an analysis of the heart." A literary society or brotherhood, of which he and two Naumburg friends were the sole members, gave him an outlet for his musical enthusiasm, which overflowed in numerous compositions of his own. He had in the meantime become an ardent Wagnerian. Poems and essays were also contributed by the three friends, and criticised at their meetings. He was beginning to weary of the monotony of school-life and the jog-trot course of prescribed study. After passing his seventeenth birthday he was, by his sister's admission, no longer the exemplary pupil he had been till then; but he pulled himself together again before the close, and left Schulpforta with credit and a high standard of classical scholarship, in the autumn of 1864.

His first two semesters as a student were spent at Bonn. Here he enrolled himself as a member of one of the "Corps," or fraternities devoted to beer-drinking and duelling, which play so great a part at the German universities. But these vulgar delights soon palled upon

his fastidious spirit; and in the end his openly-expressed dissatisfaction with the "beer-materialism" and the general tone of his companions led to relations so strained that he was glad to leave Bonn for Leipzig at the close of his first year.

From these first experiences in Bonn [says his sister] there always remained with him a strong aversion to smoking, drinking, and the whole so-called *Biergemüthlichkeit*. He always maintained that people who drink beer and smoke pipes every evening were absolutely incapable of understanding him: such people *must* lack that delicacy and clearness of perception which was requisite to grasp and think out problems so profound and subtle as his.

The year at Bonn was in other respects a turning-point in his life. He matriculated as a student of philosophy and theology, having not yet abandoned his original intention of studying for the Church; but he parted about this time with all his old theological beliefs, without apparently supplying their place by any new creed. At Leipzig he devoted himself with marked success to philological studies, chiefly under Ritschl, who had been his old professor at Bonn. He developed a fine critical talent, and when the death of an aunt left him with a small annual income, he felt justified in looking forward to the honourable but unremunerative career of *privat-docent* and university professor. In the autumn of 1867 his studies were unexpectedly interrupted by the necessity of serving his year as a soldier. He had hitherto been exempted on the ground of his short-sightedness, but new and more stringent regulations came into force after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. He served several months with the mounted artillery at Naumburg, and in springing on his horse one day he injured himself so seriously in the breast that for a time it seemed as if a dangerous operation would be necessary. After some months, how-

ever, the wound healed; and in the autumn of 1868 he returned to Leipzig, to carry to a conclusion the philological and critical investigations on which he had been engaged. His papers had already attracted attention in the philological journals; and early in 1869, on Ritschl's recommendation, he was appointed Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Basel. The distinction was an unusual one for so young a man, who had not served as a *privat-docent*, and had not even formally completed his degree. Nietzsche was considerably elated, and his family were in the seventh heaven. The first volume of the biography closes with his departure for Basel in April 1869. He was then in his twenty-fifth year.

His student years in Leipzig had introduced him to the chief intellectual influence of his life. Schopenhauer was then just coming into vogue in Germany, after nearly half a century's neglect; and Nietzsche, whose mind had been emptied of positive beliefs at Bonn, was ready to welcome the new evangel. It was a case of elective affinity: from the first moment of acquaintance he yielded his allegiance without reserve. He describes the occasion on which he found 'The World as Will and Idea' in a second-hand Leipzig bookshop. The book was quite unknown to him, but he took it up and began to turn over the leaves.

> I know not what "dæmon" whispered to me, "Take this book home with you." My doing so, at all events, ran quite counter to my usual habits of caution in the buying of books. When I reached home, I flung myself on the sofa with my treasure, and began to submit myself to the influence of that vigorous and sombre genius. Here every line cried renunciation, denial, resignation; here I saw a mirror in which I perceived the world, life, and my own nature in terrible grandeur. Here there met me the full, unselfish, sunlit gaze of art; here I saw sickness and healing, exile and a haven of refuge, hell and heaven.

Two of his friends soon became converts to his eloquence. "Our Schopenhauer," "our philosopher," they call him in their letters; and when family bereavement overtakes one of them, Nietzsche refers him for consolation to certain pages of their philosophical Bible. "To-day, on Schopenhauer's birthday," is the beginning of another letter, in which Nietzsche tells how by the kindness of a friend he has become possessed of a photograph of "our master." Schopenhauer, as his sister says, was for him not a book but a friend. Speaking of a gathering of young Schopenhauerians, he himself half-seriously compares their enthusiasm and closeness of fellowship with the sentiments which inspired the first Christian communities.

At Leipzig, too, he met Wagner in the flesh, and the acquaintance afterwards ripened into intimacy. Wagner, as is well known, was an ardent adherent of Schopenhauer's philosophy. These two — Schopenhauer and Wagner—represent the two influences which moulded Nietzsche's thought in its earlier phase. There is little in his first two books that is not directly traceable to the one or the other; and two of the four essays which form his 'Unseasonable Reflections' are devoted to them by name ("Schopenhauer as Educator," and "Wagner in Bayreuth"). These constitute a pious acknowledgment of his own indebtedness to the thinker and the musician; and though he afterwards attacked Wagner immoderately, and criticised Schopenhauer freely, as merely the John the Baptist to his own Messiah, he never ventured to disclaim their determining influence upon the course of his own development. For the rest, he became increasingly impressed by the pettiness of the work on which many classical scholars spent their lives—the uselessness of their results for any vital human purpose.

Historical study [he begins to insist in his note-books about this time] requires to be kept within limits; above all, it requires to be enlightened by an ideal of humanistic culture, otherwise we are in danger of being buried under an accumulation of dead facts devoid of any significance for life. The mere fact that something has existed is no reason why we should investigate it—only if it was better than the present, and capable, therefore, of acting as an ideal. . . . Most philologists are hodmen in the service of science. The desire to embrace a larger whole or to give the world fresh points of view is dying out.

In such sentences we catch the prelude to the suggestive essay which he published in 1874, "On the Advantage and Disadvantage of History for Life"—one of his best and soberest pieces of work. Writing to a friend on the eve of his departure to assume the duties of his professorship at Basel, he alludes to the inevitably dulling influence of specialism, and adds that he believes himself freer than most philologists from this danger.

The true and essential problems of life and thought have been shown me too clearly by the great mystagogue, Schopenhauer, for me ever to fear a disgraceful apostacy from "the Idea." My desire, my daring hope, is to transfuse my science with this new blood, to convey to my hearers that Schopenhauerian seriousness which is imprinted on that sublime man's forehead.

If we add to the characteristics already suggested an intense love of solitary nature, especially in her aspects of grandeur and might, the picture of Nietzsche's mental equipment and constitution at this time will be fairly complete. In the following passage, from a letter written in 1866, the future author of 'Zarathustra' speaks:—

Three things are my recreations—rare ones however—my Schopenhauer, Schumann's music, and, lastly, solitary walks.

Yesterday there was a glorious thunderstorm, and I hastened to a hill in the neighbourhood. On the summit I found a hut, and a man who was killing two kids; his boy was with him. The thunderstorm discharged itself with great violence, accompanied by hail and tempest. I felt an incomparable elevation of spirit, and I saw how true it is that we only then understand Nature properly when we are forced to flee to her from our cares and harassments. What was man to me and his restless will? What did I care for the eternal "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not"? How different the lightning, the tempest, the hail—free non-ethical forces! How happy, how strong they are, pure will, untroubled by the intellect.

His attitude towards his fellow-men, on the other hand, was marked now, as later, by an inborn fastidiousness, which developed latterly into a savage contempt for "the common herd." In his own person, this physical fastidiousness showed itself in an almost painful cleanliness and neatness of person and attire, and (to judge from many passages of his writings) a hyper-sensitiveness of the olfactory organs. Such a temperament was the natural basis of the aristocratic doctrines which he afterwards preached; and perhaps we may understand better the vehemence of Nietzsche's anti-democratic polemic, becoming at last almost maniacal in its violence, if we bear this organic basis in mind. Even as a boy he dwelt fondly on the tradition which derived the family name and stock from a Polish nobleman, who had been driven from his native country by religious persecution. Writing in 1883, he congratulates himself on the comparatively small admixture of German blood in his veins, and records with satisfaction how often he has been taken for a Pole.

The Poles were for me the most gifted and chivalrous among the Slavonic peoples, and the endowment of the Slavs seemed to me superior to that of the Germans. Indeed, I thought that it was only in consequence of a strong infusion of

Slavonic blood that the Germans had become a gifted nationality. I thought with pleasure on the right of a Polish nobleman by his simple veto to overturn the resolution of an assembly. The political unruliness and weakness of the Poles [he adds characteristically] were for me rather proofs of their capacity than the reverse.

The second instalment of the biography covers his life at Basel (1869-79), and is largely occupied with the story of his relations to Wagner, which passed during these years from the phase of adoring discipleship and closest intimacy to artistic hostility and a complete breach of friendship. During these years Nietzsche also abandoned his earlier Schopenhauerian philosophy, and began to work his way to his later views. But it cannot be said that the domestic details and undiscriminating idolatry of his sister's narrative throw much light upon his mental history. Of outward event there is little to record. He appears to have been a successful and popular professor; but latterly his ill-health interfered more and more with his academic duties. The break-down of his health is traced by his sister to his experiences in the Franco-German war of 1870. On his appointment at Basel, Nietzsche had been obliged to naturalise in Switzerland, and was consequently excluded from active service; but his German patriotism led him to obtain leave of absence from the university authorities for medical and ambulance duty. He soon, however, succumbed to a dangerous attack of diarrhœa and vomiting, accompanied by diphtheria. The illness and the sharp remedies which it was necessary to apply appear to have gravely injured his constitution. From this time onwards he was subject to constant recurring attacks of migraine, with indigestion, insomnia, and pains in the eyes. Chronic catarrh of the stomach, with enlargement of the stomach, was the medical diagnosis. Things were made worse, according to his sister's regretful testi-

mony, by Nietzsche's habit of dosing himself with powerful drugs. In 1876, his symptoms became so painful and continuous that he found it necessary to apply for a year's leave of absence. This brought only temporary alleviation, and in the spring of 1879 he resigned his professorship. In the year 1879, says his sister, his sufferings were at their worst. He lost hope, and it seemed as if the end must be near; but partly by strength of will the crisis passed. From 1880 onwards he divided his time chiefly between the health-resorts of Italy and the Engadine, and though not free from his old attacks, enjoyed at times (especially in the Engadine, which he was wont to say had given him back to life) a fair measure of health, which enabled him to produce his chief works.

As already mentioned, Nietzsche had made Wagner's acquaintance in Leipzig in 1868. Wagner was now living at Tribschen, a villa charmingly situated at the foot of Mount Pilatus, on the Lake of Lucerne. Nietzsche took an early opportunity of calling upon him there, and he was soon on terms of affectionate—almost filial—intimacy with "the Master" and his wife (Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, whom he had recently married).

> I have found a man [he writes after his first visits] who reveals to me, like no one else, the picture of what Schopenhauer calls *das Genie*. This is none other than Richard Wagner. In him there prevails such a perfect ideality, such a deep and touching humanity, such a lofty seriousness, that I feel myself, when near him, as if in the neighbourhood of the divine. Dearest friend [he writes again] what I learn and see there, what I hear and understand, is indescribable. Schopenhauer and Goethe, Æschylus and Pindar, are still alive, believe me.

Lucerne was near enough to Basel to admit of Nietzsche's spending many a Saturday to Monday at Tribschen during

term-time; at Christmas, too, he was more than once a guest. His sister shared his intimacy; and long after the friendly bond was broken, these visits remained like days of unclouded happiness in the memory of both. Reviewing his life in 1888, shortly before his mental collapse, Nietzsche accounts them his most precious seasons of refreshing. "I hold the rest of my relations with men cheap; on no account would I lose the Tribschen days from my life. I know not what others have experienced with Wagner; over *our* heaven there never passed a cloud." Yet in that same year, this strange being had published the savage lampoon which he calls "The Case of Wagner"! "Wagner," he there tells us, "belongs to my maladies." He is "a disease. Everything he touches he makes morbid." "The problems which he brings upon the stage are nothing but hysterics." In 1871 after hearing the "Siegfried-Idyll" for the first time, he writes to a friend, "What are all other artistic memories and experiences compared with my last? I felt like one whose boding is at last fulfilled. For just that and nothing else is music; just that, and nothing else, is what I mean by music, when I describe the Dionysian in art." According to his later verdict, "Wagner's name typifies the ruin of music." In sum, "Wagner is a seducer in the grand style. There is nothing decrepit, no mortal peril in the things of the spirit, no calumny against the world, which would not be secretly taken under protection by his art, —it is the blackest obscurantism which he conceals in the luminous garments of the ideal." The key to these sweeping denunciations is supplied, to some extent, by his later creed—of which more afterwards. But the mere juxtaposition of these ecstasies of admiration and of repulsion is instructive, for the light it throws upon Nietzsche's mind and character. Measure, restraint, critical justice, are qualities which we need not expect

to find in a man capable of such violent revulsions, such intemperate loves and hates.

In the last days of 1871 Nietzsche published his first book, 'The Birth of Tragedy,' or, to give it its full title, 'The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music; or Hellenism and Pessimism.' The book is dedicated to Wagner; it concludes, in fact, by pointing to Wagnerian opera as the true successor of the tragic drama of the Greeks. Though vitiated in its main contention by the author's determination to "see all things" in Schopenhauer, the work is an exceptionally brilliant handling of the much-discussed question of the origin of Greek tragedy. But regarded as an attempt to solve this specific problem of history and æsthetics, the argument of the volume cannot be considered here. It is enough to note the antithesis—on which Nietzsche lays so much stress, and which forms the key-word of the book—between Apollo and Dionysus, the two deities with whom the development of Greek art connects itself; between the Apollonian world of dream ("clear dream and solemn vision"), corresponding to the epic, and the Dionysiac world of intoxication, giving rise to the dithyrambic lyric, the primitive germ out of which Greek tragedy developed. These terms became part of Nietzsche's philosophical dialect. The term Dionysiac, in particular, became his favourite term to designate his own view of the world and of human life, in contrast to all previous religions and philosophies. 'Dionysus' was to have been the title of the concluding part of the *magnum opus* which he had planned, but little more than begun, when his mind gave way.

'The Birth of Tragedy' was welcomed with enthusiasm by Wagner and his wife. Outside of the Wagnerian circle, however, the book was more coolly received; the professional philologists regarded it with undisguised suspicion. The Wagners were engaged at the time in

removing their household to Bayreuth. There in May 1872 Nietzsche was present, in fitting temper, when the foundation-stone was laid of the temple of the new art. "I believe," he writes a year afterwards, "these were the happiest days I have had. There was something in the air which I have felt nowhere else, something quite impossible to name, but opulent in hope."

Nietzsche may be said to have first attracted more general attention by the four essays entitled, 'Unseasonable Reflections' ('Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen'). The first of these, on "David Strauss, Confessor and Writer," appeared in 1873, the second and third in the following year, and the last, on "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," in 1876. The pamphlet on Strauss is a deliberately-planned attack upon an established reputation, in which Nietzsche pours contempt upon the German culture of the day—the self-satisfaction engendered by success in war, the absence of ideals, the want of distinction either in thought or style. Taking as his text Strauss's newly-published volume on 'The Old Faith and the New,' he subjects to merciless analysis the bourgeois outlook and beer-garden optimism of the book—the cheap materialism of the thought, the shallow contentment of the mood which shrinks from everything strenuous even in art, the looseness of the style. "These be thy gods, O Israel"—such is the *Bildungs-philister* whom orthodox and heterodox, with one consent, applaud as a classical writer. There is a great deal of truth and timeliness in this protest, and it required courage, three years after Sedan, to suggest that the German empire might prove fatal to German genius. The pamphlet, in the provocativeness of its language, is in some respects the production of a young man determined to make a sensation; but it is also genuinely felt. The scorn and repulsion are real; for, whatever may be thought of his ideals, Nietzsche's life was always a

pursuit of an ideal of some sort. In so far, he undoubtedly belonged to

> "The children of the Second Birth
> Whom the world could not tame."

The second essay, "On the Advantage and Disadvantage of History for Life," is also, as he points out, "unseasonable," inasmuch as it attacks the very thing of which our time is proudest, its devotion to history, its accumulated stores of information about the past. Nevertheless it is one of his sanest and most satisfactory pieces of writing. He works out, in a more general reference, the ideas which we have seen him expressing in his student-time about the abuses of classical study. History is useful so long as it is cultivated in the service of life; but pursued as an end in itself, it may bury the present under a mass of irrelevant facts. The use of history may be threefold: it has a *monumental* value, in so far as it preserves the memory of great deeds, and those who wrought them. History is in this respect a Temple of Fame for "those who succeeded in giving a larger meaning to the idea of 'man,' and in giving it a nobler fulfilment." To the man of action in the present, to every one who is fighting a great fight, they serve as gleaming examples, as teachers and comforters. The danger with lesser minds is that the admiration of the heroes of old becomes a weapon for the depreciation of the leaders and pioneers of to-day. Secondly, history has an *antiquarian* value, in so far as it cultivates in a community or a nation a feeling of piety for its past, which knits its members closer together, and inspires a fond contentment with the sometimes rude conditions of their life. The danger here is lest the spirit of reverence for antiquity pass into an obstinate conservatism, which resents every reform because the abuse is old. Hence the need of a third method of studying

the past—the *critical*. The critical examination of the growth of any institution, caste, or privilege is sure to show how unjust its continued existence is. This is, therefore, another use of history in the service of life. Apart from these uses, the accumulation of historical knowledge tends to paralyse the energies of the present, by making men believe that they live in an age of *epigoni*, when the day of noble deeds is past, and all great things are impossible. "Forget this superstition," cries Nietzsche, "steep your souls in Plutarch, and through believing in his heroes, dare to believe in yourselves."

Above all, he insists that it is not in the movements of the masses that the significance of humanity is to be found, but in great individualities. Hence "the goal of mankind does not lie at the end of its course, but only in its highest types." "These do not continue a process; they live together as timeless contemporaries." In this "great-man" theory, and in the frankly expressed contempt for the masses—these "copies on bad paper, and from worn-out plates"—we have already the attitude of mind which finds such exaggerated expression in his later works.

Of the other two essays—on Schopenhauer and Wagner—less need be said here; for though intended as the constructive supplement of the criticisms we have just considered, they contain no clear outline or characterisation of what is distinctive in Schopenhauer and Wagner. These two are taken as the types of the ideal philosopher and the ideal artist, and a great deal of rather vague enthusiasm is expended upon them in that capacity. Nietzsche said afterwards that he had used Schopenhauer and Wagner in these essays as Plato had used Socrates. "The essay 'Wagner in Bayreuth' is a vision of my future; in 'Schopenhauer as Educator,' on the other

hand, my innermost history, my *Werden*, is inscribed." "All his life," writes his sister, "he looked upon this third essay as a token of his gratitude for what Schopenhauer had been to him as teacher and educator. He always said that the paper had nothing to do with the philosophical doctrines of Schopenhauer, but only dealt with the influence of Schopenhauer's personality upon himself." This is largely true, but if we do not get the distinctive features of Schopenhauer and Wagner, the forecast we get of the future Nietzsche is also indistinct.

The last of these 'Reflections' appeared in the summer of 1876. Written in the previous year, it had been left unfinished, owing partly, it would seem, to a vague consciousness that it no longer represented his inmost convictions. The publication was then hurried forward in order to be in time for the opening of the Bayreuth Theatre and the first performances of the "Ring des Nibelungen." Nietzsche himself went to Bayreuth in July to be present at the rehearsals, but the reality did not correspond to the spirit of his dream. It was no gathering of the *élite*, of the artists and thinkers of the future, as at the laying of the foundation-stone four years before. Under the patronage of the Emperor and the German princes, the spectacle had become a resort of fashionable society and of curious crowds, to whom art meant nothing more than a passing sensation or a novel subject of conversation. Nietzsche felt profoundly out of sympathy with his surroundings. Wagner seemed to him vulgarised by success; he had lost his ideal glamour. Perhaps, too, Nietzsche felt a little piqued that, in the rush of preparations, and among the crowds who claimed Wagner's attention, he was not such an important person as formerly. At all events, physically ill as he was, and mentally at odds with himself and the world, as he felt himself breaking away from his old anchors, the strain

became too much for Nietzsche's nerves, and he hastily left Bayreuth for a solitary walking-tour in the Bavarian Highlands. Writing of this episode at a later date, he says: "I carried about with me, like a disease, my melancholy and my contempt for the Germans—not, however, without writing a sentence from time to time in my note-book, sheer bits of unsparing psychology, which may perhaps still be recognised in 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches.'" Although he returned to Bayreuth for the performances, his mood remained the same.

The winter of 1876-77 was spent by him at Sorrento, for his health's sake. The Gulf of Naples and the whole charm of the south laid hold of him with an extraordinary fascination. As already mentioned, the ten years from 1879 to 1889 were all spent in Italy or in the Engadine, and the clear outlines and sunny atmosphere of the south seem to pass into his style. Always eloquent, his early style has still a certain German turgidity and gush. His later style, in its clearness and epigrammatic brilliancy, has many of the qualities of French prose. Even the rhapsodical prose-poetry of 'Zarathustra' has nothing of the vagueness of northern skies and northern moods.

The Wagners were also in Sorrento during the autumn of 1876, resting from the fatigues of the festival, and outwardly all remained on a friendly footing. But Wagner was already at work upon "Parsifal," and to Nietzsche the religious mysticism of that work was the convincing sign of the gulf that had opened between them. Parsifal, he afterwards said, is Siegfried become a Christian; or, as he put it in the preface to a second edition of 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches': "It was indeed the highest time to say farewell: I soon had a proof of it. Richard Wagner, to all appearance the most victorious of leaders, but in truth a despairing romanticist, inwardly rotten, suddenly sank down helpless and crushed before the

Christian cross." It is not unadvisedly that Nietzsche signalises hostility to Christianity as the main point in common between his earliest and his latest views.

Nietzsche's whole mind was undergoing a revulsion at this time from the cloudy and sentimental ideals of an altruistic pessimism in the direction of a cynical realism. He had broken away from his old metaphysical moorings, and had begun to call in question the fundamental virtues of modern civilised morality. Writing himself of this turning-point in his life, he says: "I saw myself quite lean and starved; the *realities* were altogether wanting in the circle of my knowledge, and as for the 'idealities' they were not worth a brass farthing. A burning thirst took hold of me; from that time onwards I have really studied nothing but physiology, medicine, and the natural sciences." Nietzsche's chief associate at Sorrento — living in the same house—was Dr Paul Rée, who had published a volume of 'Psychological Observations,' and was then engaged on a second work, published in the following year, 'On the Origin of the Moral Feelings.' This is an attempt at a natural history of the moral sentiments on utilitarian and evolutionary lines; and Nietzsche found the keen psychological analysis and the purely empirical and historical treatment of ethical ideals congenial to his mood. Rée was also able to put him in touch with the modern literature of the subject, especially the English utilitarians and evolutionists, whom he mainly followed. Nietzsche became an ardently appreciative student of these writers; he speaks of them in a letter to Rée as "the only good philosophical society that one can be in." In strange contrast to his later depreciatory remarks, "English" becomes for him at this period one of his most complimentary epithets. It is the adjective he uses in signalising the qualities in Schopenhauer which he still finds admirable—"his hard

sense for facts, his desire for clearness and reason, which often makes him appear so English." The English psychologists divided his admiration with the French moralists and aphorists of an earlier age—Montaigne, Larochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, Chamfort. He names these six as the authors of "European books"—books "which contain more *real thoughts* than all the books of German philosophers taken together." Nietzsche, in short, flung himself with all the impetuosity of his temperament into the analysis and history of the moral sentiments, and in a savage reaction against his former self gloried in stripping man of every ideal glamour and dragging to light the animal impulses and selfish motives to which a cynical naturalism reduces human feeling and action. This is the meaning of the title, 'Human, all too Human,' which he gave to his next book. In this volume, as Frau Andreas-Salomé points out, there are, accordingly, as it were two constituent parts, one in which Nietzsche does little more than retail what he had learned in his new school, and the other in which he reveals to us his personal history by the bitterness of his attacks upon his former idols. The ideas of the book are less fresh and characteristic than in his other works, and the air of novelty with which they are put forward makes an impression of crudity. Frau Wagner was not altogether wrong when she condemned the book for the superficiality of its matter and the pretentiousness of its manner. On the whole, apart from its documentary value as indication of a mental crisis and transition, it is the least interesting and the least independent of its author's works.

In the winter of 1877-78 Nietzsche was again at his post in Basel, and with the help of his disciple, Peter Gast, the manuscript of the book, or at least of what now stands as the first volume, was ready for publication early in 1878. Nietzsche's first idea was to publish anony-

mously, from a desire to avoid hurting the feelings of his friends, especially Wagner and his wife; but the publisher would not hear of it. The book appeared in the beginning of May, designated on the title-page as "a book for free spirits." The centenary of Voltaire's death happened to be close at hand, and that there might be no mistake as to the spirit in which he had written, Nietzsche dedicated his volume to the memory of the great free-thinker. The consternation among his friends was great. Even the faithful sister, much to her distress, was unable to follow him unreservedly on his new path. Wagner's complete silence was a sufficiently eloquent indication of the mortal offence which the book had given in Bayreuth. In the following spring (1879) another instalment of the book appeared, and did not tend to heal the wounds the first had dealt. Then came the crisis in his health which led to the resignation of his professorship. A sojourn in the Engadine, which he now visited for the first time, proved most beneficial, and while there he composed the last part of 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches' entitled "The Wanderer and his Shadow." But an attempt to pass the winter months at Naumburg with his mother and sister proved a disastrous experiment, and in the early days of 1880 he set out for the south, in which he was to spend a wandering existence in quest of health for the next ten years.

At this point the biography ends for the present. But the main facts of his literary activity during the years that followed may be shortly indicated. His works now succeeded one another rapidly. 'Dawn (Morgenröthe), or Thoughts on Moral Prejudices,' appeared in 1881, and was followed in 1882 by 'Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft (la gaya scienza).' These two volumes bear a general resemblance to 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches,' not only in their aphoristic and unsystematic style, but also in their philosophical stand-

point and general spirit. The three together exhibit him in a transition stage between his earlier Schopenhauerianism and his later Zarathustrianism (as his final doctrine may be conveniently designated). They have been described as constituting his second or "positivistic" period, inasmuch as he writes in them, in the main, from the standpoint of an agnostic empiricism; and critics who are by no means at one on other points agree in this, that there is more in common between the ideas of his first and his third period than between the second and either of the other two. His most characteristic doctrines were adumbrated in his earlier writings before being elaborated on an independent basis in 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' and the works which succeeded it. But in the intervening period—from 1876 to 1882—they are to a certain extent in the background, while Nietzsche is chiefly engaged in negative criticism and in assimilating the doctrines of naturalistic evolution. In one of the instructive prefaces with which he furnished the second edition of these volumes in 1887, he describes himself during this time as "at work underground — boring, digging, undermining." They are books of quest, he indicates, and he lays great stress on the loneliness of the time. He speaks of it again as a time of sickness, from which he celebrated his recovery in 'The Joyful Science.' A gradual growth of new ideas—or perhaps rather a revival of the old ideas in a new setting—may indeed be traced, as we pass from 'Human, all too Human,' to 'Dawn' and 'The Joyful Science'; and in the last-mentioned work there is already a forecast of his final positions.

In 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches' Nietzsche adopted for the first time the literary form of the aphorism, which he uses in most of his subsequent works. His books give no continuous argument, but consist of carefully

polished aphorisms and detached paragraphs, each complete in itself, but arranged in groups for the printer, according as they are more or less closely related in subject. They read consequently more like the commonplace-book of an erratic genius than a connected treatise. This method of writing was partly forced upon him by the nature of his illness, which cut him off to a large extent from books and made prolonged application impossible. It was his custom to jot down his ideas in the course of his long solitary walks, while the evening would be devoted to perfecting their literary expression. But the form was also natural to his genius. "My sense for style," he tells us, "for the epigram as style, awakened almost instantaneously on coming into contact with Sallust." His more immediate models were the aphorisms of Larochefoucauld and other French moralists, whom he studied carefully at this time and never ceased to admire. He spared no pains to combine perfect lucidity and fitness of phrase with the utmost compactness of thought. "My ambition," he writes, "is to say in ten sentences what every one else says in a book—what every one else does *not* say in a book." "Aphorism and the sentence, in which I, as the foremost among the Germans, am master, are the forms of eternity." The boast is overstrained, but it contains more truth than most of Nietzsche's self-appreciations. He is not a systematic thinker, but as a moralist in the old sense, a student of human nature, and as a critic of literature and art, he is constantly fresh and suggestive. The style has the virtues of transparent clearness and assured ease, heightened from time to time by a piquant phrase and by epigrammatic sallies that recall Heine by their wit and malice.

These writings prepare the way for the allegorical prose-poem 'Thus Spake Zarathustra,' which is probably

the most characteristic, as it is certainly the most sustained, product of his genius. Here the idea of the *Uebermensch* or higher being of the future, who is to supersede our poor humanity, is fully developed.

'Zarathustra' appeared in parts between 1883 and 1885; but of the fourth part, which differs considerably in character from the first three, only a few copies were printed for circulation among friends. It was published in 1891 by Nietzsche's relatives and literary executors, and incorporated with the others. It is difficult to give an idea of the structure of the book, or of its literary qualities. It has no connection whatever with the personality or the doctrines of Zoroaster (Zarathustra). Zarathustra, the hermit and mountain wanderer, is simply the mouthpiece for Nietzsche's ideas on men and things, and the exponent of his aspirations after a new race and a new civilisation. In his habits and his tastes he is a glorification of Nietzsche's personality. But the choice of name indicates the archaic literary manner of the book. It is an imitation of the prophetic and allegorical style of an Eastern prophet. A slender thread of narrative introduces a series of rhythmic chants, in which Zarathustra expounds the gospel of the new Atheism that is to lead men on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things—namely, to the advent of the *Uebermensch*, and a consummation which he symbolises as the Great Noon. The virtues and the glorious freedom of this race of demigods are illuminated by contrast with what, from the Zarathustrian point of view, are the inherent vices and weaknesses of our present civilisation and its ideals. The "Thou shalt" of duty, and the altruism of current morality, which seems to sacrifice the strong to the weak, will alike be spurned, and left behind by the "laughing lions" of the new dispensation. "What is the great dragon which the spirit may no longer call

lord and god? 'Thou shalt' the great dragon is called. But the spirit of the lion says 'I will.'" And with the impeachment of the old morality goes the passionate denunciation of every form of religion hitherto known among men. Religion is to Nietzsche essentially a cult of the Beyond and the Hereafter, which depreciates and impoverishes the present life; while the acknowledgment of God in any form seems to him an assault on human independence, an unworthy enslavement of the will. "I am Zarathustra the Godless." His maniacal pride of will finds, perhaps, unmatched expression when he places the following syllogism before his disciples: "To lay bare to you, friends, my inmost heart; *if* there were gods, how should I bear it not to be a god? *Therefore* there are no gods."[1] In this logical gem it can hardly be doubted that Nietzsche has revealed, half defiantly, half involuntarily, the guiding motive of all his thought, the intense and boundless egotism which eventually shattered him to pieces. As yet, however, it is only at times that he lapses into the hysterical violence which grows upon him in his latest writings. In the fourth part there is already observable a greater want of self-control, showing itself in those gratuitous offences against good taste and feeling which are often dignified with the name of blasphemy. But in 'Zarathustra' as a whole his artistic conscience holds him in check. From a literary point of view, the book has been hailed in Germany and France as a masterpiece of style, even by many who dissent most strongly from its teaching. In Germany, the home of invertebrate prose, the work was indeed a striking apparition; and even judged by a more cosmopolitan standard, the qualities of the style

[1] P. 120. He had already expressed a similar thought in 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches': "The idea of a God is disturbing and humiliating, as long as it is believed" (I. 138).

command attention. Nietzsche possessed a fine ear for the harmonies of language, and he had likewise studied closely in classical models what he calls "the goldsmith's art" of the fitting word.

In the less purely didactic and controversial sections of the work there are passages which in their lucid simplicity seem to reflect something of the serenity and purity of the mountains and the stars; and when, more rarely, an elegiac mood is touched, the words fall with a haunting beauty of cadence. But it is impossible to claim for the work that it is in any sense an artistic whole. The amount of direct exhortation and controversy — the number and length of the "Discourses"—are out of all proportion to the framework of episode and allegory in which they are set. Zarathustra in such circumstances is a mere lay-figure; and the archaism and poetic elevation of the language ceases to be appropriate, and tends to become monotonous. And to these artistic defects most readers will be inclined to add the want of ultimate sanity and coherence in the subject-matter.

Here is the beginning of this strange rhapsody:—

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home, and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. Here he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years he did not weary of it. But at last his heart was changed within him, and one morning he rose with the dawn, stepped forth to greet the sun, and thus he spake:—

"Great star, what were thy happiness, if thou hadst not those on whom thou shinest? Ten years thou didst rise over my cavern; thou wouldst have wearied of thy light, and of this path, but for me, my eagle and my serpent.

"But we waited for thee every morning, relieved thee of thy superfluity, and blessed thee therefor.

"See, I am surfeited with my wisdom, like the bee which has gathered overmuch honey; I require hands stretched out towards me.

"I would fain make largess and distribution till the wise among men have joy once more of their folly, and the poor have joy once more of their riches.

"For that I must descend, as thou dost at even, when thou goest behind the sea, and bringest light to the under-world, thou opulent star.

"I must, like thee, go down, as men term it, the men to whom I go. Do thou bless me, then, thou steadfast eye, that canst behold without envy a happiness all-too-great.

"Bless the beaker which is ready to overflow, that the water may flow from it with a gleam of gold, and may carry into every land the reflection of thy rapture.

"See, this beaker will become empty again, and Zarathustra will again become a man."

Thus began Zarathustra's descent.

The first person whom Zarathustra met, in the woods on the lower slopes, was an aged hermit, who sought to dissuade him from going among men. But when the hermit mentions the praise of God as his chief occupation, Zarathustra passes on his way. "And when he was alone, he spake thus to his heart: 'Is it then possible? This old saint in his wood has not yet heard that *God is dead!*'"

When he came to the nearest town he found much people gathered together in the market-place, for it had been announced that a rope-dancer was to perform that day. Without further prelude Zarathustra began at once to deliver his message.

Zarathustra spake thus to the people: "I teach you the higher man. Man is something that must be overcome. What have ye done to surmount him?

"All beings hitherto created something greater than themselves: and would ye be the ebb of this great flood, and rather go back to the beast than surmount the human?

"What is the ape for men? A laughing-stock or a painful

disgrace. The same shall man be for the higher man—a laughing-stock or a painful disgrace. . . .

"See, I teach you the higher man."

Or take as an example of his more melancholy cadences the following apostrophe to the broken friendships of the past:—

There is the island of graves, the silent isle, and there are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen garland of life.

With this resolve in my heart I sailed across the sea. O visions and apparitions of my youth, O all ye looks of love, ye moments divine, how did ye die so soon! To-day I commemorate you as my dead.

From you, my dearest dead, there comes to me a sweet odour that dissolves the heart in tears. Truly it shakes and loosens the heart of the lonely sailor.

Yet still I am the richest and most enviable—I the most lonely. For I *had* you once, and ye have me still; tell me, to whom did there ever fall such rose-apples from the tree, as fell to me? . . .

Of a truth too quickly ye died, ye fugitives. Yet ye fled not from me, nor did I flee from you: despite our broken faith, there is no guilt between us.

To slay *me*, they strangled you, ye singing-birds of my hopes. Yes, at you, ye dearest, malice ever shot its bolt—to pierce my heart.

The fourth part, as already mentioned, is pitched in a somewhat different key from the first three. Its relation to them has been compared to that of a satyric drama, to the preceding tragic trilogy. The proportion of allegorical narrative is much greater here than in the earlier parts, but the purport of the allegory—in detail at least—is far from clear. It is in the main devoted to a travesty of the various types of disciples — would-be "higher men"—who seek Zarathustra in his solitude; the old soothsayer, the two kings and the ass, *der Gewis-*

senhafte des Geistes, a magician, a pope on the retired list, the ugliest man, the voluntary beggar, the Shadow. By the end of the day these are all gathered together in Zarathustra's cave, and after supper (the title of the chapter—*das Abendmahl*—as well as various illusions, suggest a parody of the scene in the upper room in Jerusalem) he harangues them on the characteristics of "the higher man." When he has finished his discourse, he escapes from his guests for a little into the open air.

"Oh, pure smells round about me," he cried. "O blessed stillness! But where are my beasts? Hither, hither, my eagle and my serpent. Tell me, prythee, my beasts, is it the case that these higher men, one and all, have no good smell? O pure smells about me! Now, for the first time, I know and feel how I love you, my beasts." And Zarathustra spake once more, "I love you, my beasts." But the eagle and the serpent, when they heard these words, pressed close to him and looked up to him. In this wise the three remained silently together, and sniffed the good air with one another, and drank deep draughts of it. For the air here outside was better than among the higher men.

In Zarathustra's absence the old magician (who is perhaps intended for Wagner) debauches the minds of these converts by a melancholy song. They fall to disputing with one another, a second song is sung, and presently sounds of mirth and revelry are heard from the cave. Zarathustra is inclined to rejoice that they are casting from them at least the spirit of heaviness, the obsession of the past, when a sweet-smelling savour, as it were an incense of burning pine-cones, assails his nostrils, and on looking into the cave he finds them all on their knees adoring the ass, who punctuates each verse of their litany with a bray. In this and the following section on "The Feast of the Ass" Nietzsche touches his lowest levels of taste. The book closes with the advent next morning of a laughing

lion, who scatters the higher men in all directions. The lion and a flock of doves join themselves to Zarathustra, who recognises the sign. "The lion came, my children are near, Zarathustra became ripe, my hour arrived: This is *my* morning, *my* day begins; up, up now, thou great Noon." "Thus spake Zarathustra, and left his cave, glowing and strong, like the morning sun rising out of dark mountains."

Such is the book of which Nietzsche afterwards wrote with an engaging modesty. "I have given to mankind the profoundest book it possesses, my 'Zarathustra.'"[1]

His leading ideas stood now clearly before his mind, and his remaining works simply expound and apply them. There is no further development of thought to be traced. His next book, which bears the characteristic title 'Beyond Good and Evil' (1886), continues his attack upon existing moral "values" or standards, and formulates the distinction between two systems of morality—the morality of the masters and the morality of the slaves (*Herren-Moral und Sklaven-Moral*). In his next publication, 'The Genealogy of Morality' ('Zur Genealogie der Moral,' 1887), an attempt is made to substantiate the distinction by reference to etymology and history, and it now becomes central in his teaching.

The rest of Nietzsche's story is soon told. He had by this time a certain following. "I have my readers," he says, "everywhere—in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and Stockholm, in Paris, in New York, but *not* in Europe's Flatland, Germany." New editions of his earlier works were called for, which he furnished with prefaces, sometimes of considerable biographical interest. In 1888 he published the pamphlet on Wagner, already referred to, in which a serious intention and impish malice are strangely mingled. This was followed by a fresh bundle of aphorisms, and

[1] The Twilight of the Idols, p. 221.

paragraphs, entitled 'The Twilight of the Idols' ('Götzen-dämmerung'), in parody of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung." The manner of the book may be surmised from its sub-title, "How one philosophises with the Hammer." It appeared in 1889. The preface is dated from Turin, "on the 30th of September 1888, the day on which the first book of the Transvaluation of all Values was completed." The work thus referred to was to be his *magnum opus*. 'Beyond Good and Evil' had been advertised as "A Prelude to the Philosophy of the Future." This was to be the philosophy of the future itself, in systematic and mature presentation. "I have given to mankind their profoundest book in 'Zarathustra,'" he had said; "I shall shortly," he adds, "give them their most independent one." The title of the work was to be, 'Der Wille zur Macht' ('The Will to Rule,' or 'The Desire of Power'), and it was to consist of four books. The first, which has since been published in his collected works, bears the title "Antichrist, or an Essay towards a Criticism of Christianity." The second was to be called "The Free Spirit, a Criticism of Philosophy as a Nihilistic Movement"; the third, "The Immoralist, a Criticism of the most fatal kind of Ignorance—namely, Morality"; and the fourth, "Dionysus, or the Philosophy of Eternal Recurrence"; but the last three were never written. Early in 1889, about the time when 'The Twilight of the Idols' issued from the press, Nietzsche's long nervous derangement suddenly culminated in hopeless insanity. He was confined for a time in a lunatic asylum, but lived latterly under the care of his relations first at Naumburg and afterwards at Weimar, where he died on the 25th of August 1900.

The final collapse can hardly be matter of surprise to students of his latest works. Two features of these must strike the most casual reader. On the one hand, the colossal egotism and self-assurance, characteristic

of Nietzsche from the first, now attain proportions not to be distinguished from mania. On the other hand, there is a growing loss of self-restraint in his controversial utterances. Denunciation degenerates into foul-mouthed abuse; and the hysterical violence with which he dashes himself against the greatest names and ideals of human history seems to resemble nothing more than the impotent fury of a naughty child. The titles of the successive books of his projected *magnum opus* just enumerated are a piece of bravado in this style; and, for the rest, it is enough to quote the concluding sentences of the "Antichrist"—the last sentences probably which he wrote:—

> With this I am at the conclusion, and pronounce my sentence—I *condemn* Christianity. It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions, . . . drinking out all blood, all love, all hope for life, with its anæmic ideal of holiness; the other world as the will to the negation of every reality; the cross as the rallying sign for the most subterranean conspiracy that has ever existed—against healthiness, beauty, well-constitutedness, courage, intellect, benevolence of soul, *against life itself*. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, *mean;* I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind.

What could match the insane egotism of his "I pronounce my sentence—I *condemn* Christianity"? In other passages Nietzsche burns incense publicly before his own transcendent personality. In an autobiographical fragment written about this time, and pointing out the germs of his later ideas in his earlier works, the contrast between his former and his present self moves him to this outburst: "O how far was I still at that time from what I am to-day, from where I am to-day—at an elevation where I speak no longer with words, but with flashes of lightning!" And whereas he had proudly described 'Zarathustra' as "a

book for all and none," this is his preface to his latest volume:—

> This book belongs to the select few. Perhaps even none of them yet live. It is only the day after to-morrow that belongs to me. Some are born posthumously. . . . Well, then, these alone are my readers, my true readers, my predetermined readers; of what account are *the rest?* The rest are merely mankind. One must be superior to mankind in force, in loftiness of soul—in contempt.

"Sovereign contempt," "unsparing contempt," are his own words elsewhere to express his attitude towards his fellowmen. Our Puritan forefathers would have seen the just judgment of God in the melancholy fate which overtook him. It is more consonant with modern charity to regard such distempered utterances as themselves the harbingers and symptoms of the growing cerebral tension that was soon to snap the thread of reason and plunge their author in mental night.

II.

Any account of Nietzsche's thought must take Schopenhauer's system as starting-point, and the best way to reach an understanding of his theories will be to inquire how far and in what direction he modified his early attitude of discipleship.

Nietzsche began, then, by accepting Schopenhauer's fundamental doctrine of the irrational Will-to-Live as the ultimate reality behind all appearance, and, with that, he accepted the pessimism which directly flows from it. For if existence is thus rooted in irrationality, then anything like a theodicy, or a justification of the world from an ethical and religious point of view, is impossible. On the con-

trary, from the standpoint of reason and conscience, the existence of the universe is a huge mistake. The ethical and religious life consists, accordingly, in renunciation, in a systematic denial of the Will-to-Live. Sympathy is the root of all virtue; for individualism and the fierce striving after individual preservation and satisfaction are the very expression of the Will-to-Live, and consequently the root of all evil. Penetrated by a sense of the vanity and misery of existence, and recognising also with an infinite compassion his oneness with all forms of suffering life, the virtuous man devotes himself to the alleviation of the pains of others, and practises in his own case the mortification of the flesh and the extinction of every form of desire. Schopenhauer's ethics are thus essentially negative or Buddhistic, there being no positive end which is in itself worthy of realisation. It is to Buddhism and to the asceticism of medieval Christianity that he appeals as embodying the testimony of the religious consciousness to the truth of his own position. The saint alone, according to this most unsaintly of philosophers, achieves salvation by the final conquest of the will, though a temporary emancipation is vouchsafed to us in contemplating the creations of art. In art, we emerge for the time from the prison of our individuality, and are set free from the misery and degradation of never-satisfied desire: "the wheel of Ixion stands still."

These four points—the metaphysic of the Will-to-Live, Pessimism, the ethics of sympathy and renunciation, and his doctrine of art—constitute the most important elements in Schopenhauer's system; and although Nietzsche was afterwards fond of reading back his own later views into his earlier writings, there seems no reason to doubt that, for a time at least, he was an orthodox disciple of his master on all these points. In his essay on Schopenhauer, at all events, he names the saint alongside of the philosopher

and the artist in his trinity of true men who have surmounted the animal life; he speaks of the sacrifice of self, and even mentions Christianity in terms of respect as having made important contributions to true civilisation. It is pretty evident, however, that it was not by its ethics of self-suppression and by its purely negative goal of effort that Schopenhauer's doctrine laid hold of him. The picture of the ideal, or "Schopenhauerian," man, as he limns it even in his early books, presents few of the features of the saint. Freedom from illusion, and the dauntless courage that comes from such freedom, are the characteristics on which he lays most stress: the figure is rather that of the hero than of the Buddhistic sage. He paints, for example, in his earliest work, 'The Birth of Tragedy,' the possible advent of "a new, a 'tragic' civilisation."

> Let us imagine [he says] a generation growing up with this fearlessness of glance, with this heroic bent towards the terrible, let us imagine the bold step of these dragon-slayers, the proud daring with which they turn their backs upon all the old optimism and its doctrines bred of feebleness, in order to live resolutely in the Whole and the Full.

Such a race of dragon-slayers bears a closer resemblance to the children of Zarathustra than it does to the orthodox Schopenhauerian ideal. It is also to be noted that the realisation of this type is put forward (both here and in the essay on Schopenhauer) not merely as a step towards a Buddhistic Nirvana, but as itself a glorious and culminating achievement, that is to say, in a sense, as a positive end. The fundamental thought of culture, he says, is to help on the creation in us and outside of us of the philosopher, the artist, and the saint, and thereby to aid in the perfecting of nature. While, therefore, the metaphysical basis and the ultimate pessimism of the master are

accepted by the disciple, the ethical temper and emphasis are different in important respects from the outset.

Indeed, if we ask—still keeping in mind the four points mentioned above—how much did Nietzsche discard, and how much did he retain, of Schopenhauer's substantive doctrines, we are bound to answer that, in a technical or literal sense, he can hardly be said to retain a single dogma. Even in the essay on "Schopenhauer as Educator" it is noteworthy that no stress is laid on the specific features of Schopenhauer's system. The prophetic nimbus with which he invests his "great teacher" robs the figure of any definiteness of outline. At a later period, as we have seen, he would fain have it that in this paper he had simply read into Schopenhauer his own dimly apprehended ideals. This is, no doubt, an over-statement; but certainly, after 1876, we find him adopting a negative attitude to all the most characteristic Schopenhauerian doctrines. In 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches' (1878), he criticises Schopenhauer's substantiation of the Will-to-Live as leading to every kind of mystical mischief; and from that time forward he relegated the doctrine to the metaphysical lumber-room.

> He truly did not hit the truth [says Zarathustra (1883)] who aimed at her the phrase "Wille zum Dasein"; there is no such will. For what does not exist, cannot will, and how could that which is in existence will to exist? Only where there is life is there will: not will to live, however, but will to rule (Wille zur Macht).

In another passage the notion of the final redemptive act of Will—the will to will no more—is irreverently referred to as a madman's fable ("dies Fabellied des Wahnsinns"). His criticism is, in substance, a repudiation of Schopenhauer's Will as an unknowable thing-in-itself, and as such might have been developed, with help from Aristotle and

Hegel, into a doctrine of immanent idealism sufficiently free from the taint of "other-worldliness" which Nietzsche always has upon his nerves. Understanding, however, by metaphysics only the quest for such transcendent entities, Nietzsche proceeded to include all metaphysics in his condemnation. He came to pride himself almost as much upon having outgrown metaphysics as upon having outgrown the belief in God. "Wir Gottlosen und Anti-metaphysiker" became one of his titles of honour.

In the ethical domain, there is again a large measure of justice in the criticisms with which he starts, and a similar obliquity in the conclusions to which they ultimately lead him. As already indicated, Schopenhauer's ethics of renunciation and altruism, though adopted for a time along with the rest of his philosophy, had little real hold upon Nietzsche's self-involved nature with its intense pride of will. When he allowed his critical faculty free play, he was not slow to perceive the fundamental contradiction of a purely altruistic system of morality.

> A being capable of purely altruistic actions alone is more fabulous than the Phœnix. Never has a man done anything solely for others, and without any personal motive; how could the Ego act without Ego? . . . Suppose a man wished to do and to will everything for others, nothing for himself, the latter would be impossible, for the very good reason that he must do very much for himself, in order to do anything at all for others. Moreover, it presupposes that the other is egoist enough constantly to accept these sacrifices made for him; so that the men of love and self-sacrifice have an interest in the continued existence of loveless egoists who are incapable of self-sacrifice. In order to subsist, the highest morality must positively enforce the existence of immorality ('Menschliches,' i. 137, 138).

Nietzsche's criticism on this point must be accepted as conclusive. Every theory which attempts to divorce the ethical end from the personality of the moral agent must

necessarily fall into this vicious circle; in a sense, the moral centre and the moral motive must always ultimately be self, the satisfaction of the self, the perfection of the self. The altruistic virtues, and self-sacrifice in general, can only enter into the moral ideal so far as they minister to the realisation of what is recognised to be the highest type of manhood, the self which finds its own in all men's good. Apart from this, self-sacrifice, self-mortification for its own sake, would be a mere negation, and, as such, of no moral value whatever. It is just the characteristic of a consistent pessimism, however, that it denies the existence of any positive or self-justifying end. If life itself is intrinsically bad, then the moral attitude towards life is completely negative; the moral goal is annihilation. In this sense Schopenhauer glorified the ethical teaching of Buddhism, and made himself its Western spokesman; in this sense he permitted himself to praise the stylite of the desert and the Catholic saint at the expense of the Judaism and the Protestantism which he hated for their optimism.

One main feature of Nietzsche's later thought is his revolt against this unnatural and, indeed, self-contradictory attitude towards life. In pronouncing judgment upon life as a whole, pessimism is trying to make an impossible valuation; what it really does, says Nietzsche, is unwittingly to betray the effeteness of the mood which prompts such an estimate. Hence he attacks the pessimistic morality of mere sympathy and selflessness as itself a symptom of the life-weariness and decadence of the age. In this connection he has much to say in his character of "unseasonable philosopher," upon the degenerate tendencies and anæmic virtues of modern civilisation, its humanitarianism too often infected by sickly sentimentality, its ideal of a life from which all danger has been eliminated, and where, in consequence, the heroic virtues disappear. And the same line of thought also enables us

to understand his passionate and ever-growing aversion to Christianity, for he finds the essence of Christianity in a negative attitude towards the present world, and a condemnation of all natural instincts. Here again we may readily allow a relative justice to Nietzsche's protest. The ascetic and purely negative strain is certainly present (though far from exclusively present) in the documents of primitive Christianity; and in the early Christian centuries and the medieval Church it became greatly exaggerated.

> The Church [says Nietzsche] fights against passion with excision in every sense—its practice, its cure, is castration. It never asks how to spiritualise, beautify, and deify a desire; it has at all times laid the emphasis of discipline upon extermination (of sensuality, of pride, of ambition, of avarice, of revenge). But to attack the passions at the root means to attack life itself at the root. . . . Chastity and sensuality are not necessarily antithetical; every true marriage is beyond any such antithesis. . . . The spiritualisation of sensuousness is called *love;* it is a grand triumph over Christianity.

Identifying Christianity in this fashion with the extremes of medieval asceticism, Nietzsche sees in it the one great enemy of life, to be fought at all points. But is it not rather the case (to pause for a moment upon his last dictum) that the greater elevation and inwardness of the modern conception of love, as compared with the ideals and practice of the ancient world, is due, in the main, just to the long discipline of Christianity, which appears, therefore, precisely as the greatest agent the world has known in the spiritualisation of desire? Christianity is to be judged not by isolated and exaggerated elements of its teaching, but by its total effect upon the history of civilisation, and by the maturest form which its ideals have taken, in the slow advance of human wisdom and goodness.

This justification of life and the instincts subservient

to life evidently implies—as has been partly indicated already—an abandonment of the pessimism on which Schopenhauer's ethics were based. In Nietzsche's later writings, pessimism is represented as a disease to be combated; he even speaks of his revered master as "the old pessimistic false-coiner," and (surely the last indignity) as merely the heir of Christian interpretation. So much is indicated in the title of the volume which preceded 'Zarathustra,' and which he described in a later preface as the celebration of his convalescence—'The Joyful Science.' The fourth book (Sanct Januarius), written in January 1882, opens with an entry on New Year's Day—in the style of the resolutions and confessions of a religious diary:—

> To-day every one permits himself to express his wish and his dearest thought; well, then, I too will say what I would wish for myself to-day, and what thought first coursed through my heart this year—what thought shall be for me the foundation, pledge, and sweetness of all further life. I will learn always more and more to look upon the necessary as the beautiful; so shall I be one of those who make things beautiful. *Amor fati*—let that be from henceforth my love. I will wage no war against the ugly. I will make no accusations, I will not even accuse the accusers. Let *looking away* be my only denial. And, in sum, I will one day be only a sayer of Yea.

The aspiration of this passage (whose phraseology is reminiscent of Spinoza or of Marcus Aurelius rather than of his former self) may be said to reach fulfilment in the section of 'Zarathustra' entitled "Before Sunrise," and in what he calls the "Yea and Amen Song" in the same work:—

> O, heaven above me, pure and deep, thou abyss of light! Gazing at thee I shudder with divine desires. . . . We speak not one to another, because we know too much; in silence we

smile our knowledge one to another. Together we learned everything; together we learned to rise above ourselves to ourselves, and cloudlessly to smile. . . . I have become one who blesses and one who says Yea: I struggled long till I attained this, and was a wrestler that I might one day get my hands free to bless. And my blessing is this: to stand over everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell, and eternal security. Blessed is he who thus blesses.

In a passage of his later volume, 'Beyond Good and Evil,' the mood finds perhaps its most exultant expression. He there expressly opposes to the pessimism of Buddha and Schopenhauer "the ideal of the man who affirms the world out of sheer sense of overflowing life" ("das Ideal des übermuthigsten, lebendigsten, und weltbejahendsten Menschen"), "who has not only come to terms with what was and is, and learned to put up with it, but who desires to have it over again, *just as it was and is*, to all eternity, calling insatiably *da capo*, not only to his own existence, but to the whole piece and play."

The last phrase refers to "the doctrine of eternal recurrence," which he repeatedly brings forward in 'Zarathustra' as "his most abysmal thought," his "last profundity," his most original and characteristic doctrine. As early as the second of the "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," he introduces a reference to the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, that when the heavenly bodies return to the same relative position, the whole process of earthly existence begins anew, and is repeated thus in countless cycles even to its minutest details. This weird idea apparently had a strange fascination for Nietzsche. In the closing paragraphs of the third part of 'The Joyful Science' it is put forward hypothetically as a touchstone of a man's attitude to life:—

How were it if, some day or night, a demon stole after thee into thy most solitary solitude, and said to thee: "This life,

as thou livest it now, and hast lived it, thou shalt have to live over again, and not once but innumerable times; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every pleasure, and every thought and sigh, and everything in thy life, the great and the unspeakably petty alike, must come again to thee, and all in the same series and succession; this spider, too, and this moonlight betwixt the trees, and this moment likewise and I myself. The eternal sandglass of time is always turned again, and thou with it, thou atom of dust." Wouldest thou not cast thyself down, and with gnashing of teeth curse the demon who thus spoke? Or hast thou ever experienced the tremendous moment in which thou wouldest answer him, "Thou art a god, and never heard I anything more divine"?

In 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' the doctrine is for the first time positively proclaimed, but Zarathustra is represented as shrinking from it in horror; he speaks of it at first in undertones, and under his breath—"for I was afraid of my own thought." In a figure, it is the black snake which crept into the throat of the shepherd as he lay asleep, and could not be removed till, at Zarathustra's call, the man bit off the monster's head, and spat it far from him. "Then he sprang up, no longer shepherd, no longer man, transfigured, refulgent and *laughing*. Never yet upon earth did a man laugh as he laughed." According to Frau Andreas-Salomé, this is an accurate rendering of the stages of Nietzsche's personal feeling on this subject:—

He struggled with it at first as with a fate from which there was no escape. Never can I forget the hours in which he first confided it to me as a secret, as something of whose verification and confirmation he had an unspeakable horror: he spoke of it only in a low voice and with every sign of the profoundest horror. And he suffered in truth so deeply in life that the certainty of life's eternal recurrence could not but be for him a thing to shudder at. The quintessence of the doctrine of recurrence, the radiant apotheosis of life

which Nietzsche afterwards taught, forms so profound a contrast to his own painful experiences of life that it impresses us as an uncanny mask.

It was, in fact, as the allegory indicates, only by a supreme effort of agonised will that he embraced the doom assigned, and thereby rose superior to its terrors. It is difficult, however, to determine how far Nietzsche really believed the doctrine so solemnly promulgated. At one time, Frau Andreas-Salomé tells us, he contemplated the possibility that the theory might be scientifically deduced by physics from the doctrine of atoms; and the investigation of this was to occupy him during the ten years which he once proposed to devote to the study of science in Paris or Vienna. This plan was of course not carried out; but a little inquiry sufficed to show him that such scientific evidence of the theory as he at once desiderated and feared was quite impossible. Curiously enough, the effect of this discovery upon him was not to make him dismiss the idea, but to make him promulgate it without further delay, as the central doctrine of his philosophy. In other words, so long as it remained a real possibility which might be established on scientific grounds, it haunted him like a nightmare; so soon as it receded into the realm of speculative fantasy, he began to indite hymns to eternity as to a bride, and to "the marriage ring of recurrence." In these circumstances, there is perhaps no injustice in concluding that the literal truth of the doctrine, as a statement of fact, is not what Nietzsche is concerned about. In that respect, it remains to him largely a play of fantasy; he propounds it rather as a mystery, a symbolic truth of profound significance for life. It will be noted that it is always in its bearing upon ethics, or a man's practical attitude towards life, that the doctrine is enunciated. Its realisation becomes the occasion of the supreme act of

will, in which man tramples fate under foot for ever by triumphant acceptance of its darkest conditions. Reckoning his worst sufferings as a light affliction not to be weighed against his inexhaustible powers of endurance and resistance, man rises, according to Nietzsche's conception, to a species of "Dionysiac" or creative joy in the eternal repetition of the cosmic year. He becomes the god for whom the spectacle is unrolled, and by his existence he imports into an intrinsically aimless and senseless process a meaning and an end, even in some sort a justification.

But this reconciliation with existence—it will already be evident—has nothing in common with ordinary optimism. Optimism remains for him now, as formerly, a synonym for shallowness of insight and mediocrity of temper. He overflows in scorn of "the contemptible species of well-being dreamt of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats"—or, as he elsewhere terms it, "the universal green-grazing happiness of the herd." He denies, in short, as nobler moralists have done before him, that happiness is intrinsically a worthy object of pursuit; and he denies, further, that, as a matter of fact, the best men do pursue it. The free man despises this ideal of ignoble ease, sheltered from all intrusion of danger or war; "the free man is a warrior." "Man," he says again, in a bitter epigram, "man does *not* strive after happiness, only the Englishman does so." But if his new mood does not rest on calculations of happiness, still less does it depend on any new conviction of the rationality of existence or the moral order of the world. Any phrase which seemed capable of being pressed into the service of theism was now as ever abhorrent to him. The truth is, that although he has abandoned Schopenhauer's specific metaphysical theory of the Will, and has professedly abjured metaphysics altogether, he still holds fast

the atheism which first attracted him to the system;[1] he is still as firmly convinced as ever of the ultimate irrationality of the world.

In the sequel of the passage "Before Sunrise," already quoted from 'Zarathustra,' he explicitly formulates the aimlessness of existence as the sum of his new wisdom and the fountain of his new joy:—

> Von Ohngefähr (by chance)—that is the oldest title of nobility in the world, and I restored it to all things, I redeemed them from their enslavement to ends. This freedom and heavenly serenity I set like an azure bell over all things, when I taught that over them and in them there is no "eternal will" that wills . . . when I taught that one thing at least is impossible—rationality. A *little* reason, doubtless, a seed of wisdom scattered from star to star—this leaven is mingled with all things; for folly's sake, wisdom is mingled with all things. A little wisdom is possible, but this blessed serenity I found in all things, that they are more inclined to *dance* on the feet of chance. O heaven over me, pure and lofty: that is now to me thy purity, that there is no eternal reason-spider and spider's net, that thou art a dancing-floor for divine chances, that thou art a table of the gods for godlike dice and dicers.

The forced note of exultation in such a passage cannot conceal the abysmal pessimism of such a theory for any thinking being. And indeed Nietzsche, in spite of his attacks on Pessimism, does not disclaim the title for his own position; but he distinguishes between the "romantic pessimism" which he abjures and the "Dionysiac pessimism"—the "pessimism of the future"—of which he constitutes himself the apostle. If he brands the former as Resignationism, the latter is a mood of defiance, in harmony with his untamable pride of will. If the former is the outcome of a temper over-sensitive to suffering, given

[1] 'Der Atheismus war Das, was mich zu Schopenhauer führte.'—(Preface to the second edition of the 'Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen,' written in 1888.)

up to self-compassion and sympathy, the latter meets suffering with a scornful smile, nay, accepts it with a kind of fierce joy, as the supreme emancipator of the mind. "Profound suffering makes noble; it separates." "*Increscunt animi, virescit vulnere virtus*," was the motto which he prefixed to his latest published work. "The uses of affliction" is as favourite a text with him as with the Christian moralist—only the application is strangely inverted.

> It is great affliction only—that long, slow affliction in which we are burned as it were with green wood, which takes time—that compels us philosophers to descend into our ultimate depth and divest ourselves of all trust, all good nature, glossing, gentleness, and averageness. I doubt whether such affliction "improves" us, but I know that it *deepens* us. . . . From such long dangerous exercises of self-mastery one emerges another man, with several additional interrogation marks—above all, with the will to question more henceforward, to question more profoundly, more strictly, more sternly, more wickedly than has ever been questioned on earth before.

It was in this spirit that he chose to regard his own illness, not as a hindrance to his vocation, but as a final consecration, the great illuminator, dispeller of the last illusions. "Do I not owe to it," he says, "unutterably more than to my health? I owe to it a *higher* health, and *I owe to it also my philosophy*." This is part of his *amor fati*, and, so regarded, it might be mistaken for an expression of sublime submission; but there is no spark in it of such a spirit. It is the Luciferian

> "courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else, not to be overcome,"—

the pride to prove oneself a match for fate, ironically victorious over her worst assaults, and "dying proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly." Such a mood of "strong, stern, hard matter-of-factness" rejects with

disdain the consolations of the ideal, in whatever form religion or philosophy may proffer them; it has no use for them, because it knows itself strong enough to bear the actual. Such a mood he praises in Thucydides and the older Hellenes, in contrast with Plato. "Plato is a coward in presence of reality, *consequently* he takes refuge in the ideal; Thucydides is master of himself, consequently he maintains power also over things." In another place he sees his ideal in the conduct of the Indian brave in face of his tormentors. "We learn to confront affliction with our pride, our scorn, our strength of will, doing like the Indian, who, however sorely he may be tortured, takes revenge on his tormentor by his bad tongue." The last touch spoils the dignity of the situation, though characteristic enough of Nietzsche's own procedure. He expresses his conception more finely in an earlier aphorism. "The lie," he says, "with which on her lips Arria died—*Paete, non dolet*—casts into the shade all the truths which were ever spoken by mortals. It is the only holy lie which has become famous."

It will not be denied that this attitude, like Milton's conception of the archangel ruined, possesses a grandeur of its own. It is the apotheosis of courage, of revolt, of unconquerable will. One may admit also that, in the godless, chance-guided world of Nietzsche's fantasy, such a temper must be, for the nobler spirits, the natural, nay the only possible, armour against fate. But can it be claimed, as Nietzsche claims for it, that this desperate bravado is the mood of spiritual health? Must not the strongest reason snap under a continuance of the intolerable tension? Is it not plain, in his own case, that the bow is already bent almost to breaking? And if this is so, can we say that there is more of sanity in that other mood of forced gaiety in which he calls upon us to laugh at "the eternal comedy of existence," and to "laugh

loudest at all that mankind has hitherto held most sacred"? Laughter is his latest panacea. To laugh and to dance is the final lesson of wisdom which Zarathustra inculcates upon his followers with an iteration which becomes an affectation:—

> Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high and still higher: And do not forget your legs: Lift your legs, too, ye good dancers, and better still, if ye stand upon your heads. This crown of laughter, this garland of roses: I myself placed this crown upon my head, I myself hallowed my laughter. I found no other to-day strong enough to do so.

This ostentatious merriment is even more unnatural than the wild defiance of which it is, at bottom, only a transparent disguise. The "lie" is here no longer holy.

If such is the attitude of the Nietzschian philosopher towards existence as a whole, by what code of morals, we may ask, will he guide himself in his dealings with his fellow-men? The answer to this question will enable us to fill in the outlines of "the higher man," and will introduce us to Nietzsche's most characteristic doctrines. For, however widely philosophers may differ on questions of metaphysics and theology and on the ultimate basis and sanction of morality, they are almost universally at one as to the general nature of the moral ideal, and, more particularly, as to the importance in this ideal of the altruistic virtues. But it is as the preacher of a new ethic that Nietzsche claims for himself epoch-making significance. "Break in pieces, break in pieces the old tables," is the cry of Zarathustra to his disciples; "there is an ancient delusion called good and evil." "Morality itself as problem," is one of the phrases in which Nietzsche formulates his sense of his own position as something new in the world. And the title of his last work was to be

the 'Umwerthung aller Werthe,' the transvaluation of all values—the reversal of all accepted ideals.

There is some danger of misunderstanding at this point, owing to the nature of the descriptions which he sometimes gives of his position. There is no title, for example, which he is fonder of parading than that of "Immoralist"; his doctrine, he tells us, is "beyond good and evil." But the primary meaning of these phrases is not, as might be supposed, a revolt from all ethical norms and restraints, and a justification of every animal impulse as such. The position is one "beyond *our* good and evil"; it implies a revision of accepted moral standards, but not the denial of standards altogether. Zarathustra breaks the old tables of the law; but, in the same breath, the work of the creative thinker is proclaimed to be the writing of new values on new tables. In a fine passage he laments the danger of the noble who have cast off the restraints of the old morality:—

> Alas, I knew noble ones who lost their highest hope, and then they traduced all high hopes. They lived shamelessly in the lusts of the moment, and their aims reached scarcely beyond the passing day. . . . Once they thought to become heroes, now they are voluptuaries. But by my love and hope, I beseech thee, throw not away the hero in thy soul, hold sacred thy highest hope.

And again, addressing his would-be followers, he asks sternly whether they are fit for the freedom he offers: "Canst thou give thyself thine evil and thy good, and suspend thy will over thee as a law? Canst thou be thine own judge and the avenger of thine own law?" If not, he prophesies that they will not be able to endure the terrible loneliness to which he calls them; they are not of such as he desires for his followers. Zarathustra's accent, indeed, in these and many other pass-

ages, is that of one calling men to a warfare—not only a warfare against the superstition of the past, but a warfare against ignoble ease and ignoble virtues — in which they are called to endure hardness, as good soldiers of the new ideal. "I spare not my warriors," he cries; and again, "what warrior desires to be spared?" Obedience and self-sacrifice appear as virtues under the new dispensation as under the old. "To a good warrior 'thou shalt' sounds pleasanter than 'I will.'" "I love him who labours and invents, that he may build the house for the higher man, and who prepares for him earth and beast and plant; for, in so doing, he wills his own disappearance (Untergang)." "Virtue is the will to disappear and an arrow of yearning."

But this transcendental altruism is to be practised not in the interests of present humanity, but of that higher and nobler race which shall indeed be *der Sinn der Erde* —the sense or meaning of the world. Man is but a transition figure, "a rope stretched between beast and *Uebermensch*," a stage to be surmounted and left behind. His virtue lies in his readiness to sacrifice himself on the altar of the future. As for the present breed of men, Nietzsche is at no pains to conceal the contempt—nay, disgust (*Ekel*) — with which they inspire him. His ethic is therefore at the furthest remove from the ideal of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the democratic ideal of equality which is sometimes connected with it as a corollary. We have seen his scorn of "the green-grazing happiness of the herd"; and as regards the other point, there is nothing on which he more constantly insists than the natural inequality of men. "I will not be mixed up and confounded with these preachers of equality," he cries passionately; "men are not equal, and, what is more, they shall not become equal." There is no virtue, moreover, in numbers. A

petty pleasure does not lose its pettiness because it is widely shared, nor does an ignoble ideal become more worthy because it is realised in a vast number of individuals. A species is not judged by the number of its specimens, but by the character of its highest types. Height, not breadth, is what we ought to aim at. The cult of the noble individual, represented partly as "a link betwixt us and the crowning race," partly as an end-in-itself, becomes thus the essence of Nietzsche's teaching.

It is an heroic and aristocratic ideal, which places Nietzsche in sharp conflict with all the levelling tendencies of his age—an antique ideal as contrasted with the Christian precept which inculcates that whosoever will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. But, as compared with the Hellenic or Roman ideal, it repudiates that devotion to the State which formed so large a part of ancient virtue. Nietzsche is fierce in his polemic against modern attempts to revive this conception, whether they take the form of socialistic Utopias or the military Chauvinism of the new German Empire. He preaches a doctrine of the most intense individualism. The principle of nationality, and patriotism itself, is for him the symbol of mediocrity, of enslavement to outworn ideals. "We cosmopolitans," "we good Europeans," are the titles he bestows upon his emancipated followers. In thus loosening the individual from his social and political surroundings, Nietzsche pursues his individualism to the verge of anarchism. Detached himself by the circumstances of his life from the ties of country and of family, a lonely wanderer from one international health-resort to another, and incessantly engaged in the culture of his own personality, he seems to have involuntarily generalised this abnormal experience in his sketch of the ideal European. It is certain, at all events, that he inverts the usual relation of the individual to society, the State,

and humanity. Even those who insist most strongly on the perfection of individual character as the true end of moral discipline have placed the realisation of that perfection to a very large extent in the service of the general weal. The general weal is the objective end in the promotion of which the individual forgets his own personality, attaining in this very process the highest subjective perfection of which he is capable. But this is entirely reversed with Nietzsche.

> There are only three respects [he had already said in his early essay on History] in which the masses appear to me to deserve a glance—first, as blurred copies of great men, executed on bad paper and from worn-out plates; secondly, as opposition to the great; and lastly, as instruments of the great; for the rest, let them go to the devil and to statistics.

So now, he says, "a people is the circuit which nature makes to arrive at six or seven great men"; and he commends it as

> the essence of a good and sound aristocracy that it feels itself not as function (whether of the throne or of the community), but as the sense (Sinn) and ultimate justification of the whole —that it accepts, therefore, with a good conscience the sacrifice of innumerable men, who, *for its sake*, must be depressed and reduced to incomplete men, slaves, instruments. Its fundamental belief must be that society has a right to exist not for the sake of society, but only as the substructure and scaffolding on which a select species of beings may rise to their higher mission, and, in general, to a higher existence ('Jenseits,' p. 241).

The elect few will regard the mass of mankind from the same point of view:—

> Egoism belongs to the essence of the distinguished soul; I mean by that the immovable belief that, to a being "like us," other beings are naturally in subjection—and have to sacrifice

themselves. The distinguished soul accepts this fact of its egoism without any question, moreover, without any feeling of harshness, compulsion, or arbitrariness about it; rather as something that has its basis, doubtless, in the primitive law of things ('Jenseits,' p. 256).

It is easy to see that this implies the elimination of the more distinctively Christian virtues from the ideal of nobility or distinction (Vornehmheit). Not sacrifice of self, but a lofty acceptance of the sacrifices of others; not humility, but a fixed consciousness of superiority; not compassion for the weak and suffering, but an indifference, as of Nature herself, to the failures in life's struggle: on the other hand, a glorification of power (Macht) in whatever form (be it physical strength and beauty, swift intelligence, or inflexible will), aristocratic hauteur, distinction of manners, an Olympian freedom from prejudice amounting to an absence of all belief whatsoever,—these are the chief characteristics of "the distinguished Ego." The one article of his creed is the supreme value and beauty of the type which he represents. But this gospel of the pride of life, based upon nature though it professes to be, is, even yet, not a mere lapse into selfish indulgence. Flesh and blood cannot easily achieve distinction in any direction, and even the grandiose egoism of the distinguished personality is an ideal. Nietzsche himself regarded it as the hard-won prize of lifelong discipline, nay, of generations of breeding. In fact, just as this ethic shows a pitiless indifference to the sufferings of the masses, by whose sacrifice the six or seven great men become possible, so it is relentless and unsparing in its demands upon those who aspire to realise its ideal. We have heard the language of Zarathustra to his disciples. "Ye shall have it harder and harder," he cries to them again; "only so does man wax in stature." "Let us not undervalue the privilege of the mediocre," Nietzsche says in another place; "life

always becomes harder towards the summit—the cold increases, responsibility increases." Nor did he spare himself. He too is, after all, "only a bridge" between the decadents of our present civilisation and the higher man of "the great noon." A sympathetic German critic[1] goes so far as to suggest that the constant gnawing sense of the discrepancy between the Zarathustra-self of his prophetic vision and the Nietzsche-self of nineteenth-century reality was one of the principal features of the strain which eventually brought about his mental collapse. Frau Andreas-Salomé, in her book on Nietzsche, suggests the same idea: "he becomes at last a double figure, half sick and suffering man, half redeemed and laughing *Uebermensch*."

By way of justifying or explaining the contrast between his new-old gospel of the masterful Ego and received ethical notions, Nietzsche appeals to history, of which he has his own reading to offer us. Two diametrically opposite systems of morality, he maintains, are at issue with one another in the past history of mankind—the morality of the masters and the morality of the slaves (*Herren-moral* and *Sklaven-moral*). His theory is stated most fully in the last part of 'Beyond Good and Evil,' and the first part of 'The Genealogy of Morality.'

Moral distinctions took their rise either among a ruling race filled with a gratifying consciousness of the difference between itself and the subject population—or among subjects, slaves, dependants of every degree. In the first case, when it is the ruling class which determines the notion good, it is the proud and elevated states of the soul which are felt as distinctive and as determining the order of rank. The high-born man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposites of these proud and elevated states find expression. He despises them. In this first kind of morality, the opposition good and bad ("gut und schlecht"), it will be noted, is equivalent to distinguished

[1] Simmel in the 'Zeitschrift für Philosophie,' vol. 107.

or well-born and contemptible; the opposition good and evil or wicked ("gut und böse") has another origin ('Jenseits,' p. 243).

In the 'Genealogy of Morals,' he expressly combats the moral psychologists who derive the approbation with which unselfish actions are regarded from their usefulness to the recipients, and the praises which these consequently bestow upon them.

The judgment good [he insists] was first made not by those to whom kindness (Güte) is shown. Rather it was "the good" themselves, that is, the well-born, the powerful, those higher in position and magnanimous in temper, who first felt and rated themselves and their doings as good, that is to say, of the first order, in contrast to everything low, base-minded, mean, and vulgar. From this *pathos of distance* they first assumed the right to create values and to coin names of values. . . . The pathos of distinction and distance, the permanent and dominant feeling of a higher ruling race in relation to a lower race—to something "beneath" them—that is the origin of the contrast between good and bad.[1]

It is otherwise with the second type of morality—the "slave-morality." Suppose that the oppressed, the suffering, those who are not free, who are uncertain of themselves and weary—suppose that these moralise, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion in regard to the whole situation of mankind will find expression. The eye of the slave rests with disfavour upon the virtues of the powerful; he feels scepticism and distrust, a *refinement* of distrust, in regard to everything "good" that such circles hold in honour; he would fain persuade himself that even their happiness is not genuine. On the other hand, those qualities are brought into prominence and covered with light, which serve to ease the existence of the suffering; compassion, the kind, helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, industry, humility, friendliness, receive here their meed of honour. For these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means to make the pressure of existence endurable. A slave-morality

[1] Genealogy of Morality, p. 19.

is essentially a morality of utility (Nützlichkeits-moral). Here it is that the celebrated contrast of "good" and "evil" arises. Power and dangerousness, a certain terribleness, refinement and strength, which does not admit of being despised—these are felt as belonging to evil or wickedness. According to slave-morality, therefore, the wicked man arouses fear, whereas, according to master-morality, it is precisely the good man who arouses fear, and desires to arouse it, while the bad man is felt to be contemptible ('Jenseits,' p. 246).

Or as he puts it more bitterly in a section of the 'Genealogy' (p. 45):—

Weakness is lyingly converted into merit, powerlessness which does not avenge becomes goodness of heart, a nervous abjectness becomes humility, and subjection to those one hates is styled obedience. The inoffensive quality of the weak, cowardice itself, in which they are so rich, their standing-before-the-door, their enforced waiting—all this comes here into good repute as patience; and the want of power to revenge themselves is called the want of desire to do so, perhaps even forgiveness.

The morality of the herd (*Heerden-moral, Heerdenthier-moral*) is another of his favourite epithets for the current system of ethical values, and it is to the baneful influence of Christianity that he traces its predominance. Hence, instead of the antithesis of master- and slave-morality, he frequently—especially in his latest writings—employs the terms "noble morality" and "Christian morality" to express the same opposition.

The Jews [he says], a people "born to slavery," according to Tacitus and the whole ancient world, brought about that masterpiece—the reversal of values. . . . With them begins the *revolt of the slaves in morality.*

He summarises the whole process of European history during the last two thousand years as a conflict between Rome and Judæa ('Genealogy,' p. 51). In Christianity

the Jewish nation *took its immortal revenge* upon mankind.[1]

The Christian movement as a European movement, from the beginning, was a collective movement of all kinds of outcast and refuse elements. It appealed to all the disinherited, it had its allies everywhere. Christianity has at its basis the *rancune* of the sick, the instinct *opposed* to the healthy, opposed to healthfulness. Everything well constituted, proud, high-spirited, and, above all, beauty, pains it in ear and eye. . . . Once more I remind the reader of the invaluable expression of Paul, "The *weak* things of the world, the *foolish* things of the world, and the things that are *despised*, did God choose." That was the formula—decadence conquered *in hoc signo* (xi. 325). . . . Both Christianity and Buddhism [he says in another place] take on principle the part of the failures; they have preserved too much of that *which ought to perish*. Christianity accordingly is mainly responsible for the deterioration of the European race[2] ('Jenseits,' p. 91).

Whatever elements of truth are embodied in the foregoing theory—as, for example, the decisive importance

[1] Jesus himself Nietzsche regards on the whole as an amiable enthusiast of the type of Tolstoi: "in reality there has been only one Christian, and he died on the Cross." Historical Christianity is for him the creation of Paul—"Paul the incarnate, genius-inspired, Chandala hatred against Rome, against the world—the Jew, the eternal Jew *par excellence*" (Works, vol. xi. 345, English translation).

[2] "Christianity," writes an English disciple engagingly, "is just a device for enabling inferior human beings to maintain themselves in existence by surreptitious means; it is a psychical device, somewhat analogous to various physical devices for the same purpose, such as the ink of the cuttle-fish, the venom of the serpent, the stench of the skunk, the quills of the porcupine, the various forms of mimicry, &c." "The greatest philosophical discovery of modern times," he remarks, "has been the ascertaining of the true function of Christianity. It is a discovery superior even in importance to Darwin's discovery, to which, however, it really forms the complement and completion. . . . We have at last got a thoroughly scientific philosophy of history, now that the extraordinary phenomenon of Christianity, which was so long an anomaly, has been satisfactorily explained in strict accordance with Darwinian principles." At last!—('To-morrow,' July 1896, p. 47.)

ascribed to Christianity in the moral history of mankind, the recognition of the prominence given to different virtues in different ages of the world's history, in different communities, and even in different classes of the same community—a theory which proposes to explain the growth of the altruistic virtues as the result either of an underground conspiracy on the part of the enslaved and oppressed in general, or of a devilish instinct of revenge on the part of outcast Jews in particular,[1] hardly calls for criticism. As a construction of history, it is on the level of the philosophy of "The Jolly Beggars"—

> "Courts for cowards were erected,
> Churches built to please the priest."

The idea of two diametrically opposed systems of morality will not bear examination. The two sets of virtues, *so far as they are ethical qualities at all*, are not subversive of one another, but complementary. The modern ideal aims at combining, as far as possible, the excellences of pagan and medieval virtue. While setting aside ascetic travesties of Christian doctrine, it seeks to avoid the still more dangerous extreme of ignoring what Christianity has done to chasten, to deepen, and to soften the moral temper of mankind. But Nietzsche, holding by the abstract antithesis of the two systems, is goaded by his hatred of Christianity into a more and more extreme statement of the opposed ideal, till he ends by celebrating the rapacity of the beast of prey as the basis, not to say the essence, of all "noble" virtue. When this point is reached, then, doubtless, a fundamental contrast can no longer be denied; but it is the contrast between any ethically controlled (*i.e.*, any human) life and the merely animal life of instinct and force. "At the basis of all

[1] "A Chandala morality born out of resentment and impotent revenge. Paul was the greatest of all apostles of revenge" (xi. 314).

these distinguished races," he tells us, "the beast of prey is not to be mistaken, the magnificent blond beast roaming wantonly in search of victory and prey" ('Genealogie,' p. 38).

> The moralists [he complains] seem to have a hatred of the primeval forest and the tropics. . . . People utterly misunderstand the beast of prey and the man of prey (Cæsar Borgia, for example), so long as they seek for something morbid at the bottom of these healthiest of all tropical monsters.

He returns more than once to Borgia, and he is never tired in these later books of proclaiming his admiration for the paganism of the Renaissance, as the last great age in European culture. "Virtue in the Renaissance style, *virtù*, virtue free from any moralic acid." In one of the last pages he wrote, he sees the vision of Cæsar Borgia as Pope:—

> A spectacle so ingenious, so wonderfully paradoxical at the same time, that all the divinities of Olympus would have had occasion for an immortal peal of laughter. Well, *that* would have been the triumph for which *I* alone am longing at present: Christianity would have been *done away with.*

But this fair promise of a brighter day was blighted. "Judæa triumphed again immediately, thanks to that thoroughly low-class movement of revenge—of German and English origin—called the Reformation." No doubt an insane desire to shock and defy ordinary opinion has much to do with such utterances; but they prove, none the less, how rapidly his championship of the pagan ideal degenerates into a glorification of mere animalism. And it must do so in the case of a modern European; for, having once attained to the ethical insight of Christianity, mankind cannot revert to a lower type without a conscious apostacy from its own higher self, which makes immoral

or sinful what to pre-Christian civilisation might be natural or innocent. In Nietzsche's case the process was hastened by the atmosphere of habitual contempt for his fellow-men in which he lived, and which ended by blighting his moral nature to the root.

Hence, although primarily (as has been indicated above) the expression "Beyond Good and Evil" is intended to mean beyond the current Christian or altruistic morality, it becomes, after all, equivalent to a denial of the moral point of view altogether. Forgetful of what he himself says about the strenuousness of the discipline that must be faced by those who would live the higher life, he seemingly falls back upon instinct pure and simple: "Everything good is instinct—and consequently easy, necessary, free." Forgetting what he said about the human ideal, as consisting in the "spiritualisation of sensuousness" and other impulses, he sets up a purely biological standard of judgment—"the voice of the healthy body," as he puts it in 'Zarathustra.' "We physiologists" is one of the numerous terms he uses to describe the nature of his doctrine. His closest German disciple and editor, Peter Gast, and the editor of the English translation of his works, Dr Tille, agree in representing this as the ultimate drift of his thought:—

> What he desires [says the former] is a culture of the ascending life, in contrast to the culture of the descending (Christian, democratic) life which surrounds us. Whereas the latter culture is steeped in the vapours of a sultry, enervating moralism, the culture of the ascending life rises to a sterner, namely, to a purely biological and artistic, conception of man and the world.

One drift of thought, says Dr Tille, in his preface to the eleventh volume of the works, pervades its somewhat miscellaneous contents:—

Physiology as the criterion of value of whatever is human, whether called art, culture, or religion. Physiology as the sole arbiter of what is great and what is small, what is good and what is bad.

This is put forward with all the naïve enthusiasm of a disciple; but, again, the position will not bear examination. Human life means primarily emancipation from the necessitation of instinct; it means the control and guidance of instinct by a self-conscious being, in the interests of some larger and more permanently satisfying end. Meagre at first, the conception of this end grows with his growth—that is to say, with the progress of the race; but it is the first step that costs. It is the break with instinct that first renders *human* life possible. Hence to fall back upon instinct here is certainly to get rid of "Moralismus," but at the expense of suppressing the human element altogether. Moreover, to thrust man back in this fashion among his animal predecessors contradicts Nietzsche's own doctrine of aspiration after the "Uebermensch." "All beings hitherto," he says in 'Zarathustra,' "created something beyond themselves; and will ye be the ebb of this great flood and rather return to the animal than overcome and surpass man?" All analogy would indicate that the line of such evolution must lie in the strengthening and deepening of just those attributes which are typically human, as distinguished from those which we share with other animal species.

Nietzsche, however, leaves us in no doubt as to his ultimate position—it is "to translate man back again into nature"; to make legible again upon the palimpest "the terrible original text, *homo natura*." "Obligation (*Schuldigkeit*) is a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding." "Remorse of conscience is indecent." "Morality and religion," in short, "belong entirely to the psychology of error." Freewill is the most disreputable of all the devices

of theologians for the purpose of making men 'responsible,' in their sense of the word—that is, for the purpose of making them dependent on themselves." Its originators

> were the priests at the head of the old commonwealths. . . . Men were imagined to be free in order that they might be condemned and punished. . . . Now, when we have entered on a movement in the opposite direction, when we immoralists especially endeavour with all our power to remove out of the world the notions of guilt and punishment, and seek to cleanse psychology, history, nature, social institutions, and sanctions from these notions, there is not, in our eyes, any more fundamental antagonism than that of theologians who, with the notion of a moral order of the world, go on *tainting the innocence of becoming with punishment and guilt.*

And again—

> What naïveté it shows to say "Man ought to be so and so." Reality exhibits to us an enchanting wealth of types, a luxuriant prodigality of forms and transformations; and some paltry hodman of a moralist says with regard to it, "No, man ought to be different." He even knows *how* man ought to be, this parasite and bigot; he paints himself on the wall, and says "Ecce homo." But even if the moralist directs himself merely to the individual, and says, "*You* ought to be so-and-so," he still continues to make himself ridiculous. The individual in his antecedents and his consequents is a piece of fate. . . . To say to him, "Alter thyself," is to require everything to alter itself.

Here at least we have got down to fundamentals, where argument becomes impossible. If any man can accept this position as true, it is vain (as Berkeley said in another connection) to pretend to dispute him out of it. But *if* it is true, one would like to know why Nietzsche should "taint the innocence of becoming" by his frenzied attacks upon modern morality and civilisation. These decadents, with their beliefs and practices, are simply some of nature's

"enchanting wealth of types." Surely, to condemn their tendencies, to judge them in any way, is to forget one's *rôle* and behave like any "paltry hodman of a moralist."

Dr Tille has laid great stress in his Introduction upon the connection between Nietzsche and Darwin. He has even written a book to prove that Nietzsche's new morality or no-morality is the first consistent application of the Darwinian theory of natural selection to ethical and social science. Nietzsche himself, as his manner was in his later days of self-idolatry, showed an extreme disinclination to acknowledge intellectual obligations in any quarter. He cites Darwin as one of the mediocre Englishmen who have coarsened the mind of Europe; he is "an intellectual plebeian, like all his nation." In other passages he makes some valid criticisms upon the struggle for existence, which he characterises as "an incredibly one-sided doctrine," if taken to be a description of the normal aspect of life in nature. But, apart from criticisms in detail, the affinity of Nietzsche's main doctrine to the biological theory of natural selection—if not its lineal descent from it—is not to be denied. In the more ingenuous writings of his first period, he blames Strauss severely for grafting upon his praise of Darwin an ethic quite inconsistent with Darwinian principles. "A genuine Darwinian ethic seriously carried out . . . would have to start boldly from the *bellum omnium contra omnes*, and be able to deduce moral precepts for life from the privileges of the stronger." He had not himself at that time elaborated or explicitly accepted such an ethic, as appears from a curious passage in the second of the 'Unseasonable Reflections,' in which he speaks of the doctrine of "the fluidity of all conceptions, types, and species, the absence of any cardinal distinction between man and beast" as "doctrines which I consider to be true, but *deadly*" (i. 189). But the idea of an ethic on purely naturalistic principles already hovered before

his mind, and there was much in his way of thinking, even at this stage, which pointed to such a consummation. Whether we talk of a struggle for existence or a struggle for power is indifferent in an ethical regard; what is common to both is the acceptance of the self-assertion of the strong at the expense of the weak as the universal law of nature, and (when transferred to ethics) as the sufficient law of life. The relentless suppression of the weak is nature's method of improving the physique and capacity of a species; it consequently becomes the corner-stone of the new ethics.

> The weak and ill-constituted shall perish: first principle of *our* charity. And people shall help them to do so (xi. 242). . . . Sympathy thwarts, on the whole, the law of development, which is the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for extinction; it resists in favour of life's disinherited and condemned ones; it gives to life itself a gloomy and questionable aspect by the abundance of the ill-constituted of all kinds whom it maintains in life. . . . Nothing in our unsound modernism is unsounder than Christian sympathy. To be a physician here, to be pitiless here, to apply the knife here—that belongs to *us*, that is *our* mode of charity.

Nietzsche has thus the rare merit of (at least theoretical) consistency. In his avowed enterprise of translating man back into nature he has not weakly evaded any of the consequences which that involves. The contrast between the ethical and the cosmic process is for him only a sign that our so-called ethical progress is in reality a huge mistake—a process of degeneration. "By a morbid process of 'Verzärtlichung and Vermoralisirung,' man, the animal, has ended by learning to be ashamed of all his instincts" ('Genealogy,' p. 72). Back, therefore, to instinct, to "the original text" of man.

Besides this wild-beast theory of ethics, however, Nietzsche carries his pure and unmitigated naturalism

to its ultimate conclusion, by denying the validity of the distinction between truth and falsehood. Truth, he says roundly, is the last illusion of the metaphysicians, the last moral prejudice to be parted with. The belief in truth is one of nature's expedients for the preservation of a living creature, or the perfecting of the breed. What is physiologically demanded for the maintenance of life we pronounce to be true. But to suppose that truth is of more value than illusion for such a purpose is "the worst proven assumption in the world." The question of real truth and falsehood is, in fact, one which, from the point of view of pure naturalism, cannot be raised; it cannot come into consideration as more than "a particular kind of *niaiserie*, such as happens to be necessary for the preservation of beings like us." Nietzsche stands probably alone among naturalistic thinkers in recognising the necessity of this consequence. It was not always so with him. In the works of his second or transitional period, he is still in the position of the ordinary "free-thinker"; devotion to truth is still his ideal, and intellectual honesty the virtue on which he loves to descant. But in the 'Genealogy of Morality' he turns round to twit "all these pale atheists" with their enslavement to this last and most seductive form of the ascetic ideal:—

> These are still far from being *free* spirits, *for they still believe in truth.* When the Christian crusaders in the East came upon the invincible Order of Assassins, that order of free-thinkers *par excellence*, whose lowest grade lived in an obedience such as no monkish order ever realised, they got a hint by some means or other of the symbol and password that was reserved for the higher grades alone, as their *secretum*: "Nothing is true, everything is permitted." *Nichts ist wahr, alles ist erlaubt.* . . . Well, that was *freedom* of spirit (p. 184).

It is to the credit of Nietzsche's intellectual insight that he perceived the necessity of this conclusion; it is characteristic of his peculiar courage that he did not shrink from formulating it. But a conclusion which involves the complete disintegration both of morality and of knowledge is, at most, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the premisses which lead to it. To be more accurate, there can be no conclusion, no argument at all, where there is no standard of truth. In such a case, one man's word is as good as another's, and Nietzsche becomes the victim of the same dilemma which Plato pressed upon Protagoras: If we are to argue at all, he must admit that the opinion of those who think him false is just as true as the thesis he himself defends. Originality in philosophy is not easy of attainment. Nietzsche's ethical teaching is as old as Callicles in the *Gorgias*. His theory of knowledge, with its denial of any objective standard, and its substitution of the beneficial for the true, is anticipated almost verbally in the Protagoreanism which is combated in the *Theætetus*.

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